Oct. 5, 1968

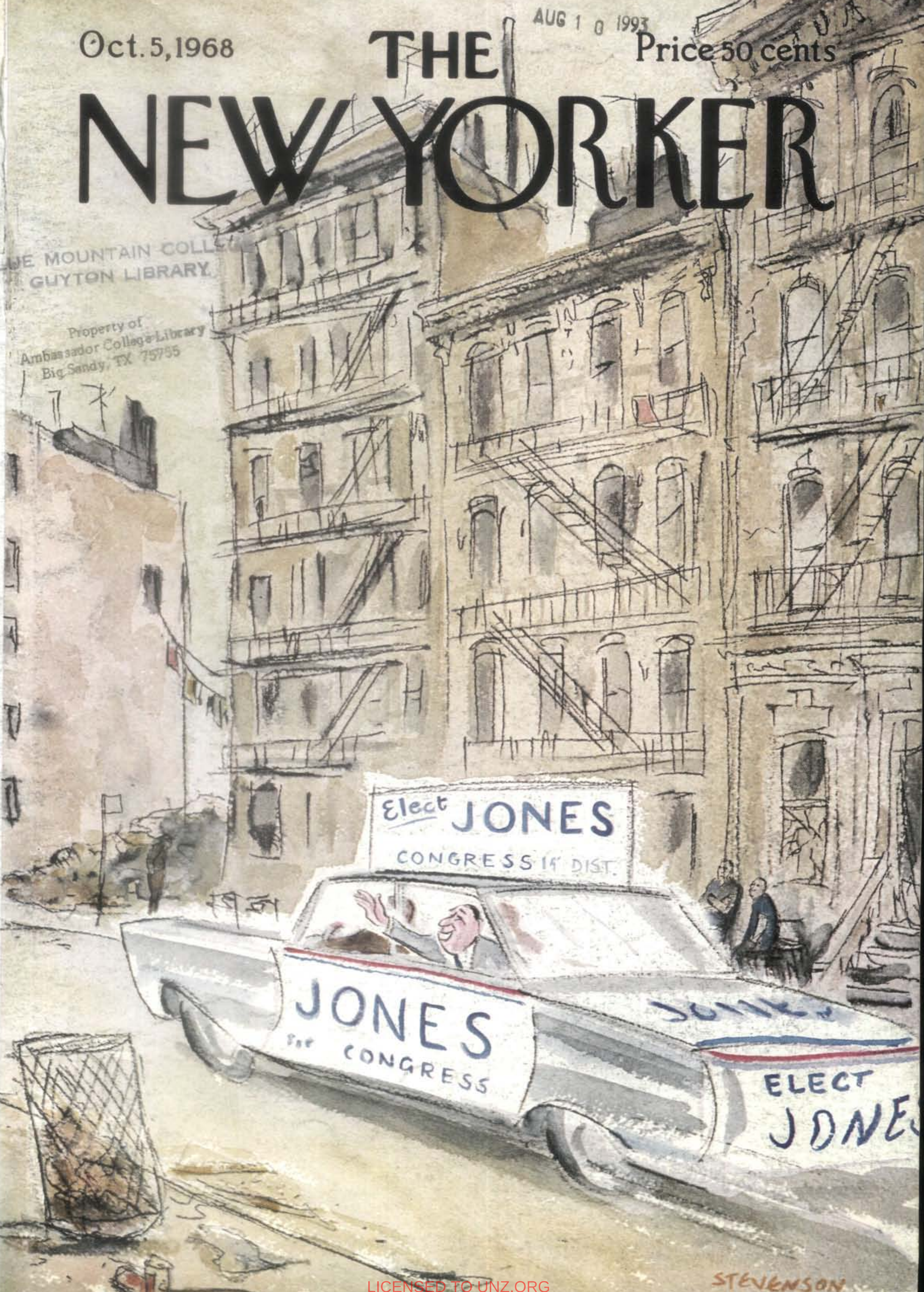
THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

AUG 1 0 1993

LUE MOUNTAIN COLL
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755


Elect JONES
CONGRESS 14th DIST.
JONES for CONGRESS
JONES
ELECT JONES
STEVENSON

Masland has The Blues.

The Masland Blues of Pure Wool Pile.

Blues as serene as midnight snow.
Blues as deep as the Aegean.
Blues as soft as a summer sky.

The most graceful color concepts comprise The Masland Blues: twenty exquisite blue carpets made of 100% pure wool pile.

Imaginative blues. Sleek blues. Thoughtful blues. Blues to complement your style with beauty and elegance.

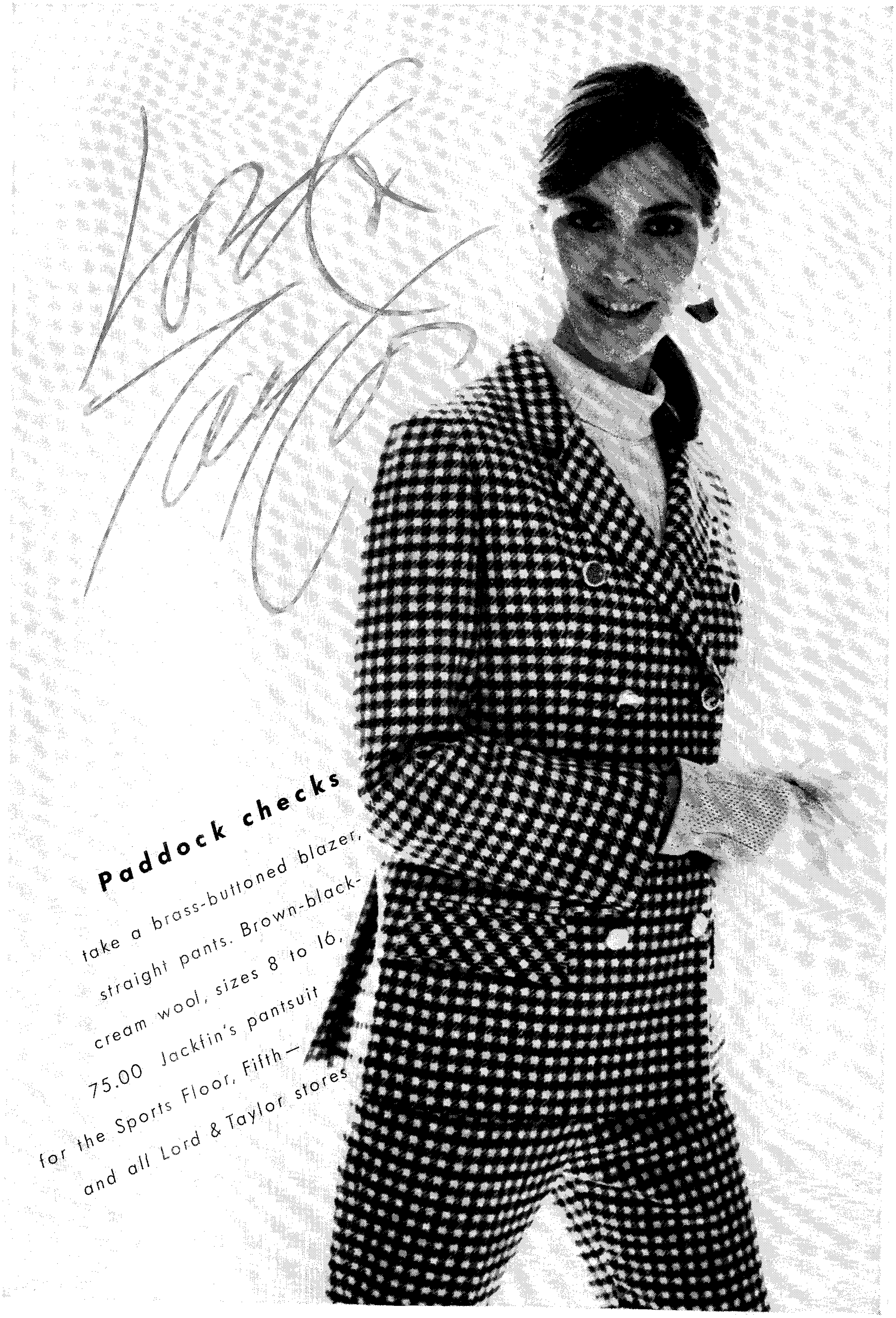
See The Masland Blues at a Masland retailer's showroom near you. And be sure to look for the wool mark label. It's right beside the Masland label.

Truly, if you haven't had The Masland Blues, then, quite possibly, you haven't had The Blues at all.

PURE WOOL PILE

The wool mark is your assurance of quality tested carpets made of pure wool pile.

The Magic of
Masland
Carpets.®
C. H. MASLAND & SONS / Carlisle, Pa.



Lord & Taylor

Paddock checks

take a brass-buttoned blazer,
straight pants. Brown-black-
cream wool, sizes 8 to 16,
75.00 Jackfin's pantsuit
for the Sports Floor, Fifth—
and all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE**, in an adaptation by Richard Wilbur: Previews Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ T. S. Eliot's **THE COCKTAIL PARTY**: Previews Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7:30. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 7, at 6:30. Other performances Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Empire Builders—A French play by the late Boris Vian, translated by Simon Watson Taylor. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Flip Side—Hugh and Margaret Williams' London comedy, with David McCallum, Monica Evans, Gwyda DonHowe, and Don Francks. Fred Hebert is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 10. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:50; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones in a play by Howard Sackler, directed by Edwin Sherin. Opens Thursday, Oct. 3. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Living Theatre—A three-week repertory of four plays. **FRANKENSTEIN**: Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7:30; and Monday, Oct. 7, at 8:30. . . . **MYSTERIES AND SMALLER PIECES**: Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30, and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. . . . **ANTIGONE**: Thursday, Oct. 10, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Closes Monday, Oct. 21.)

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Art Carney plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A good cast goes to waste in four machine-made sketches. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—A pleasantly old-fashioned melodrama, bent upon keeping an audience entertained. Directed by Harold Pinter, who has let Donald Pleasence show off all his tricks in the juicy leading role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Page
ANNALS OF MEDICINE 116
BOOKS 159
THE CURRENT CINEMA 141
FOOTBALL 139
LETTER FROM PARIS 149
MUSICAL EVENTS 154
THE RACE TRACK 146
THE THEATRE 95

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Playwrights Repertory—Edward Albee's **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH** and **THE AMERICAN DREAM**: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, at 8:40; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:40; and Monday, Oct. 7, and Wednesday, Oct. 9, both at 8:40. . . . ¶ Albee's **BOX** and **QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG**: Saturday, Oct. 5; Tuesday, Oct. 8; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, all at 8:40. . . . ¶ Beckett's **KRAPP'S LAST TAPE** and Albee's **THE ZOO STORY**: Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 2 (opening), and Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Beckett's **HAPPY DAYS**: Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 (opening). (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A very successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

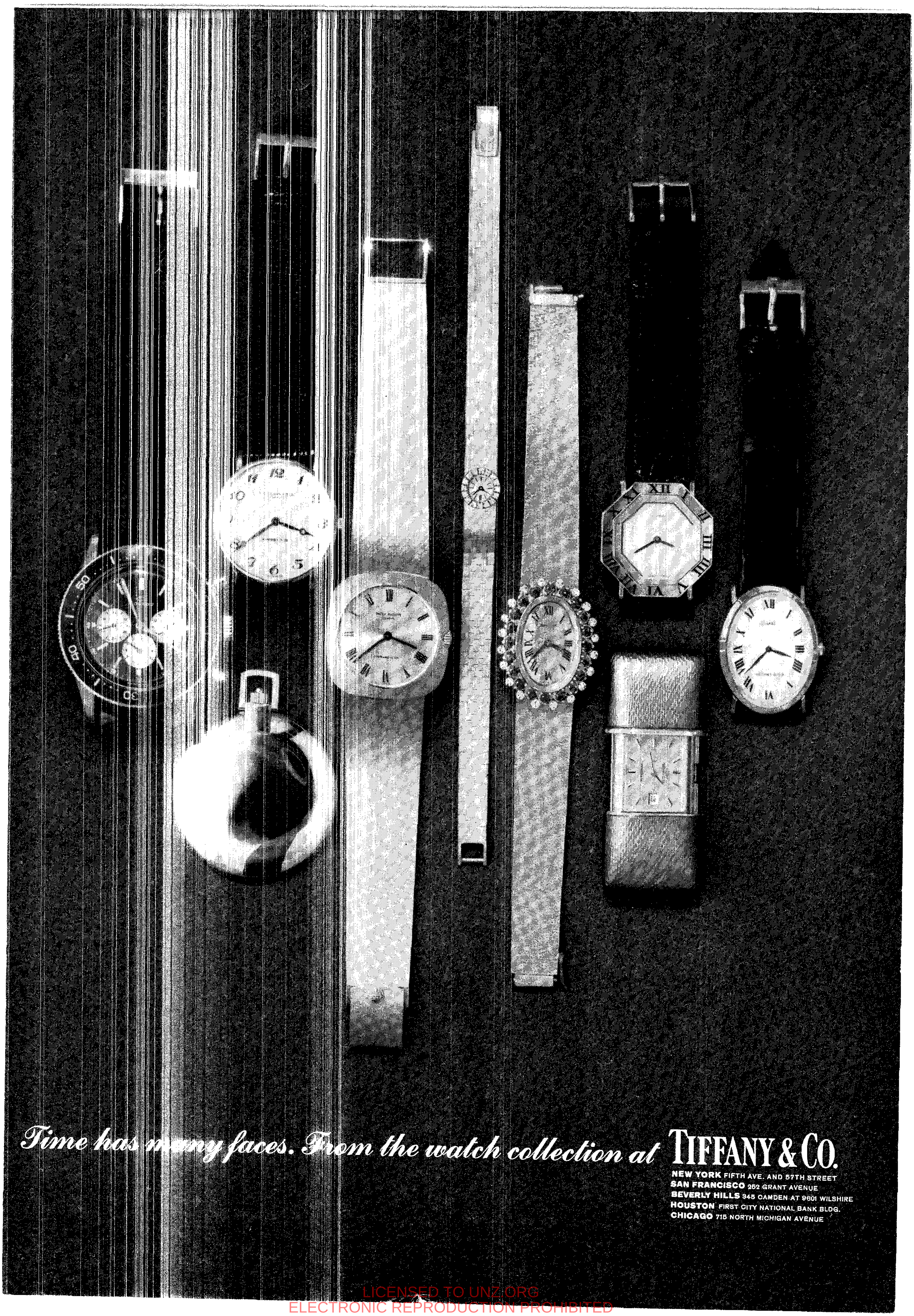
Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER**: Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD**: A drama by Tom Stoppard having to do with Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SCUBA DUBA**: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 33, October 5, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.


Time has many faces. From the watch collection at
TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 252 GRANT AVENUE
BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward's Sweet Potato—A cheerful hodgepodge of Cowardiana, proffered in the form of a revue and featuring George Grizzard, Dorothy Loudon, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Her First Roman—Richard Kiley and Leslie Uggams in Ervin Drake's musical, based on Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Previews through Monday, Oct. 7. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 8. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Just for Love—A musical devised by and starring Jill Showell and Henry Comor. The score is by Michael Valenti. Opens Saturday, Oct. 5. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—An Israeli musical, in Yiddish and English, taken from the Book of Esther. Adapted by Shmuel Bunim, who also directed. The music is by Dov Seltzer. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 9. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

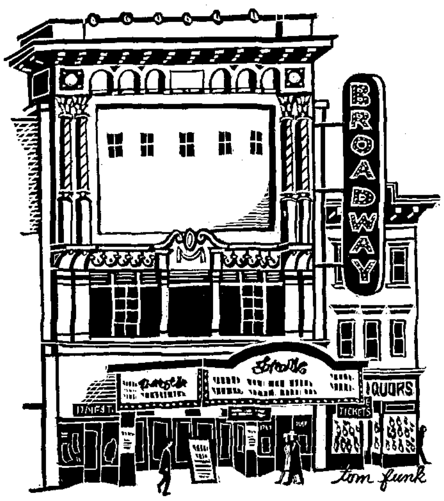
Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**cabaret:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya will return on Monday, Oct. 7. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Moves on Monday, Oct. 7, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., 247-7992.)... **curley mcdimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **the fantasticks:** Ce vin doit être bu chambré. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mame:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **man of la mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Incubus," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Opus 65," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:30: "Distractions," "Fanfarita," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "The Lesson," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:30: "Pas de Dix," "Secret Places," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Distractions," "The Clowns," and "Astarte."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Gamelan," and "Astarte."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Elegy," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Gamelan," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 65," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Secret Places," and "Con Amore."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Incubus," "Fanfarita," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 20.)



Uday Shankar—With his company of Hindu dancers and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 8-11, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12-13, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. A six-week return engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 3, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Gilbert Bécaud—A one-man show of French and English songs. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7:15, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OUTLYING PRECINCTS

Plumstead Playhouse—Thornton Wilder's **our town,** with Henry Fonda, John Beal, John McGiver, Estelle Parsons, Robert Ryan, and Jo Van Fleet, will play through Sunday, Oct. 6.... ¶ Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's **the front page,** with Robert Ryan, Henry Fonda, Anne Jackson, Anthony George, John McGiver, Estelle Parsons, and John Beal, will be previewed Tuesday evening, Oct. 8, and Wednesday matinée, Oct. 9. Opens officially on Wednesday evening, Oct. 9, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 20. (Mineola Theatre, Mineola, Long Island. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. For tickets, call 291-5551 in New York.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. On Thursday, Oct. 3, a benefit for Biafran children, including Jerry Jeff Walker, folk singers Eric and Errol, comic David Steinberg, and a rock group known as the Critters. Starting Friday, Oct. 4, singer-composer Janis Ian will be making her first appearance in a New York club, as will singer Andy Robinson. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. Tim Hardin, an unusual man with an unusual voice and an ingrained feeling for an honest song, cannot be heard in these parts every night, and he can be heard at this club only through Saturday, Oct. 5. On the same bill, but continuing through the week, Rhinoceros plays some substantial rock. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual jazz corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet provides the music through Sunday, Oct. 6. The following Tuesday, Roy Eldridge and Richie Kamuca will come in to lead the quintet. (Sidemen are often held over at this club. At the moment they are Bill Frishberg, piano, Bill Takas, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums.) Closed Mondays.

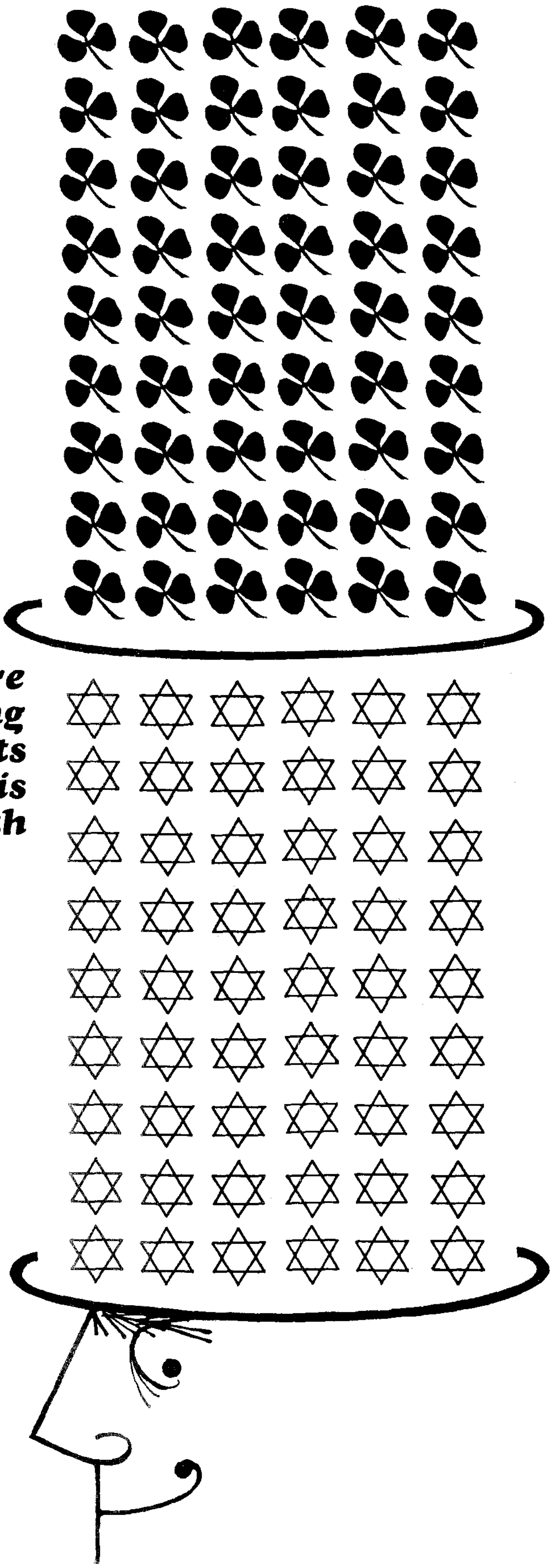
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of

[illegible]

Degree: BA

Degree Date: 05/85

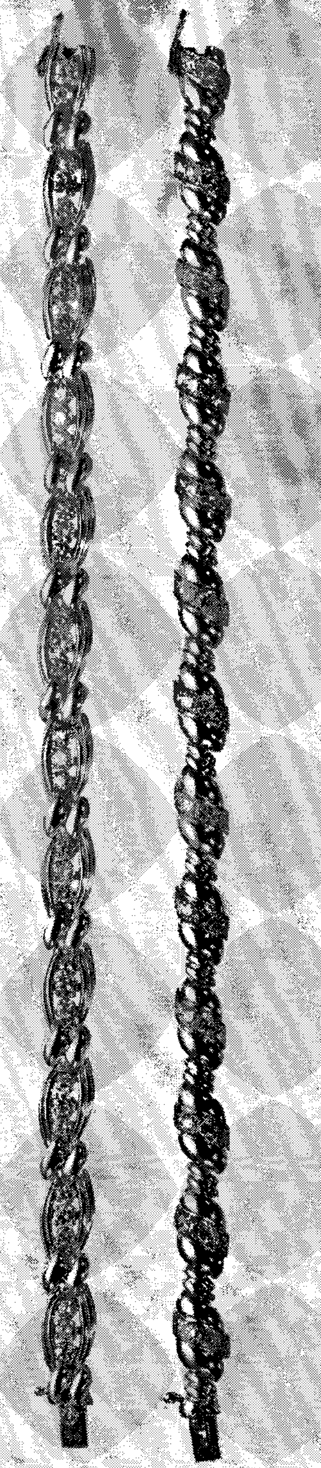


We're wearing two hats this month

From the top o' the mornin' October 7, to the last shalom October 19, SBF salutes "The Pride of Two Nations: Ireland and Israel." Two countries seemingly poles apart, yet marvelously linked with wit and wisdom, a dedication to exquisite craftsmanship, and both sparkling with fashion. We'll have it all. The shows, the sights, the special shops, the celebrities — they'll fill our store with enchanting excitement. Come see, it's bound to be an all-time high in togetherness.

Stix, Baer & Fuller
ST. LOUIS

DIAMOND
18KT GOLD BRACELETS



$1600 each

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N. Y. 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Pharoah Sanders' quintet. Monday, Oct. 7, will be turned over to singer Mel McClelland. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, the Rufus Harley quintet will replace the Sanders combo. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Oct. 5, from five to nine, the Charles Moffet quartet; Sunday, Oct. 6, from five to nine, the Substructure, a group that relies heavily on tubas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Marian McPartland, a nearly impeccable pianist, leads her trio in a forceful yet graceful kind of jazz. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the trio is off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, the Herbie Mann quintet, alternating with another Mann-organized group, the Soul Flutes. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, Thelonious Monk's quartet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Guitarist Larry Coryell, who most recently was heard as part of Herbie Mann's spectacular at the Gate, now is leading a trio. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, Coryell will give way to the Pharoah Sanders-Sonny Greenwich quintet. Sunday evenings are reserved for Chuck Israels' sixteen-piece band, and Mondays are allocated to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. At eight-thirty every night except Monday, the DMZ, a political revue, precedes the music, which begins at about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (*Thursday through Sunday*).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. From time to time, a young lady sings golden oldies. On Sundays, everyone has a grand old time from four-thirty until closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of the Younger Society. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. The sound of Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs alternates with the electric sound of recorded rock over a vigorous system. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, Little Boys Blues will start alternating. No alcohol. Shazam.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—Dancing from nine to three or four, with reservations recommended on Fridays (when things start at eight) and Saturdays. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are mostly strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by the Ronnie David quartet, which plays for listening. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—The quondam Tuxedo Ballroom, recently transformed into something else—a fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the factitious trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four.

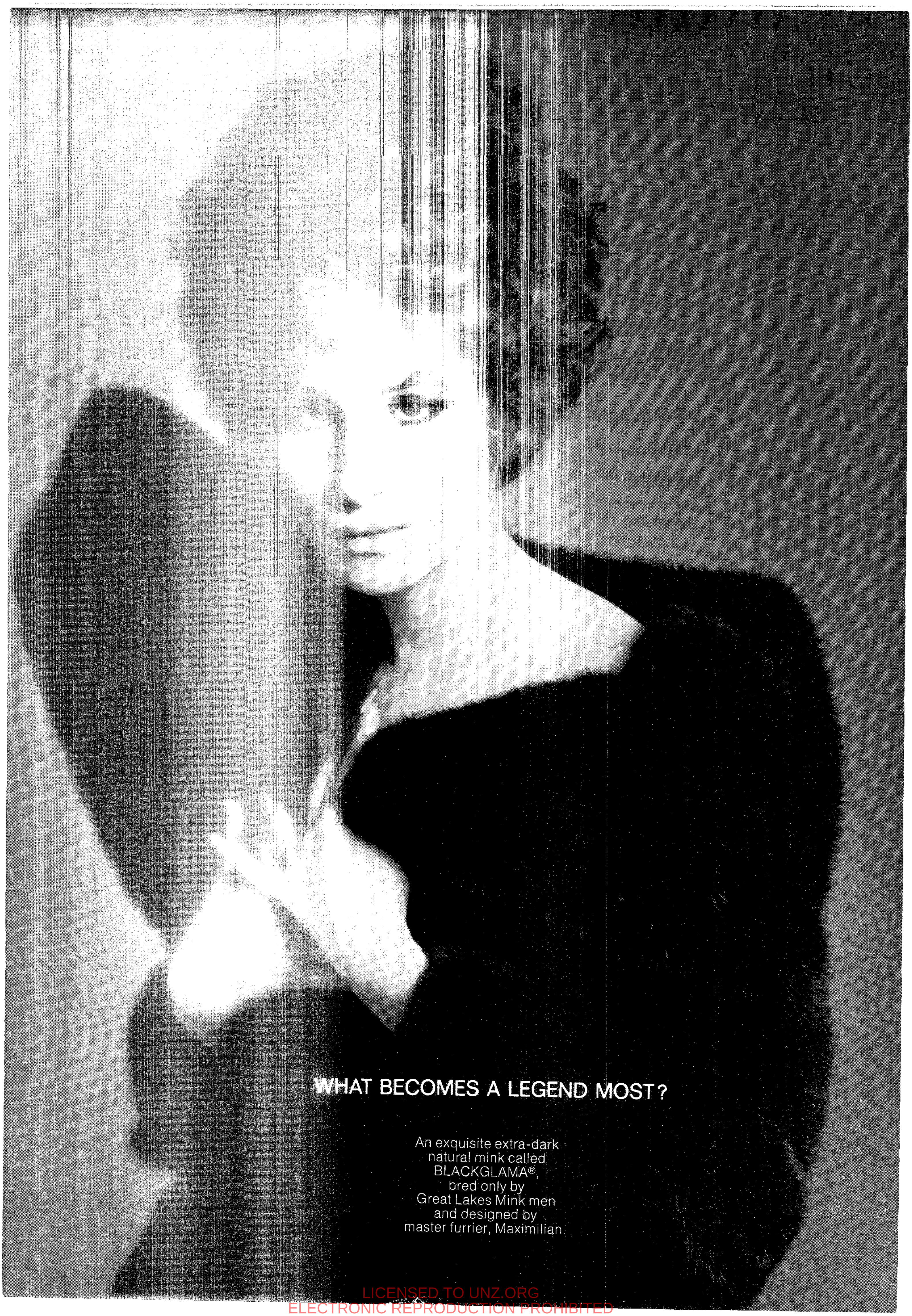
Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with live rock groups. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

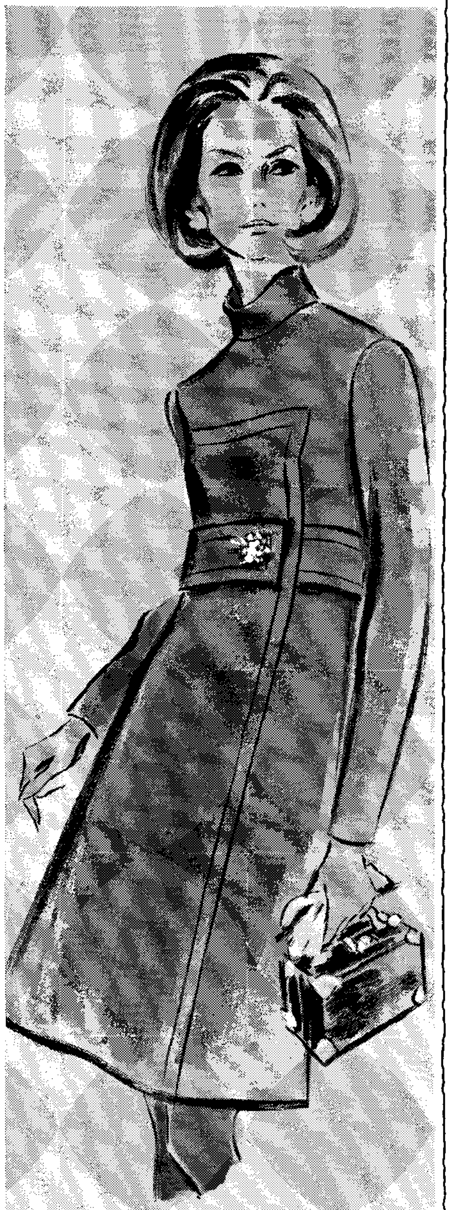
OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Never does one have to come to the aid of the party that, pleasant and picturesque, takes place every night in the Café Pierre to music—Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The open spaces between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice.... **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The important social note is that Peter Duchin and band are activating this venerable lions' (social, naturally) den. No secondary band this season; just tape interludes between the Duchin sets. Closed Sundays.... **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays.... **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Students of the past-performance charts will discover that Clyde McCoy's band of ancient historians often finishes in the money, and it will keep on, too, as far as Wednesday, Oct. 9, along with Fran Warren, a soprano who leads from strength. Next evening brings on the crew headed by Buddy Rich, *force majeure*. The music, by someone else, always begins as early as six and stops about one-thirty, but there isn't any on Sunday evenings.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The early stronghold of the Dorsey sound once again has a Dorsey band, this one run by Lee Castle. The grounds rules are explicit: No Frug, Tug, or Mugg; the sur-


WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

An exquisite extra-dark
natural mink called
BLACKGLAMA®,
bred only by
Great Lakes Mink men
and designed by
master furrier, Maximilian.



Rising to occasions
where the little sheer wool
dress belongs on the agenda.
Uplifting in its impact,
from the high-wide-handsome
belt, to the high-rise neck.
Lined with SiBonne rayon
for shape-retention.
By Carlye.
Coral or pale blue.
8-16, **66.00.**
Dresses, 3rd Floor

Best & Co.
Fifth Avenue at Fifty First Street, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

roundings are spare but comfortable; the nourishment for inner men and women is basic. The Dorseys and a brace of other bands perform on this timetable: Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Not really a lawn party, but it *is out-of-doors, on a terrace cum* dance floor. The prance tunes run from around seven until half past twelve or later, every night, but not *cum* what may, for on weathery evenings everyone pops indoors. Tuesday and Wednesday nights, when the Park is devoted solely to greensward and cyclists, life is an Impressionist canvas.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Any institution, from marriage on up and down, can be made over into a resounding failure if a buzz-bomb mind is applied to it, and Joan Rivers has the mind and the voice to do it. Her séances are run off at ten and twelve during the week, and three times (starting at nine-thirty), on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A real Mediterranean *bouillabaisse*, or a pretty nice kettle of fish—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eyeing the permutations and combinations of a dancer whose specialty is the *danse de ventre*. The current joker, never too wild, is Yoel Sharr, who will, as of Tuesday, Oct. 8, be supplemented by the returning Avram Grobard; the principal musicians are the oudist George Mgrdichian and the guitarist Tasso Mavris. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the incumbent portmanteau revue, has been undergoing physical and mental therapy at the hands of Ronny Graham, and the turns should be all for the better. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The wholly reliable and vivifying skylark Patti Page is onstage in the Royal Box during dinner and supper, and no orchestral blare is needed to drown out the errors of her lays, for there are none. Orchestral blare could, though, well employ itself in drowning out some of the jests proffered by Jerry Shane, the accompanying wit, who otherwise is a funny man. The dance band led by Lee Evans is as neat as we're apt to get anywhere this season. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A Jolly Good Fellowship has been established by the Spanish government, and anyone who can sit up reasonably late at night is eligible. The administrators are Los Chavales de España, the marching-and-choral club that has been at this sort of thing forever, and for seven days a week at that. The dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Among the night-life titles accruing—almost by default—to Peggy Lee is Queen of Hearts, and she demonstrates in her song recitals that she can play the Joker, too. The twice-a-night carnival that surrounds her is not to be believed, or even listened to. On Thursday, Oct. 10, Miss Lee will be succeeded by Jack Jones, that handsome-is-as-handsome-does tenor. . . . ¶ As for the main-floor bar, music that worships strange gods (many of them electronic) begins at ten and ends who knows when.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—"Les Belles de Nuit" is the name of the newest splendiferation here, and the Amazonian young ladies who populate it justify the appellation. The headliners for whom these Belles toll are the majestic dance team of Szony & Claire, and Rick Nelson, singing away like anything. Twice a night, without cease.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, there are visitations by Abbe Lane, a fine, upstanding girl with quite visible means of support. In her architectural fashion, she talks and sings rather better than most girls who go out at night. The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the evening with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in Plaza 9—And All That Jazz, there is standard-gauge rumbling by Lionel Hampton's band, there are songs by Annette Sanders (who understands this kind of music), and there are dance tunes by Mousie Alexander's threesome. Tee-off time is eight-thirty; picknicking is limited to sandwiches and the like; Mondays are dark. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, Dorothy Donegan's trio will succeed the Hamptons and Miss S. . . . ¶ Violin and piano commune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays; a duplicate set of musicians inhabits the Palm Court between eight and one, likewise except Sundays. The Palmiest nights belong to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of the regal retreat, whose fields of violin music are all Elysian; he performs Tuesday through Saturday every week.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In our mountain greenery, where Mod paints the scenery. During dinner and supper, the customers get dollops of sheer floating power, always the mainstay of Sarah Vaughan, but power that is content to float beneficently through a repertory of very good songs. Phil Wayne's crew, the current music-master, and Miss V. retire on Saturday, Oct. 5, but on Monday, Oct. 7, Jonah Jones will bring his horn and his band to bear, and João Gilberto will start doing his brilliant, and Brazilian, arias. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There can be no doubt about the fact that Patachou, who appears in the Maisonette during dinner and supper, is a native Parisienne, but her lyrics are also aware of the existence of the New World. The bands of George Cort and Quintero never let up, once they've settled in, early in the evening, until long past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time. Closed Sundays.

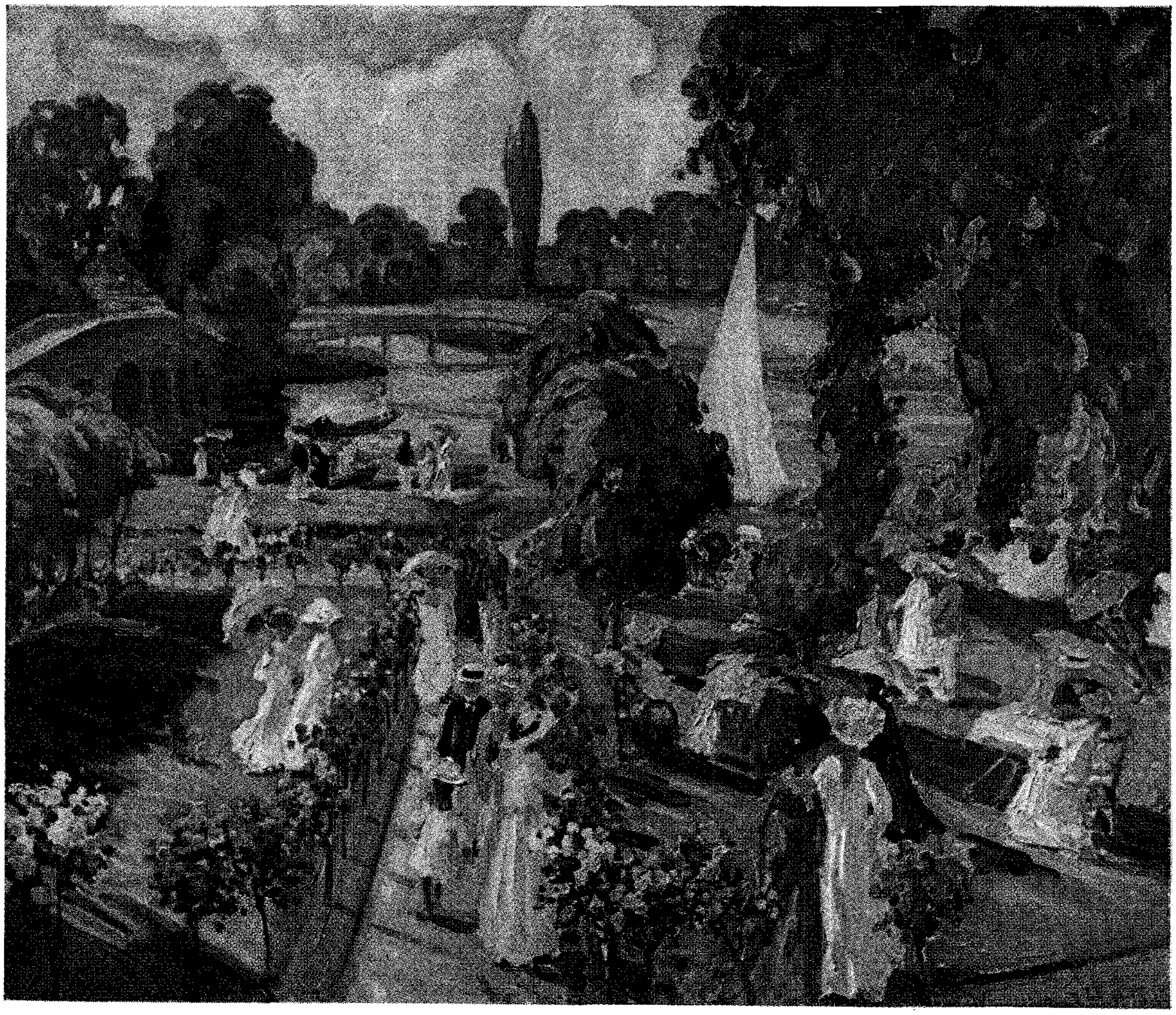
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shirley Bassey ends her nightly tour de force (all song, no story) in the Empire Room on Thursday, Oct. 3, and next evening brings in Tony Bennett, the epitome of sunny disposition and sunny singing. The interludes between the ministrations of the Charles Turecamo orchestra are filled, and full, by the ululations of the Young Savages, a hard-core crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a capella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Herein lives the loyal constituency that, year after year, returns Louis Golson Hawkins to office; i.e., one of the two back-to-back pianos upon which he and Wayne Sanders ring out clear upon the midnight air. They take turns earlier, too, from around seven o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, who often dreams he dwells in marble halls, wakes up at eight-thirty to discover that he is *in* one—one in which he can make the best use of his special talent (song and piano) to entertain. He and his trio keep going until two or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that

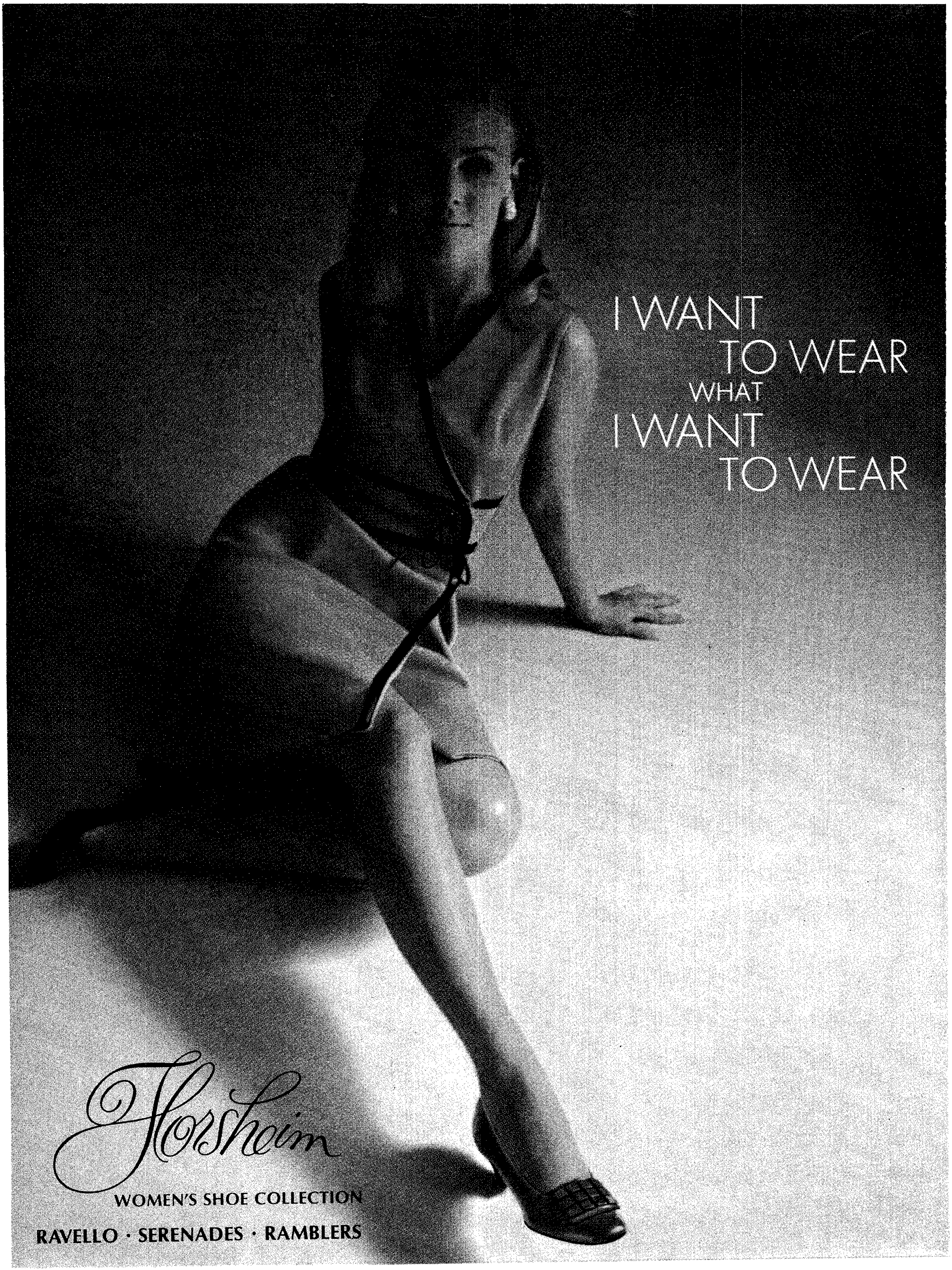
WILLIAM S. HORTON



Rose Garden of the White Hart, 1909—25 in. x 30 in.—$25,000.
Other enchanting oils by Horton: $4,000 to $35,000—pastels: $2,500 to $3,500.

WILLIAM HORTON was an American Impressionist and a friend of Monet. His paintings are not yet as expensive as Monet's, but some people like them even better.

You may see the collection now at the Vose Galleries in Boston, exclusive agents for the Horton Estate. Information on request.
238 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. 02116. Call (617) 536-6176.


I WANT TO WEAR WHAT I WANT TO WEAR
Florsheim
WOMEN'S SHOE COLLECTION
RAVELLO · SERENADES · RAMBLERS

Do what you want to do. In the Mosaic. A Serenade by Florsheim. Florsheim, it's a beautiful word for women's shoes.

Most styles $18.95 to $21.95. Ravello from $23.00 THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO 60606 · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN · A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED

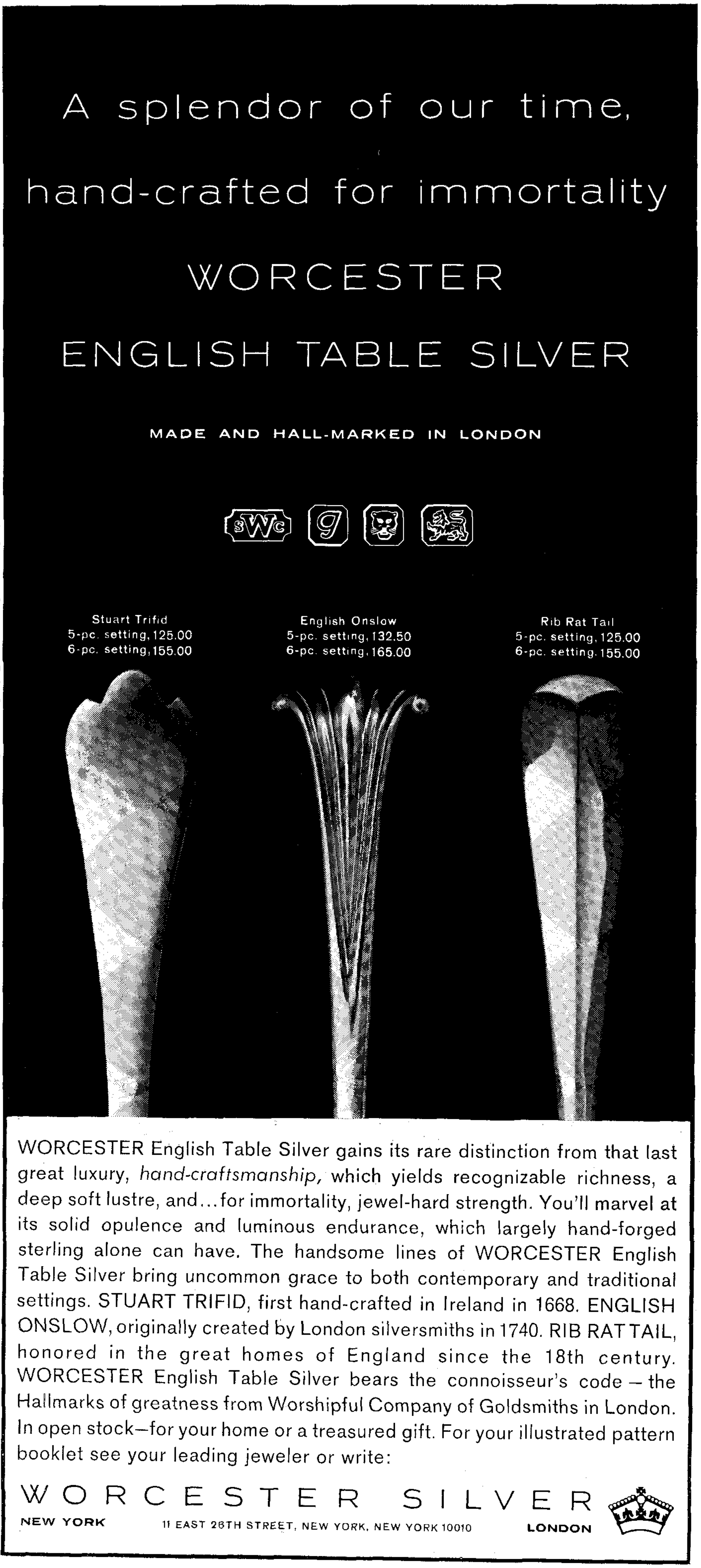
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

la vieillesse dorée leads in this town. On Monday, Oct. 7, he will be joined by Thelma Carpenter, who can make any ballad seem a person-to-person confidence. They will stay home Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a simulacrum of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band, Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant troubadour, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-America girl. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All comestibles are served *vibrato, con amore*, because the management, right down to the newest busboy, is head over heels in love with Italian opera. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) is done by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the hallowed hall that was for so many years the domain of Cy Walter, Allan Haig, disciple of that late and past master, sits in at the piano from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave. at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): If the nineteenth century really looked like this, we should perhaps return to our forefathers at once and, of course, stay for dinner. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is now the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the



A splendor of our time,
hand-crafted for immortality
WORCESTER
ENGLISH TABLE SILVER
MADE AND HALL-MARKED IN LONDON

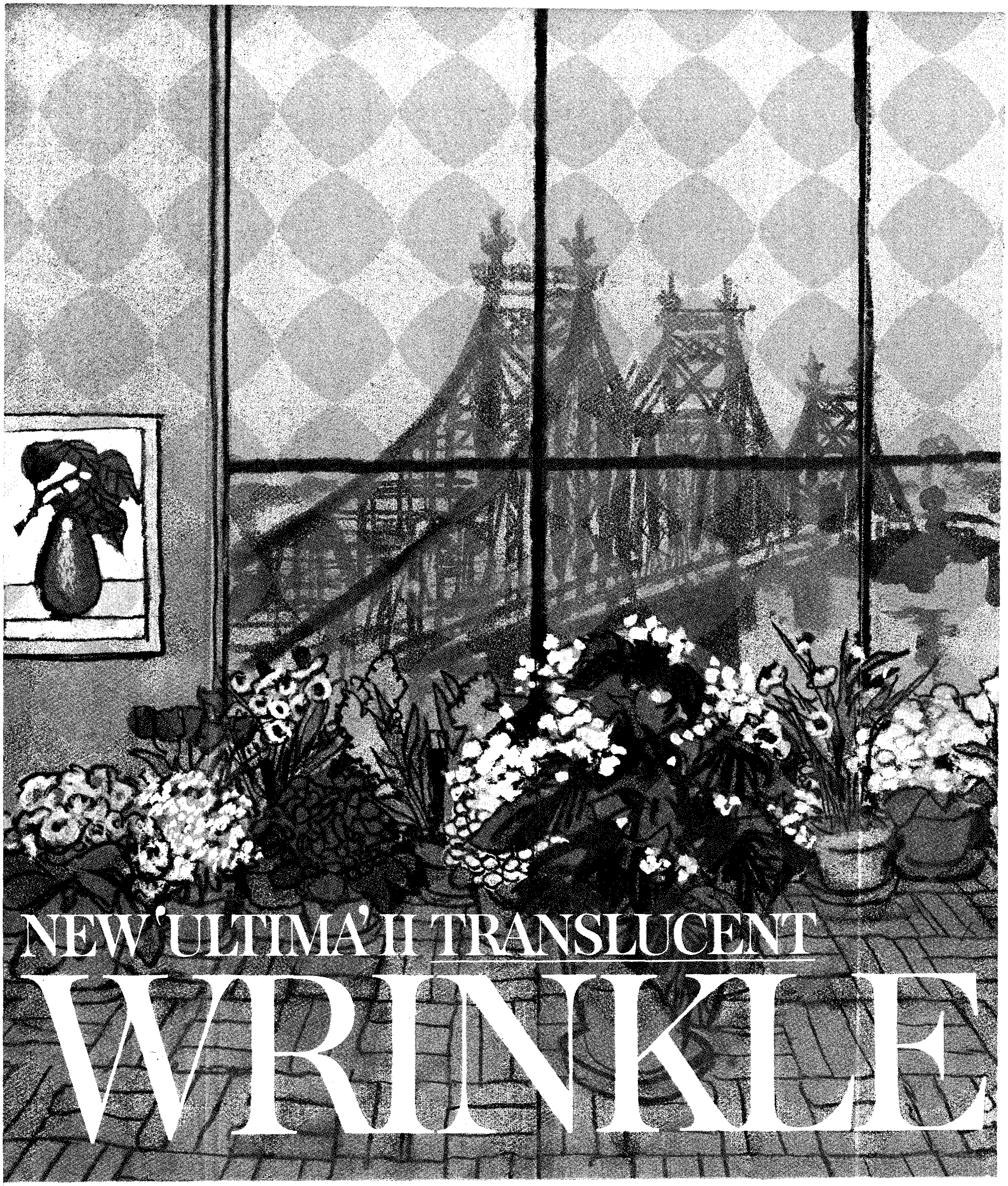
Stuart Trifid
5-pc. setting, 125.00
6-pc. setting, 155.00

English Onslow
5-pc. setting, 132.50
6-pc. setting, 165.00

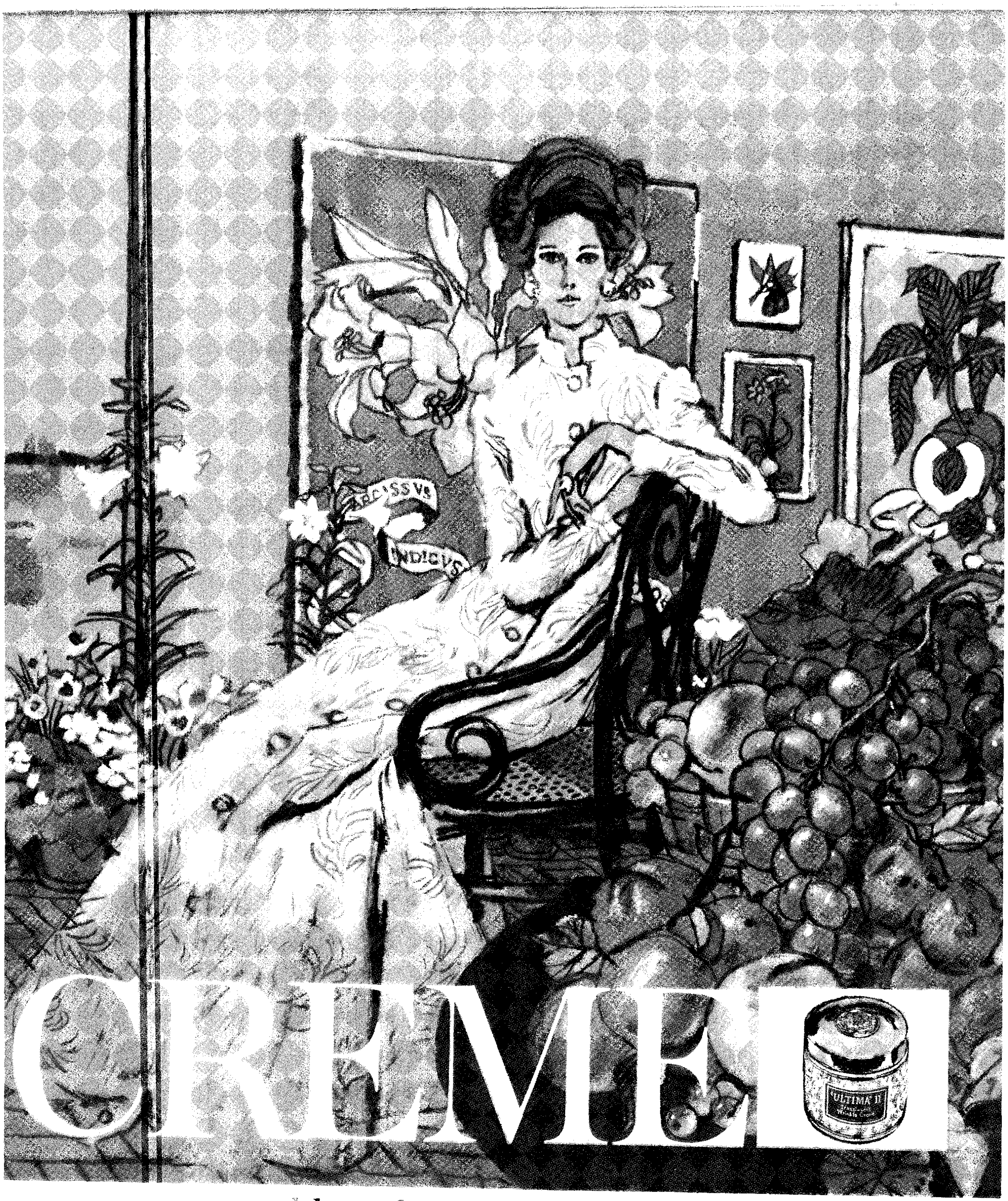
Rib Rat Tail
5-pc. setting, 125.00
6-pc. setting, 155.00

WORCESTER English Table Silver gains its rare distinction from that last great luxury, *hand-craftsmanship*, which yields recognizable richness, a deep soft lustre, and...for immortality, jewel-hard strength. You'll marvel at its solid opulence and luminous endurance, which largely hand-forged sterling alone can have. The handsome lines of WORCESTER English Table Silver bring uncommon grace to both contemporary and traditional settings. STUART TRIFID, first hand-crafted in Ireland in 1668. ENGLISH ONSLOW, originally created by London silversmiths in 1740. RIB RAT TAIL, honored in the great homes of England since the 18th century. WORCESTER English Table Silver bears the connoisseur's code – the Hallmarks of greatness from Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths in London. In open stock—for your home or a treasured gift. For your illustrated pattern booklet see your leading jeweler or write:

WORCESTER SILVER
NEW YORK 11 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10010 LONDON


NEW 'ULTIMA' II TRANSLUCENT
WRINKLE

If this whole under-30 thing has dente
It's the first of its kind. Translucent. So clear it leave
And it's concentrated. So its oils are staggeringly rich
dryness can cause. Its name is Translucen



CRASSVS
INDICVS
CREME
'ULTIMA' II

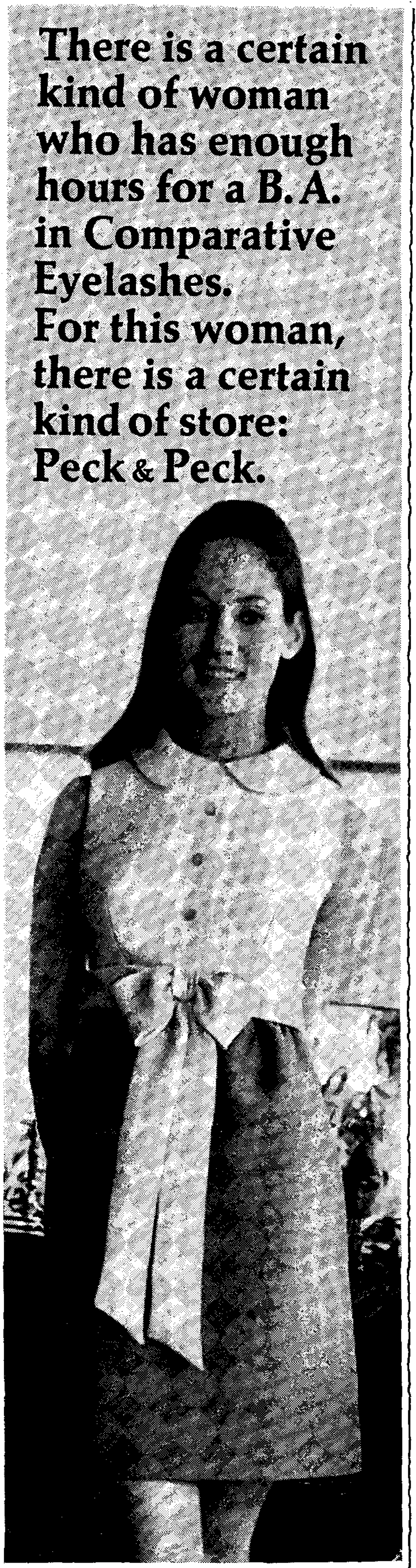
our ego, you should try this cream.

othing on your skin but a clean, young shine.

ich enough to tackle the toughest problems

rinkle Creme. Need we say more?

'Ultima' II. First collection of Skin-Care Concentrates.
Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.


There is a certain kind of woman who has enough hours for a B.A. in Comparative Eyelashes.
For this woman, there is a certain kind of store:
Peck & Peck.

The tricolor dress is made of what grown-up girls love: a shapely bodice, a bow-tied waist, and a skirt cut on the "A." In worsted and silk, fully lined. Top to bottom—white/pink/grey or white/pink/moss. 5 to 13, 36.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, once the entire night life of Bermuda, are doing shore duty—Sundays from five to nine, Mondays from six to ten. It's a songfest innocent of guile, but no one appears to mind. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless *otherwise* noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Ernst Barlach and Käthe Kollwitz—Sculptures, drawings, and graphics by two socially conscious European artists of the first half of the twentieth century; through Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Bellmer—Drawings, watercolors, and prints by a German Surrealist; through Oct. 24. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Theo Brown—Paintings by a figurative artist who works on the West Coast; through Oct. 24. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Button—Paintings and gouaches of outdoor subjects; through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sorel Etrog—Bronze and marble sculptures of interwoven machinelike forms; through Oct. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lawrence Fane—Abstract sculptures in bronze and in steel and concrete; through Oct. 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Colin Greenly—Geometrical constructions of aluminum and glass or Plexiglas; through Oct. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Satish Gujral—Paper collages and drawings by a contemporary Indian who adapts traditional Indian motifs in a wide variety of mediums; through Friday, Oct. 4. (India House, 3 E. 64th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Twenty-seven drawings by a leading Austrian artist of his period; through Oct. 19. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Mara—Paintings in a Pop-related mode by a Belgian artist; through Oct. 19. (Hemingway, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Ernst Wilhelm Nay—Oil paintings and gouaches by a leading German Abstractionist who died this year; through Friday, Oct. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions, featuring assemblages in boxes; through Oct. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathaneal Neujean—Figures in bronze by a Belgian sculptor who has done portraits of well-known international personalities; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Opper—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color; through Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Paternosto—Painted structures of canvas and plywood using geometrical shapes, by an Argentine; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clayton Pond—Intimate paintings and related etchings by an artist hitherto known for his work in graphics; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jesse Reichek—Pattern paintings by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Emil Schumacher—Paintings done in the United States by a German Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Kendall Shaw—Freestanding columns; through Thursday, Oct. 10. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Sternberg—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure compositions; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

James Strombotne—*Paintings and lithographs* by an artist responsive to current social and political events; through Oct. 19. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; through Oct. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tapestries—Pieces by prominent twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Léger, Calder, Miró, and Laurens, plus others by leading contemporary artists of Yugoslavia; through Oct. 31. (Adria, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, among them Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **DANENBERG,** 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: More than eighty paintings from the eighteenth century through the mid-twentieth, by Homer, Eakins, Inness, Hassam, Whistler, Marin, and Cassatt (to name a few); through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Davis, Kuniyoshi, Marin, O'Keeffe, Shahn, and others whose work the gallery regularly shows; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **GRAHAM,** second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Church, Homer, and Waugh are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of marines and seascapes by well-known nineteenth- and twentieth-century specialists in this field; through Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Forty-two paintings, dating from 1810, done overseas by Americans; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for example, Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Roy Moyer, Waldo Peirce, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **PHOENIX,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: *Oils,* watercolors, and sculptures reflecting personal images of the United States today; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An exhibition of newly acquired works by Dubuffet, Arp, Pollock, Magritte, Giacometti, Rothko, and others; through Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Mabe, and Manrique; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages. In many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them; the artists include Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Andrea del Castagno, and other masters. Through Nov. 15. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ Ninety mezzotints from the Museum's collection, constituting a survey of this method of printmaking, which originated in the seventeenth century; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of oils, sculptures, drawings, watercolors, prints, and illustrated books by Jean Dubuffet, taken from the Museum's collection and recently augmented by important gifts; *through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A selection of* late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Oct. 12, from 10 to 6; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th

Does an Italian wine go with Shish Kebab?

When you pull the skewers out of the blazing fire, it's time to celebrate with a bottle of Bolla Valpolicella. It casts a deep red ruby glow over everything. It's light but satisfying. And goes down like a lamb. Try a bottle tonight with your Shish Kebab.

If you would like a recipe for Shish Kebab, write us. Fontana-Hollywood Corp., 468 Greenwich St., NYC 13.

SPECIAL RESERVE
BOLLA
VALPOLICELLA
HIGHEST AWARDS
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED
PIEDMONTE
CASA VINICOLA FRATELLI
VERONA

Bolla does.

Our not-so-secret service.

Our agent behind the scenes—your maintenance staff that keeps things running smoothly.

Our agent upstairs—your maid who outcleans them all.

Our agent up front—your doorman who opens all the right doors for you.

Our agent at the table—your waitress who serves you with a smile.

Our agent downstairs—your bellman who comes running at the drop of a hat.

Our agent in the kitchen—your chef who fills you in with all the *tricks of his trade.*

It's no mystery why more people prefer to stay at Hilton hotels. Custom-made beds, extra-plump towels, extra courteous and speedy service, special Lady Hilton accommodations for women travelers.

Small touches like having your children stay free in your room. The best dining in town at Hilton's specialty restaurants. Or our no-checkout checkout for busy executives.

Why do you enjoy your stay so much more at a Hilton? That's our secret. Service.

The friendly world of
Hilton

☎ For reservations at all Hilton, Statler Hilton and other leading hotels, phone Hilton Reservation Service.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York city subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Drawings done in the past decade by Hyman Bloom, veteran Boston artist, whose subjects include rabbis, man's mortality, and the spirit world; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of John F. Kensett, 1816-72, a prominent American painter of landscapes; through Oct. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An assemblage of treasures from the Library's vault, beginning with a Book of the Dead written between 975 and 810 B.C. and concluding with mid-nineteenth-century American literary manuscripts; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ An eyesome showing of bookbindings, 1884-93, by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; through Nov. 2. (Weekdays, except Saturday, Oct. 12, from 9:30 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An inaugural showing of light works in varying colors by Tom Lloyd; through Oct. 24. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

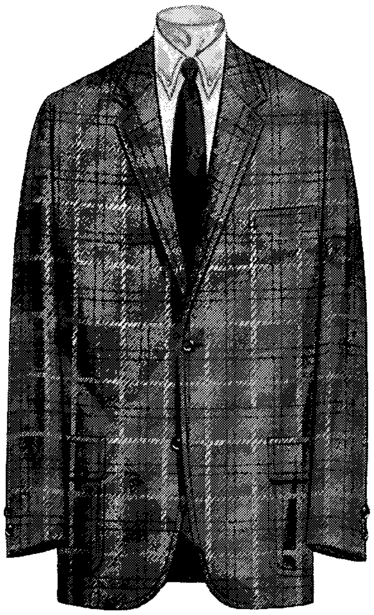
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 3: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Milka Stojanovic, James McCracken, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 4: A new production of Puccini's "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 5: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 5: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Judith DePaul, Gianni Raimondi, and Mario Sereni. (A non-subscription performance). . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 7: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 9: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Milka Stojanovic, James McCracken, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 10: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Mirella Freni, Jon Vickers, Justino Díaz, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 11: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 12: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 12: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Fiorenza Cossotto, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Athena Lampropulos and Bernabé Martí; "Suor Angelica," with Anne Elgar and Frances Bible; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGiglio and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed,



OUR EXCLUSIVE BROOKS-TWEED
a blend of two superb Scottish wools
tailored by us into handsome sport jackets

Brooks-tweed is our own blend of Shetland wool—desirable for its soft hand—with the strong, durable wool of Scotland's famous Black-Faced Sheep. We offer it in a handsome selection of patterns that includes bold plaids, windowpanes, stripes and herringbones in attractive rusts, greys, golds or olives. The jackets themselves are made on our own 3-button sport model in our workrooms. $125

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

OBSERVING OUR 150TH ANNIVERSARY

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Jeannine Crader, Mary Cross Lueders, and Lino Savoldi; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Tibor Kelen, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 1:15: "Bomarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Torigi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7:15: "La *Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Lois* Crane, Jerome LoMonaco, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Claramae Turner, Mary Cross Lueders, Joan Summers, Salvador Novoa, and Roberto Banuelas. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:45: The première of Hugo Weisgall's "Nine Rivers from Jordan," with Eileen Schauler, Julian Patrick, Joshua Hecht, David Clements, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Ottaviano, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "Nine Rivers from Jordan," with Eileen Schauler, Julian Patrick, Joshua Hecht, David Clements, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Arlene Randazzo, Veronica Tyler, Patricia Wise, Michele Molese, and *Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday. Oct. 12,* at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Kay Creed, and Lino Savoldi; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Placido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, *Leonard Bernstein* conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 17—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 7, at 7:30 (all with Harold Gomberg, oboe); and Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 11, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 14, at 7:30 (all with Eugene Istomin, piano, and the Swingle Singers).

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with John Lewis and the Modern Jazz Quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Carlo Felice Cillario directing a performance of Verdi's "Nabucco" in concert form, with Elena Suliotis, soprano; Daniele Barioni, tenor; Kostas Paskalis, baritone; and Luigi Roni, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a program of Italian music. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Denver Oldham—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Erick Friedman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

Samuel Baron—Flute. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord. (Coronet Room, Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call TE 8-8000, Ext. 123.)

I Madrigalisti di Venezia—A program of vocal and instrumental Renaissance music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 7, at 8:40.)

Carroll Glenn—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

David Bean—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Concentus Musicus from Vienna. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Eric Burdon and the Animals and Linn County—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

Richie Havens—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.

New York Chamber Soloists and Mitchell-Ruff Trio—A program called "Handel to Jazz: The Art of Improvisation." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Lena Horne, Lou Rawls, Tony Bennett, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, and others, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Beach Boys and Creedence Clearwater—Fillmore East. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8 and 11:30.

Ron Eliran—With others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Queen's Guards—A tattoo featuring the musical ride and mounted band of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues); a drill team and agility display by Junior Guardsmen; and the pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Highland Fusiliers. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30. Final performances Sunday, Oct. 13.)

Open Music—A program of contemporary music performed by Jeannette Medina, violin; John Goberman, cello; Samuel Sanders, piano; and the Jack Dejohnette Jazz Quartet. The second in a series of three concerts. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-1370. Monday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Boxing—Joe Shaw vs. Pete Toro, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 5.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 5: Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Sewanee, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 12: Army vs. California, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ St. John's vs. Fordham, at Redmen Field, Jamaica, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. New Orleans Saints. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 1:30.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 5.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 12.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 5; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Oct. 7; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 9; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Oct. 12.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2.

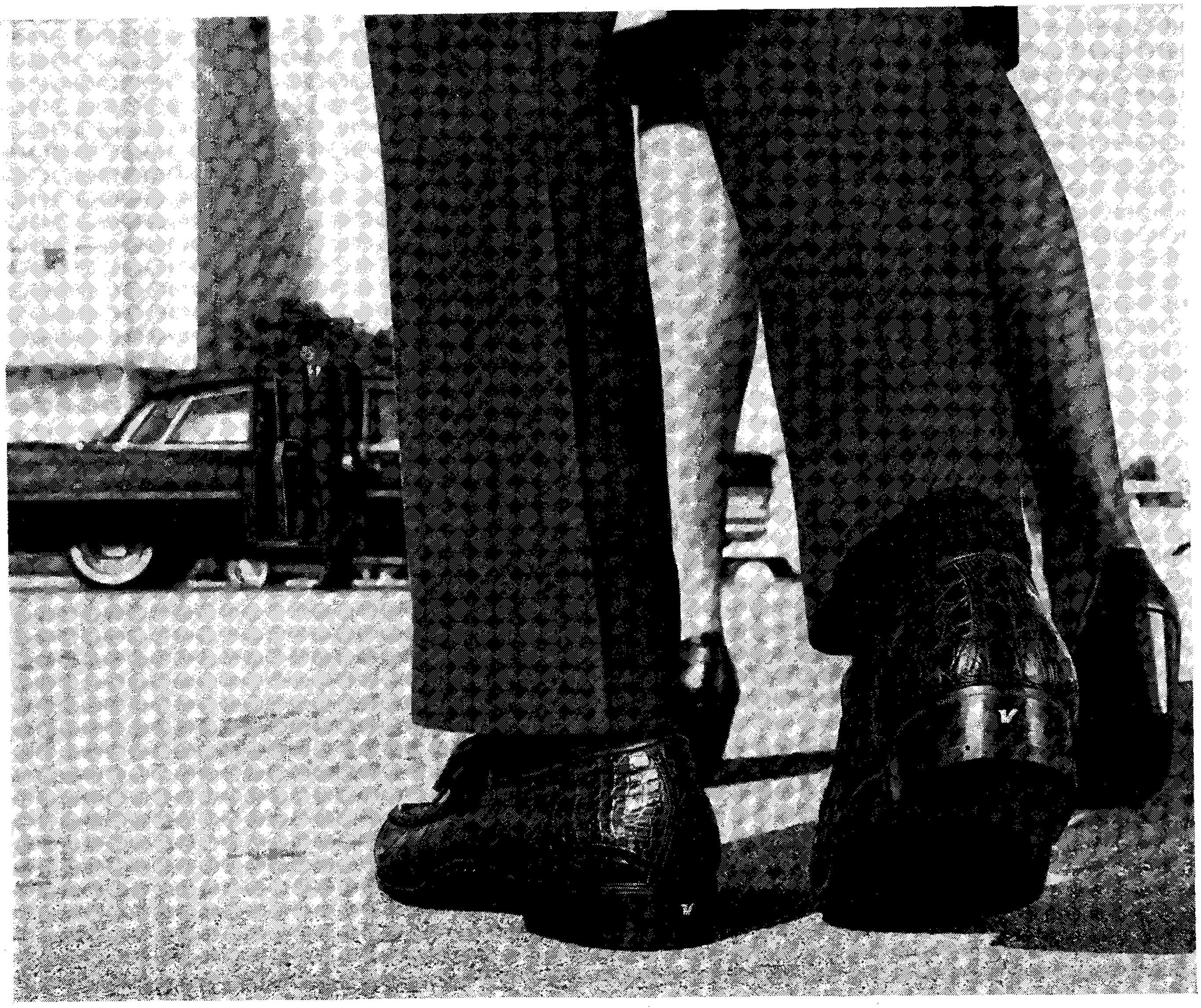
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.

Yachting—A schooner race, starting off the Battery and finishing off Bay Ridge, for the

The soft touch of a lambswool sweater can be very relaxing. These, from our new British import collections, were knitted just for us in Scotland. In white, natural, light blue, yellow, green, mocha or dark blue, for S, M, L and XL sizes. Turtleneck, 19.50; v-neck, 17.50; cardigan, in every color but green, 22.50. Men's Furnishings Collections. Mail and phone orders.

*Presented in cooperation with the British Clothing Export Council

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Fashion follows Volare

Follow the man wearing Volare Shoes and you follow a leader . . . not only in men's fashion but in other enterprises as well. Volare Shoes, though expensive, are not for just the affluent . . . but for men of discrimination, who appreciate superb Italian handmade workmanship . . . who recognize artistry in fine leathers and the styling flair of Carlo Leoni. Consider Volare and step ahead as the new fashion leader in your select circle. Volare . . . the only shoe that has earned the right to be recognized.

Volare's elegant casual, completely handmade from genuine alligator, at better stores.

FASHION FOLLOWS VOLARE

VOLARE

VOLARE SHOES, INC., 3415 N.E. 2nd Ave., Miami, Florida 33137
Suite 7106 Empire State Building, New York

Mayor's Cup and for the benefit of the South Street Seaport Museum. The starting gun goes off at 10:30, Saturday, Oct. 12, and the race ends around three. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 10; for information about tickets, call BO 9-5560.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Total Eclipse of the Moon—This will occur on Sunday, Oct. 6, commencing at 5:55 A.M., with the fullest phase at 7:10 A.M.

Walking Tours—"The World on the East River," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Oct. 6. Meets outside 421 E. 61st St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, from 10 to 1; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 5, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, comprising five works by Pissarro, three by Monet, one by Picasso, and one by Renoir; the property of Brandeis University, from the Nate B. and Frances Spingold collection, and the property of a New York private collector. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: Modern paintings of the School of Paris; from the collection of Dr. A. Roudinesco. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 4.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 5, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Oct. 3 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939), with Edward G. Robinson and Francis Lederer. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 11:30: "Seventh Heaven" (1927), with Janet Gaynor. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3 and 5:30: "Easy Living" (1937), with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Romeo and Juliet" (1936), with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Vidas Sêcas" (1963), a Brazilian film. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Tropici" (1967), a Brazilian film. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Hans Westmar, Einer von Vielen" (1933), in German, no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center: Oct. 15, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Nov. 1 and 14.

Professional Football—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Nov. 10. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, Nov. 3.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden Center on Oct. 16, 20, 23, 27 and 30, and Nov. 3 and 13.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 19-26.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 28-Nov. 3.) . . . ¶ Na-

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Boutique"

NEW CREATIONS IN CORAL

The chic concept in casual jewelry, the totally matching ensemble. Richly glowing coral, with the elegant accent of 18 kt. gold wire. Dome ring, $550. Earclips, $1,000. Bracelet, $2,400.

Designs © Actual size

746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE UNDRENCHABLE: OUR CUT VELVET COAT

A razzle-dazzle raincoat that doubles as an evening coat. Designed by Mainstreet in cotton cut velvet with chain back belt. Cream white or royal blue in sizes 8 to 14. 70.00

HIGBEE'S
CLEVELAND

Mail and phone orders: add 75¢ beyond delivery area. Ohio residents add 4% sales tax.

England is England. And "London Dry" is anywhere.

"London Dry" is a type of gin. It means the gin contains no sweetness.

It doesn't necessarily mean that it's made in London. A "London Dry" gin can come from Cincinnati, Peoria or even Linden, New Jersey.

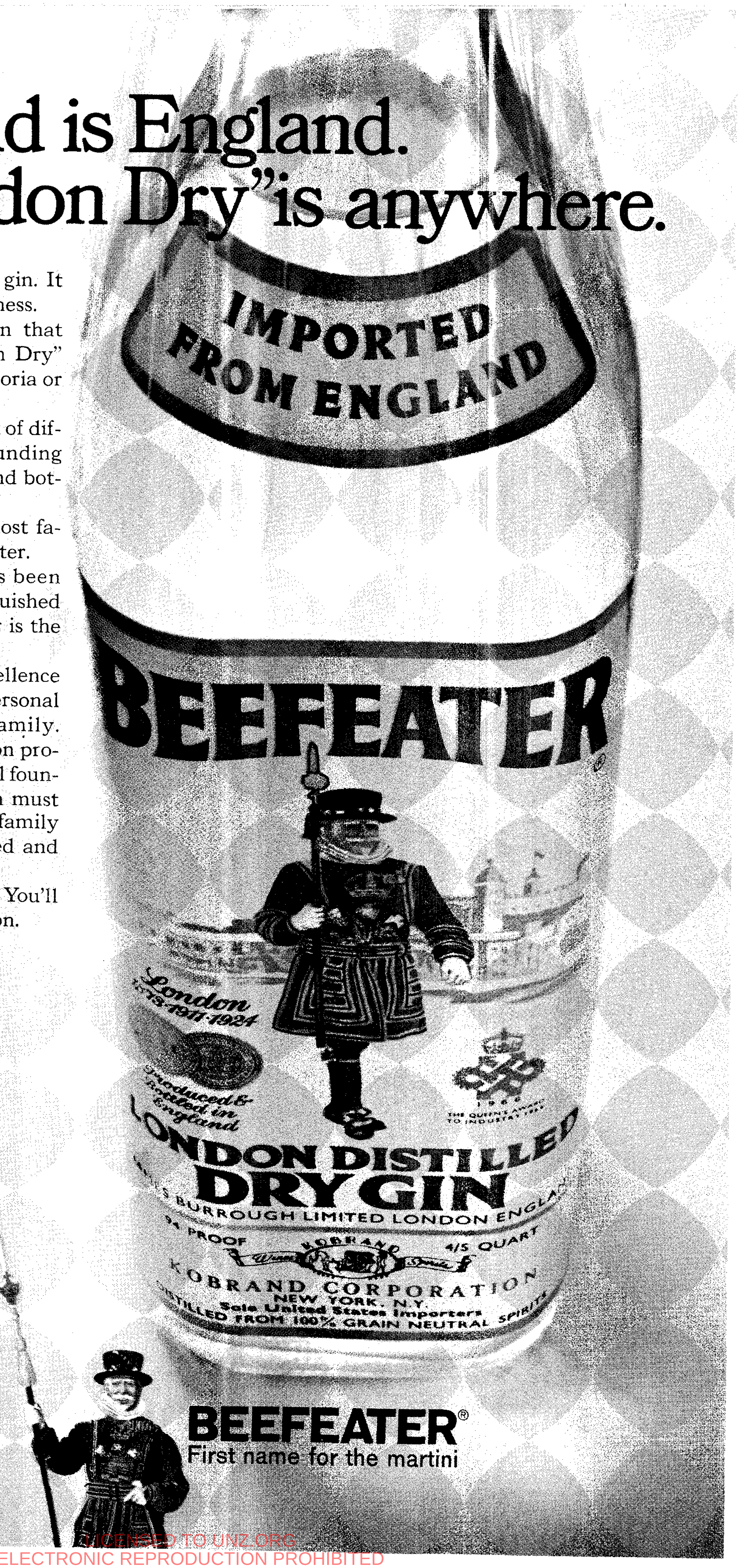
However, there is quite a bit of difference between an English-sounding gin and a gin actually distilled and bottled in London, England.

Consider if you will, the most famous of all imported gins. Beefeater.

Since 1820, Beefeater has been noted for its delicate and distinguished taste. To the fastidious, Beefeater is the first name for the martini.

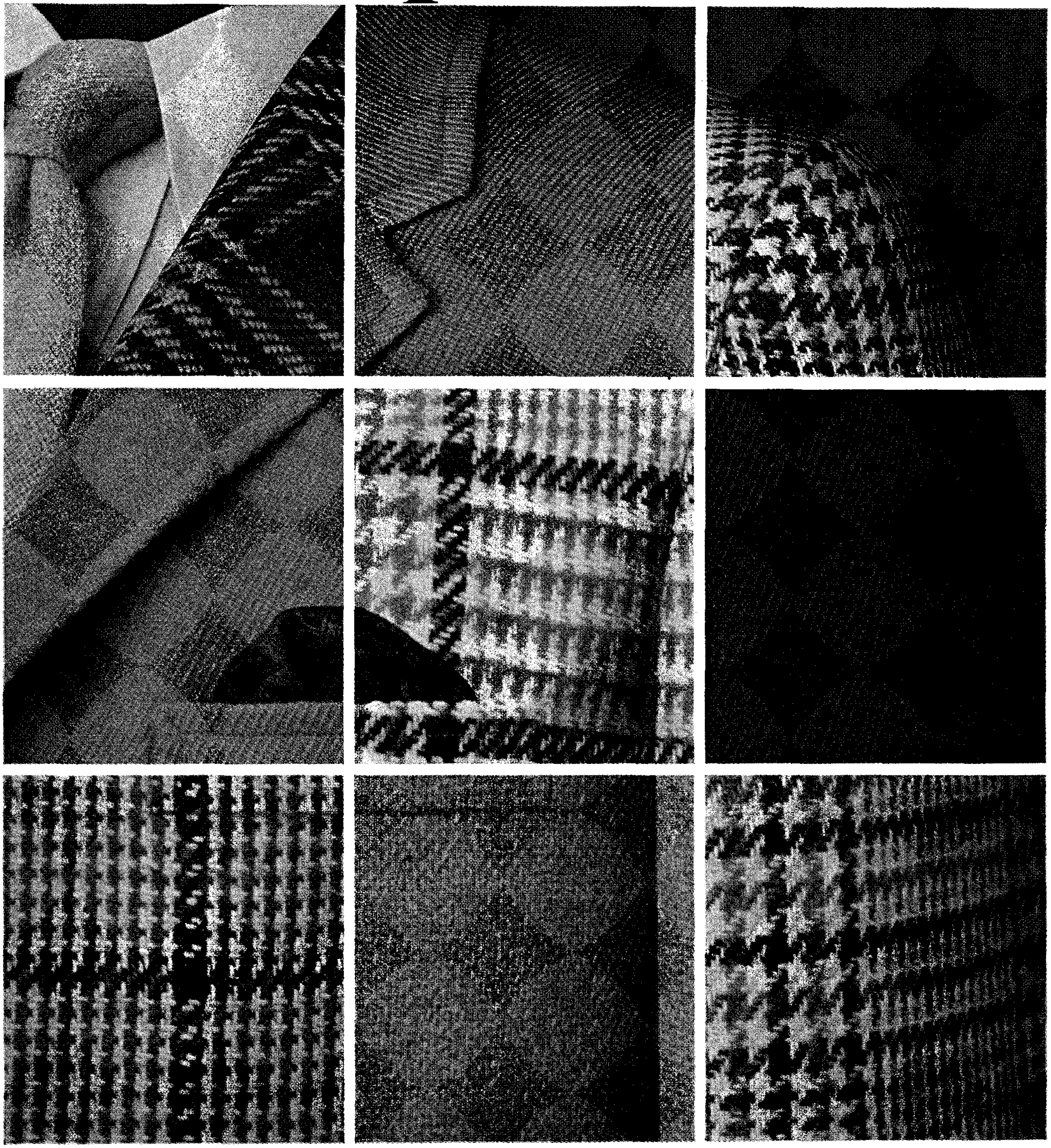
Beefeater's identifiable excellence is due in no small part to the personal supervision of the Burrough family. Beefeater is the only gin in London produced by the family of the original founder. To this day, each distillation must be sampled and approved by a family member. Each bottle is numbered and recorded.

Taste a Beefeater yourself. You'll find it a charming geography lesson.


IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER®
London
1873·1911·1924
Produced & Bottled in England
1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY 1966
ONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN
S BURROUGH LIMITED LONDON ENGLA
94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
KOBRAND
Wines
Spirits
KOBRAND CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole United States Importers
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

BEEFEATER®
First name for the martini

The patch test



If you had a positive reaction to these nine patches, you have passed phase one. On to phase two.

Keeping these patches firmly in mind, or better still, imagining each of them as a complete sports jacket, approach your favorite store.

If you can't find at least nine sports jackets that give you the same positive reaction you had to these, you're not getting the choice you deserve.

In which case, your store has failed the test. In which case, check the list below and pick out a new store. Or, write to us at 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, and we'll put you in touch with people in the right places who know how to treat you.

Test completed.

LINETT LTD.

Our jackets, odd trousers and suits are available at these fine stores: **Bloomingdale's**, N.Y.; **Neiman Marcus**, Dallas; **Louis**, Boston; **J. L. Hudson**, Detroit; **Lewis & Thos. Saltz**, Wash. D. C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tional Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden Center. Nov. 5-12.)

HUNT RACING—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 19.)... ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 26.)... ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier, Va. Nov. 2.)... ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 9.)

OLYMPIC GAMES—At Mexico City, Mexico: Oct. 12-27.

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 14-Nov. 16.... NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Oct. 24-25.... LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 26-Dec. 31.... AQUEDUCT: Oct. 28-Dec. 7.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 19-20.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Oct. 18-Dec. 14.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 19.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): André Watts, piano, Oct. 13.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 15.... ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Oct. 16 and 18. ... ¶ Ivan Moravec, piano, Oct. 20.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 22 and 29.... ¶ Michael Rabin, violin, Oct. 25.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Oct. 26.... ¶ Washington National Symphony, Oct. 27. Bach Collegium and Kantorei of Stuttgart, Oct. 30.... ¶ Arthur Grumiaux, violin, Nov. 3.... ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and the Saidenberg Little Symphony, Nov. 3.... ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Leonard Bernstein, baritone and piano, Nov. 8.... ¶ Bruno-Leonardo Gelber, piano, Nov. 10. ... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 13, 27, and 28. ... ¶ Licia Albanese, soprano, Oct. 13.... ¶ Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone, Oct. 15.... ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Oct. 16 and 30.... ¶ Bavarian Symphony of Munich, Oct. 17-18.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 19.... ¶ Miriam Soloviev, violin, Oct. 21.... ¶ Rudolf Firkusny, piano, Oct. 22.... ¶ L'Orchestre de Paris, Oct. 26-27.... ¶ Detroit Symphony, Nov. 1.... ¶ Roger Wagner Chorale, Nov. 3.... ¶ The Romeros, guitarists, Nov. 7.... ¶ Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 10.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Beveridge Webster, piano, Oct. 23.... ¶ Music from Marlboro, Oct. 30.... ¶ Baroque Ensemble of Schola Cantorum, Nov. 10.... HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Martti Talvela, bass, Oct. 17.... ¶ Vronsky and Babin, pianos, Oct. 22.... ¶ Judith Raskin, soprano, Oct. 26.... ¶ Bach Collegium and Kantorei of Stuttgart, Nov. 1.... ¶ Igor Oistrakh, violin, Nov. 9.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Julian Bream, guitarist and lutanist, Oct. 18.... ¶ Melos Ensemble of London, Oct. 25 and Nov. 1.... ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 2-3 and 9-10.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "We Bombed in New Haven," a play by Joseph Heller, starring Jason Robards and Diana Sands. ... ¶ A comedy, "The Wind in the Sassafras Trees," adapted from a French play by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson; Frankie Howerd heads the cast.... ¶ Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy in "Maggie Flynn," a musical with book, music, and lyrics by Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, and George David Weiss, the book in collaboration with Morton DaCosta.... ¶ "A Mother's Kisses," a musical by Bruce Jay Friedman (book) and Richard Adler (music and lyrics), based on Mr. Friedman's novel. Beatrice Arthur and Bill Callaway have the leading roles.... ¶ The first production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be Shakespeare's tragedy "King Lear," with Lee J. Cobb.

DANCE PROGRAMS—Romanian Folk Ballet, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Oct. 15-20.

OTHER DATES—Columbus Day is Saturday, Oct. 12.... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 14-19.... ¶ Fall Flower Festival, at Essex House, Oct. 16.... ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 27.... ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 5. ... ¶ Veterans Day is Monday, Nov. 11.

AMERICAN PREMIERE TUES., OCT. 8

"DAZZLING! The most satisfactory film I've seen this year! Once you see it, you'll never again picture 'Romeo & Juliet' quite the way you did before. No literate man of 1968 should miss this film!" LIFE

"STUNNING! This 'Romeo & Juliet' is visually stunning and the novelty of seeing Shakespeare's star-crossed teenagers actually portrayed by actors in the proper age bracket lends an exciting dimension to the play!" SATURDAY REVIEW

"BEAUTIFUL! The entire film is a poem of youth, love and violence, reeled off at so headstrong a pace that young audiences may take Shakespeare's classic for a Renaissance recapitulation of 'West Side Story.' Beautiful, lyrical, impetuous and irrepressively romantic played with pure circa-1968 passion!" PLAYBOY

PARAMOUNT PICTURES presents
A BHE FILM
The
FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI
Production of
ROMEO & JULIET

No ordinary love story....

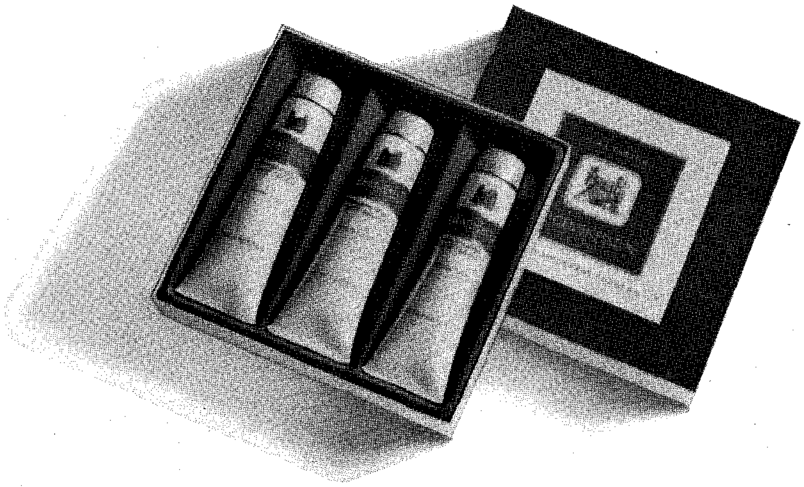
Paramount
A Gulf + Western Company

THE FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI PRODUCTION OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S "ROMEO & JULIET" / STARRING OLIVIA HUSSEY / LEONARD WHITING / MILO O'SHEA / MICHAEL YORK
JOHN McENERY / PAT HEYWOOD / NATASHA PARRY / ROBERT STEPHENS / Made with VERONA PRODUZIONE S.r.l. and DINO DE LAURENTIIS CINEMATOGRAFICA S.p.A.
SCREENPLAY BY FRANCO BRUSATI and MASOLINO D'AMICO / PRODUCED BY ANTHONY HAVELOCK-ALLAN and JOHN BRABOURNE
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER RICHARD GOODWIN / DIRECTED BY FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI A PARAMOUNT PICTURE TECHNICOLOR®

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES

THE Paris THEATRE
5th Ave. & 58th St. • MU 8-2013

Why spend the whole Fall season in the same face?



With this little trio of Transparent Face Color you get a glorious collection of faces never possible 'til now:
A fragile porcelain night-light,
or a gently pink-blushed radiance,
or a golden-copper glow of the great outdoors.

Transparent Face Color by Geminesse. *Totally* transparent. An extraordinary threesome of clear, tinted, moisturizing gels. Each, a subtle innuendo of shading that coaxes your complexion to a whole new mood of color... so you can change your face as often as you change your fashion-mind.

Tawny—transforms you to a glowing, sun-basked beauty.

Apricot—pink-sweetens your skin-tone to peaches-and-cream.

Mauve—illuminates your face with a delicate Dresden glow.

Find them all in a little kit... and wear them with autumn's newest shades of Transparent Lip Color. The Geminesse Beauty Consultant, at fine department stores, will show you this complete collection of ready-to-wear faces.

New Geminesse Transparent Face Color

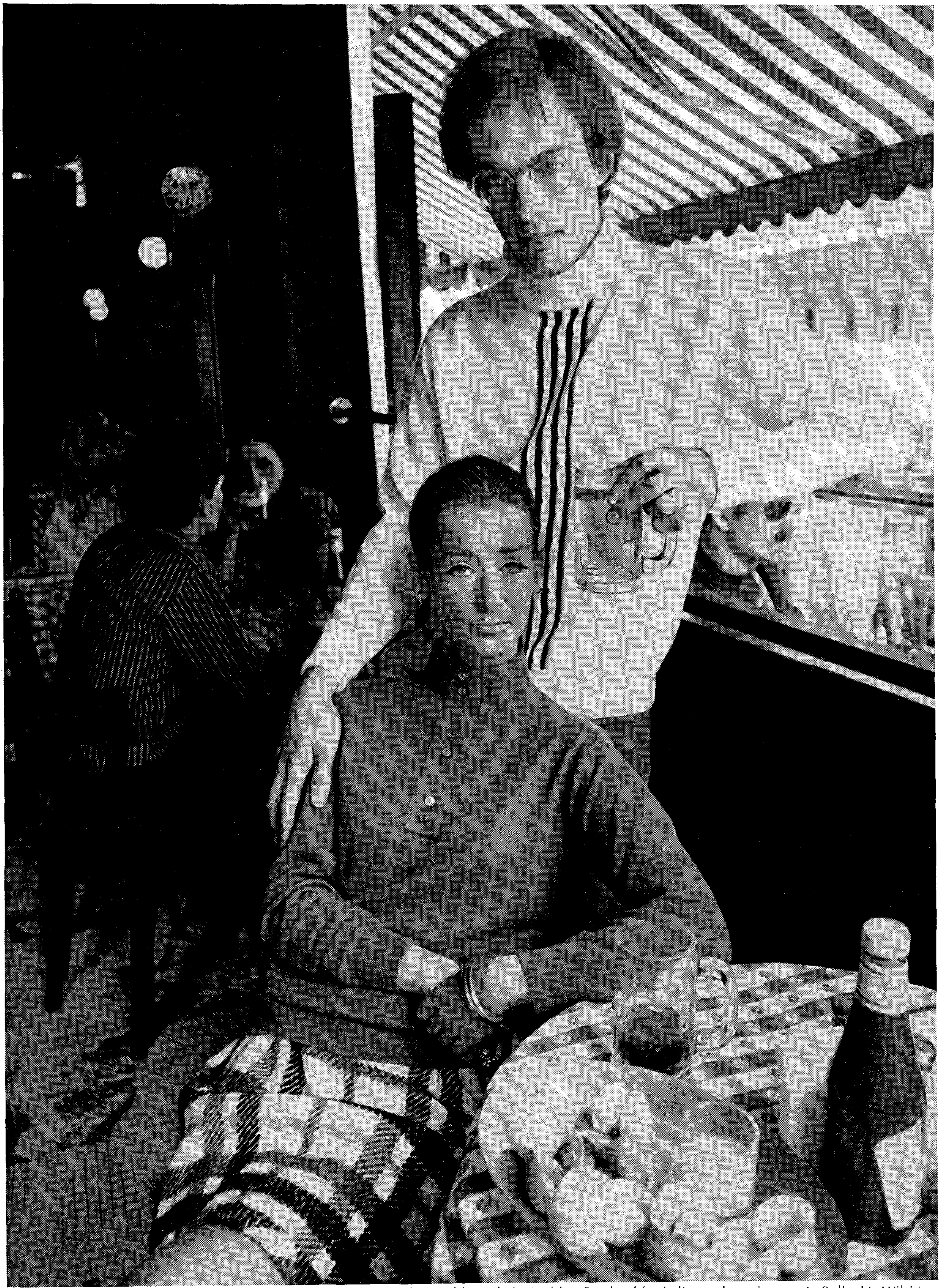
From The Geminesse Collection of Total Moisture Make-ups and Treatments

Max Factor

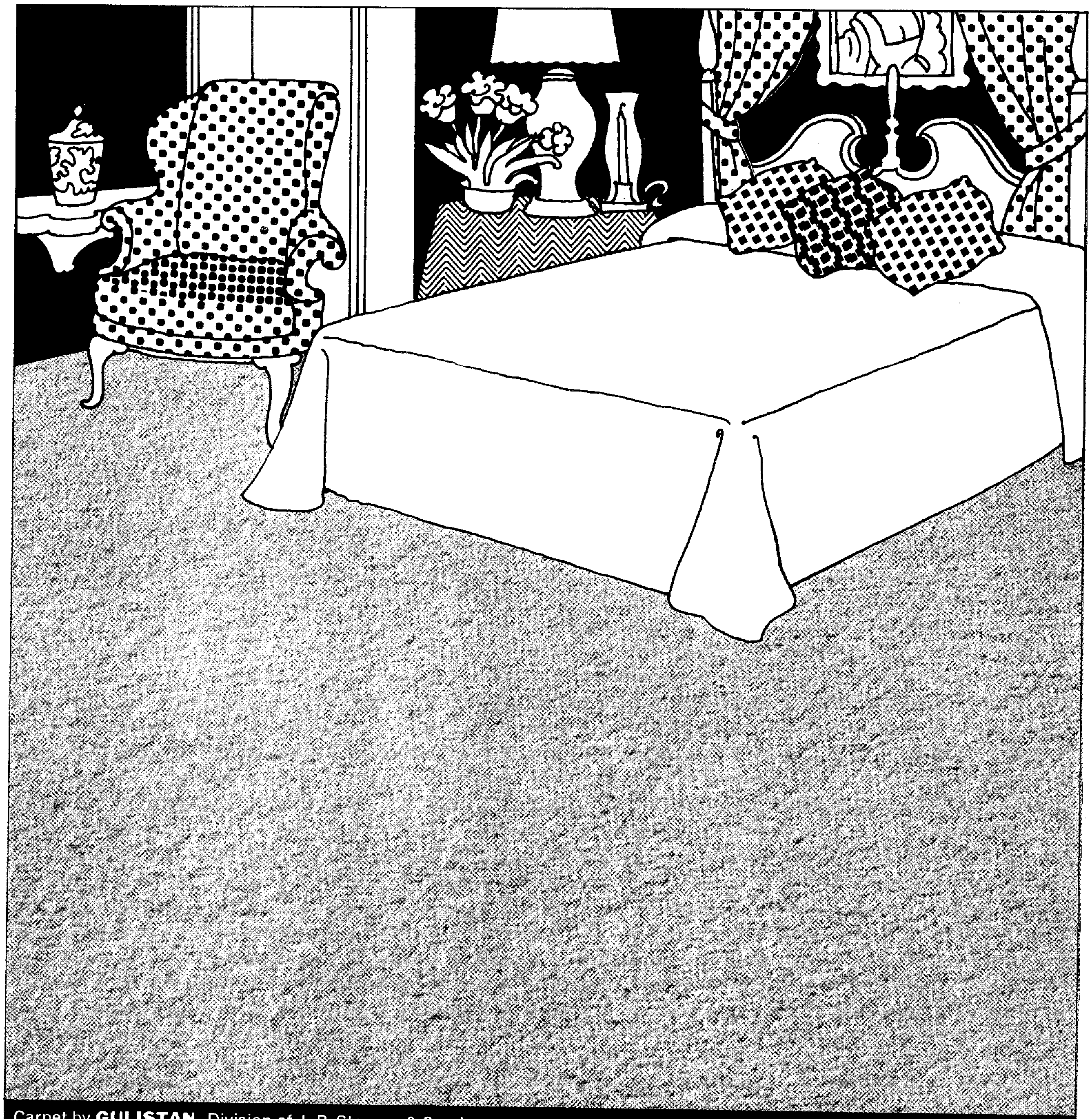
© 1968 Max Factor & Co Available in Canada

MR. DONALD BROOKS designed The Star Look shown here...and inspired the Geminesse face that goes with this fashion. See all the new faces that go with the fashions at Geminesse counters in fine stores everywhere.

Who's this famous couple?



Meet "The Ballantynes", the most famous cashmere sweaters in the world. Made in Peebles, Scotland for ladies and gentlemen. At Bullock's-Wilshire, Edward Chapman, Vancouver. Ladies only at Abercrombie & Fitch and Hudson's, Detroit. Or write Ballantyne, 40 East 34th St., N.Y. **BALLANTYNE**



Carpet by **GULISTAN,** Division of J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.

Kodel AN EASTMAN POLYESTER FIBER.

Wake up to a carpet full of life every morning...with Kodel. With its deep pile of 100% Kodel polyester, this carpet keeps its bounciness, color beauty and luxurious looks around the calendar.

GULISTAN shag carpet is "Another Love." In celadon (shown) and 16 other personality colors. Made to sell for about $10 sq. yd. Look for the label that says Kodel.

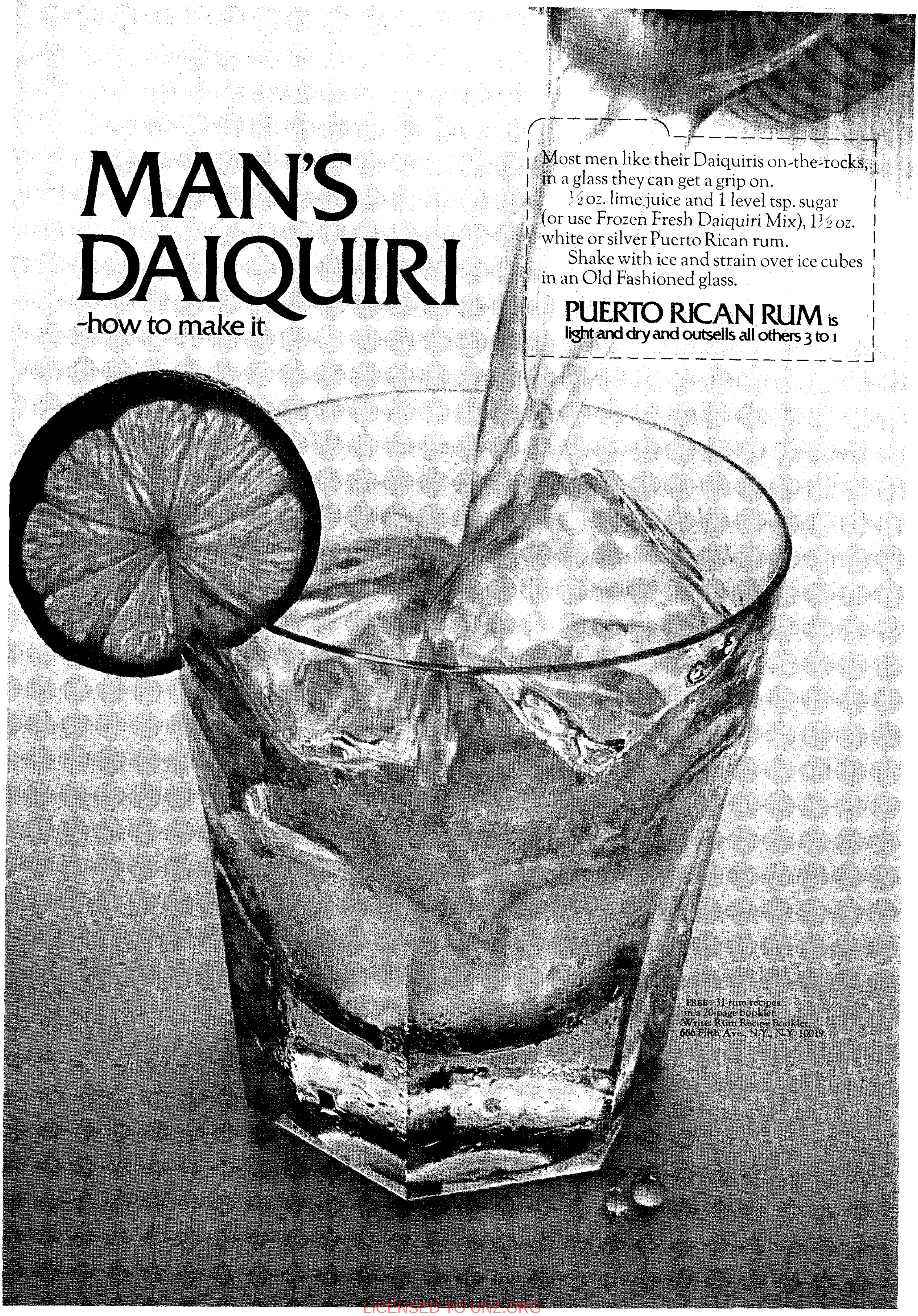
For your nearest store call any hour, any day at no telephone charge. Dial this special number: 800-243-0355. In Connecticut call: 853-3600.

Make mine the fiber that keeps its lively disposition. Kodel.®

Write to Dept. N-105 for a color-illustrated folder telling more about why lively Kodel polyester is such an outstanding value in carpets
EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.
Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not carpets.

MAN'S DAIQUIRI

-how to make it



Most men like their Daiquiris on-the-rocks, in a glass they can get a grip on.

½ oz. lime juice and 1 level tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix), 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum.

Shake with ice and strain over ice cubes in an Old Fashioned glass.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1

FREE—31 rum recipes
in a 20-page booklet.
Write: Rum Recipe Booklet,
666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bofors Gun—Nicol Williamson is an uncontrollable Irish drunk and David Warner is a weak Englishman, and they're at war with each other in John McGrath's screenplay, directed by James Gold, about life in the British Army. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Bride Wore Black—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 8.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 8.)

A Dandy in Aspic—Espionage and angst, with Laurence Harvey as a homesick spy and Mia Farrow as a starved sex-kitten. An overproduced, glossily self-important thriller that promises more fun than it delivers. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 8.)

Devi (1962)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. Directed and written by Zbynek Brynych. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this the most enjoyable movie musical in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hot Millions—Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov wrote this ridiculously funny English film, which has Ustinov as a cheerily criminal money-maker and Maggie Smith as his gutsy, drably dressed girl friend, egging him on in his life, if not his work, and keenly practicing the flute. Miss Smith is quite something: a very serious as well as very funny actress, out of no English tradition known abroad—spunky, non-booming, non-grand, secretly frail and insistent on a sensible capacity to cope. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 9, except the evening of Monday, Oct. 7.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 9.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon plays the one who horribly recreates the situation all over again and becomes a new wife-figure, fussing about with coasters and driving Walter Matthau nuts. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Petulia—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. A very eloquent film, deeply alive to modern kinds of distress, with Lester's best direction yet of actors. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 8.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 9.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gently, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests—The unquenchable Czech cinema. A remarkable allegory about totalitarianism by Jan Němec, in the form of a story about a picnic that gets perverted by an influx of pleasant-looking strong-arm strangers into a frightening forced banquet. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Robbery (1967)—Stanley Baker as the ringleader of a gang of crooks who, in real life, held up and robbed a British mail train. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 9.)

Rosemary's Baby—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with wan beauty, gets devilishly pregnant in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy, leading a witches' coven with nosy chattiness and behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 9.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 4.)

The Tiger Makes Out (1967)—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson as a pair of eager, aging misfits. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 8.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 4.)

Warrendale—Children mentally in trouble, aged from about five to eighteen, observed with love and acuteness by Allan King while they are under care in a courageous psychiatric home in Canada called Warrendale. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3.)

The San Remo

IMPORTED FROM ITALY, OUR NEW DOUBLE-KNIT, ALL WOOL BLAZER

Comfort and good taste in the Tripler manner. Features six brass buttons and side vents

Sizes: 38 to 46

NAVY BLUE

$65

PLEASE ADD 75c FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes

MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. • NEW YORK 10017

Do You Have $10,000 Extra Cash?

Before you spend it...tuck your $10,000 in a savings account at The New York Bank for Savings earning dividends from the very day it arrives. Smart saving! Your $10,000 will be worth $20,050.34 in just 14 years. (Based on current dividend rate of 5% a year, compounded quarterly. No specific rate can be guaranteed as rates depend on earnings.) So write a check, and put your $10,000 to work.

"It Pays to Save"
NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS

We'll send you a bright blue savings book with your deposit entered and a special gift—a ceramic Beehive Bank.

Why choose The New York Bank for Savings? Because your money will be safe and always available...it's the one savings bank in all New York that's paid dividends 149 years in a row. The Beehive!

$10,000 or $25, let's welcome you as a depositor. Just write a check, fill out this coupon and mail it.

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS
NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK
Assets over $2 billion
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS 10-5
Park Ave. So. at 22nd St., N.Y. 10010

Please open an account, as checked, and send your Beehive Bank. Enclosed for deposit is $________

☐ Individual Account

☐ Trust Account for________

☐ Joint Account with________

Name________

Address________

City______ State______ Zip______

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
6	7	8	9	3	4	5

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 8: **CAMILLE**; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), Greta Garbo, Fredric March.
From Oct. 9: **NINOTCHKA**; and "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 8: **A DANDY IN ASPIC**; and "Prudence and the Pill," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From Oct. 9: **THE PRODUCERS**; and **ROBBERY.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 8: "Villa Rides," Yul Brynner, Robert Mitchum.
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
A REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE BOFORS GUN.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 5: "Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.
Oct. 6: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 7: "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!," Peter Sellers.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Oct. 5: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.
From Oct. 6, at 8:30: "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Trevor Howard, Vanessa Redgrave. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PRODUCERS.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
WEEKEND (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 8: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.
From Oct. 9: "If He Hollers, Let Him Go!," Raymond St. Jacques, Barbara McNair.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Coogan's Bluff," Clint Eastwood.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Oct. 3: "Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.
From Oct. 4: "Helga," Ruth Gassmann.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through Oct. 8: "Villa Rides," Yul Brynner, Robert Mitchum.
From Oct. 9: "With Six You Get Eggroll," Doris Day, Brian Keith.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 8: "The China Story: One Fourth of Humanity," a documentary film.
From Oct. 9: "Mingus," a documentary on Charles Mingus; and "Come Back, Africa" (1960), a semi-documentary film.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 8: **PETULIA**; and "Sweet November," Sandy Dennis, Anthony Newley.
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 8: "Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.
From Oct. 9: **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 8: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 8: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.
From Oct. 9: "If He Hollers, Let Him Go!," Raymond St. Jacques, Barbara NcNair.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

PENTHOUSE, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
Through Oct. 6: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.
Oct. 7-8: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 9, at 8: "Finian's Rainbow," Fred Astaire, Petula Clark. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call 876-1040.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOT MILLIONS.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Capricious Summer," a Czechoslovakian film.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Oct. 6: "Paris in the Month of August" (in French), Charles Aznavour. Susan Hampshire. (On Friday, Oct. 4, the theatre will be closed.)
Oct. 7: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 8, at 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet," Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. On Wednesday, Oct. 9, the theatre will close at 8:30.)

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
"That Woman," Eva Renzi.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 9: **MASCULINE FEMININE** (in French); and "Before the Revolution" (1965; in Italian), Adriana Asti. (No evening performances on Monday, Oct. 7.)

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 8: **THE TIGER MAKES OUT**; and "Villa Rides," Yul Brynner, Robert Mitchum.
From Oct. 9: **ROBBERY**; and "Hang 'Em High," Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens.

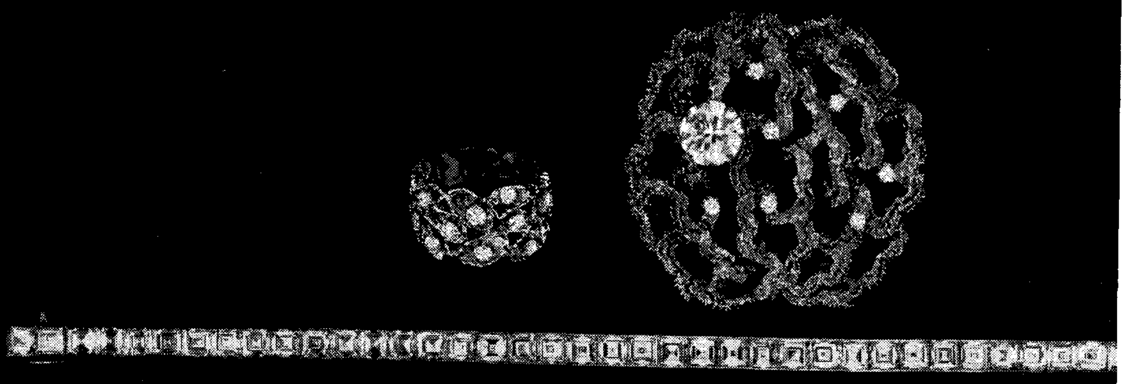
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 3: **THE WORLD OF APU** and **DEVI** (both in Bengali).
From Oct. 4: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (both in French).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

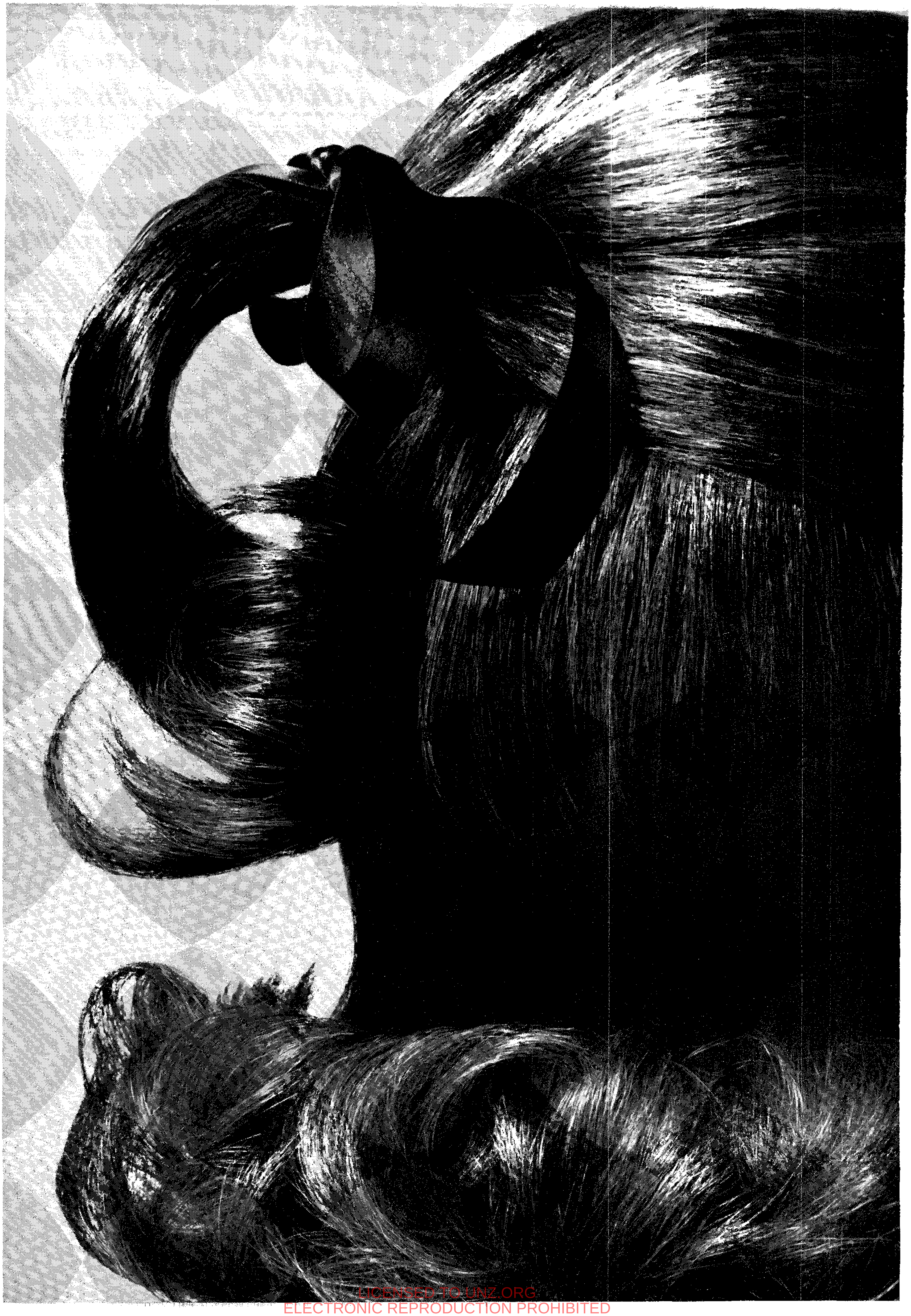
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

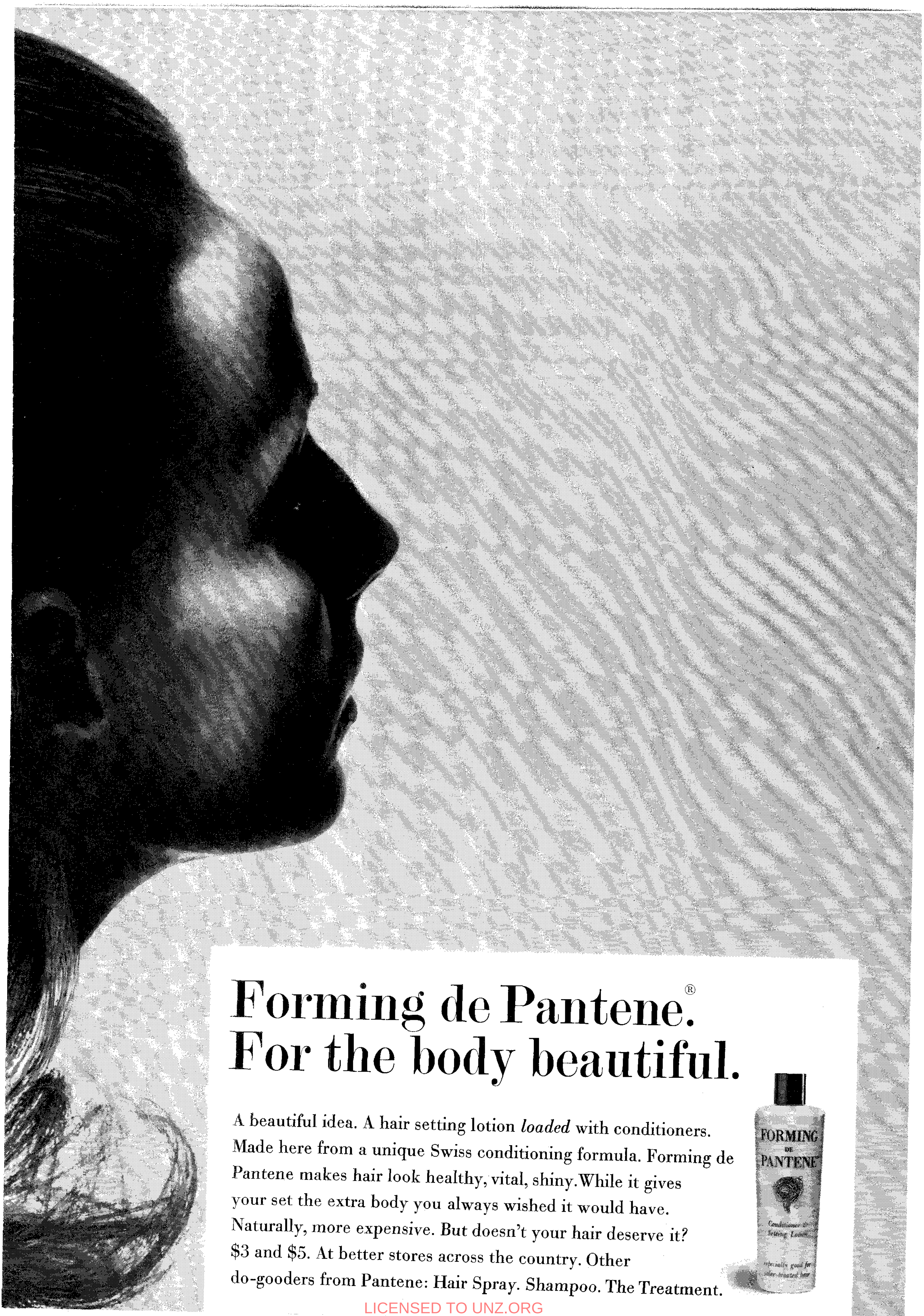
Perhaps she knows you care more now than ever.
But how long since you've told her so
with love's own talisman, a gift of diamonds?

A diamond is forever.



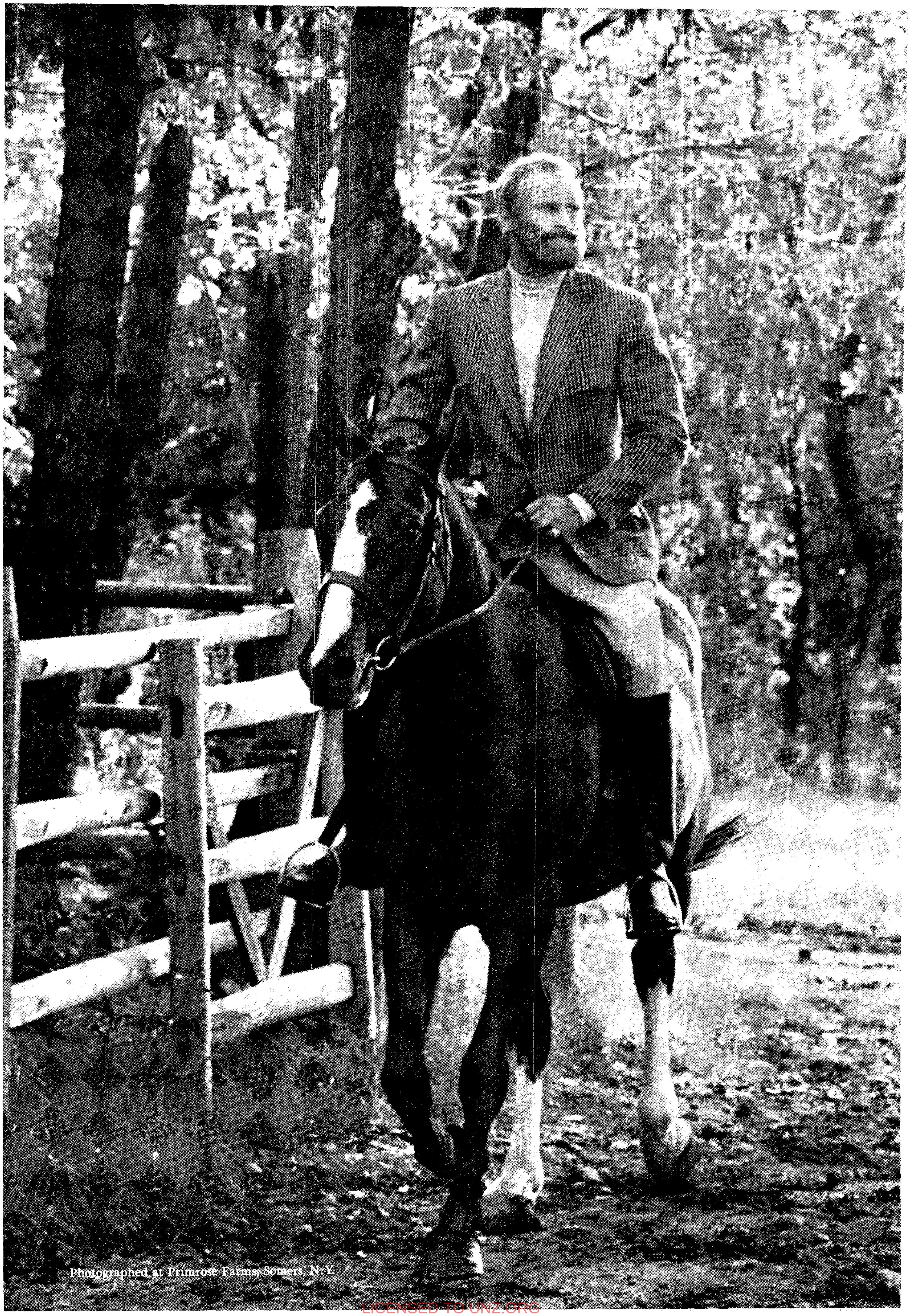
Ring, about $350
Gold brooch with blonde diamond, about $3750
Bracelet, about $11,000
Your jeweler can show you many such pieces





Forming de Pantene.® For the body beautiful.

A beautiful idea. A hair setting lotion *loaded* with conditioners. Made here from a unique Swiss conditioning formula. Forming de Pantene makes hair look healthy, vital, shiny. While it gives your set the extra body you always wished it would have. Naturally, more expensive. But doesn't your hair deserve it? $3 and $5. At better stores across the country. Other do-gooders from Pantene: Hair Spray. Shampoo. The Treatment.



Photographed at Primrose Farms, Somers, N.Y.

Duncan Andrews is doing everything for his thinning hair.

Everything wrong.

First, he shampoos every other day or so. Drying. Uses bar soap, or whatever's handy. Also drying. And dry hair can be brittle. Breakable. (And the more his hair breaks, the less he's got.)

And that's only the beginning. Because all that shampooing makes hair uncooperative, Duncan uses a grooming agent. A good one, sure. One that keeps his hair from dancing all over his head. By squashing it. Making it look even thinner. Besides, it only glosses over the dryness problem, and makes hair dirty all over again. So, back to another drying shampoo.

What's a man to do? Here's what. Shampoo once a week. With Pantene® Shampoo for Men. Does more than simply wash dirt out. Gives hair body and shine. And our famous Swiss conditioning formula* leaves hair manageable. And undry.

Next: Pantene Hair Groom Spray for Men. Don't laugh yet. Spray will help keep hair in place lightly. Gently. Undetectably. Hair looks thicker, fuller. And that can mean a lot to a man who doesn't have a lot. And, to keep hair fresh and clean between shampoos, Pantene Hair Lotion. A daily splash and a scrub of the fingers does it. Keeps hair healthier looking, too.

Everything from Pantene—Shampoo, Hair Groom Spray, Hair Lotion. All based on the same unique Swiss conditioning formula*. All do good while they keep your hair looking good.

Pantene.
Everything right for your hair.

*Made in U.S.A. according to a Swiss formula.

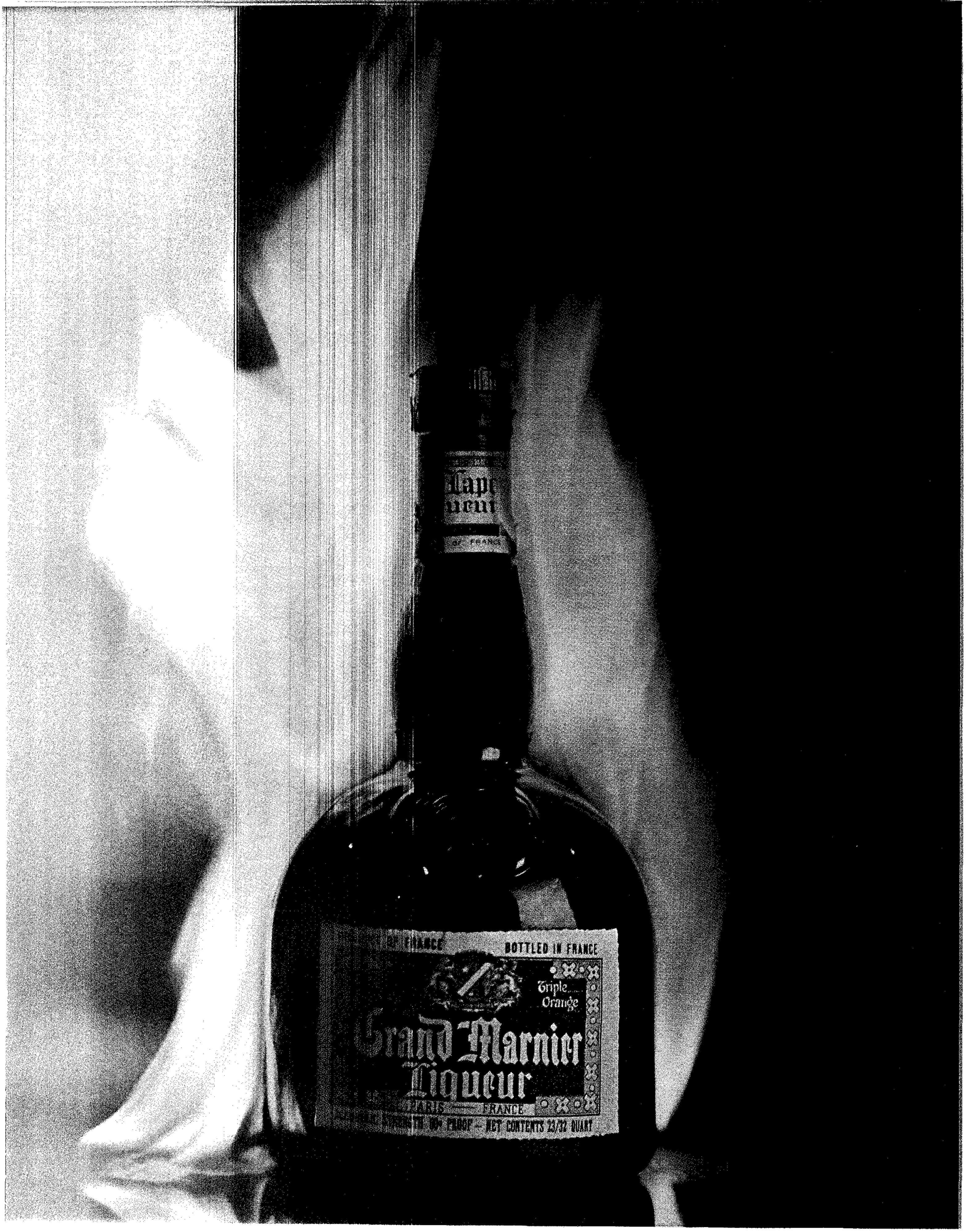
The couch that sleeps all day; works all night.

When you're wide awake this Hide-A-Bed by Simmons takes its ease. Not until you're ready for sleep does its split personality take over and become the full-size, restful bed it really is. Covered in Everfast's colorful Olympia print in blue, rust, green and gold combinations, it's distinguished enough for the handsomest living-room. Quilted seat and back cushions. The Lawrence Hide-A-Bed Sofa, from $430.00. All Zepel® treated for spill and spot resistance. And all with the Everfast Color Guarantee stating that should a fabric by Everfast fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. At fine stores everywhere.

FABRIC BY
EVERFAST®

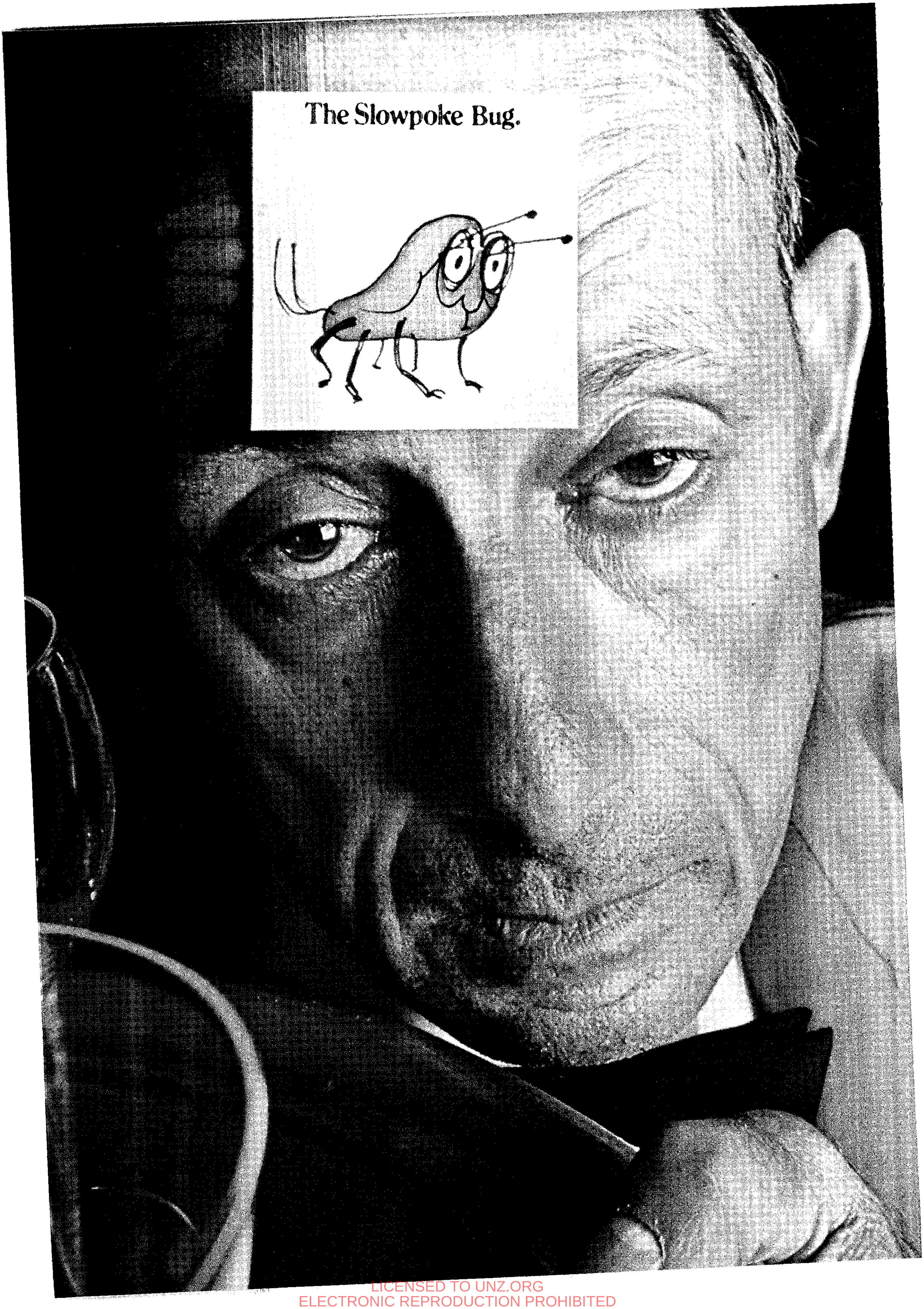
PROTECTED WITH
DUPONT
ZEPEL
STAIN REPELLER

EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 West 40th St., New York, New York 10018
Fabric by Everfast protected with DuPont Zepel Stain Repeller


Liqueur
OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Triple Orange
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PARIS — FRANCE
80° PROOF – NET CONTENTS 23/32 QUART

[illegible] . . . captivating . . . exciting . . . flames in magical ways . . . in flambées . . . cocktails [illegible] snifter served after dinner . . . creating memorable moments . . . there's magic in its bouquet . . . in the many ways you can [illegible] this grand liqueur! In the world of haute cuisine, Grand Marnier is poured with pride . . . it has spirit! For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.

PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. NY10, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 19


The Slowpoke Bug.

Are we living in a bugged society?

Wouldn't you like some small remembrance to leave the waiter who keeps you waiting an hour for a rare steak and then brings one well done?

And how about something for that nice TV repairman who doesn't make house calls?

Or that temperamental house painter you hired who paints only when he gets the inspiration?

The truth is, our society is being bugged unmercifully by lousy service. And Avis has decided it's about time something was done about it.

Here's our plan:

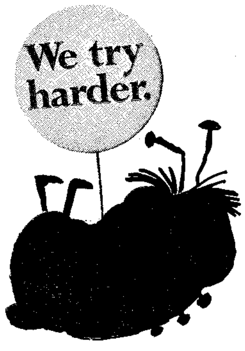
With every shiny new Plymouth you rent from us you'll get a set of bug stickers like the one on the left.

Of course, if anything bugs you at Avis, sock it to us. We'll knock ourselves out to make things right.

(If we're going to take the No. 1 spot in rent a cars, we can't have any bugs in our system.)

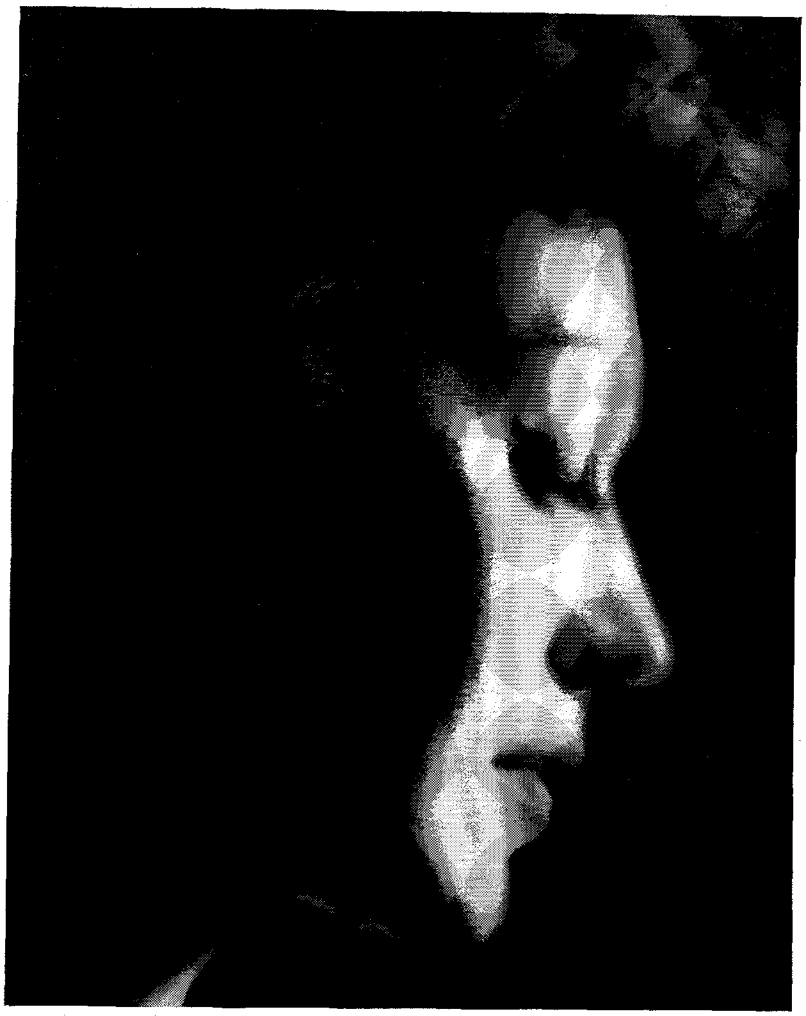
But be sure to keep the stickers when you leave the car. And use them wherever you think they'll do the most good.

If they work for Avis, why not the whole country?


We try harder.

Avis

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



Acti-Vita Cream

For instant action... a no-nonsense preparation. A fast worker, effective, immediate. Fragrant and un-greasy, so you'll use it at night. By morning that plaguing, grainy, layer of dryness will be on its way out, and with it what we call that "dusting" of age. The effective element in Acti-Vita is new and tested. Its function? To give you an eternally "renewed" look. Expensive? Alas yes, we think so. Worth it? You'll have to decide. We're too sold on it to be really objective.

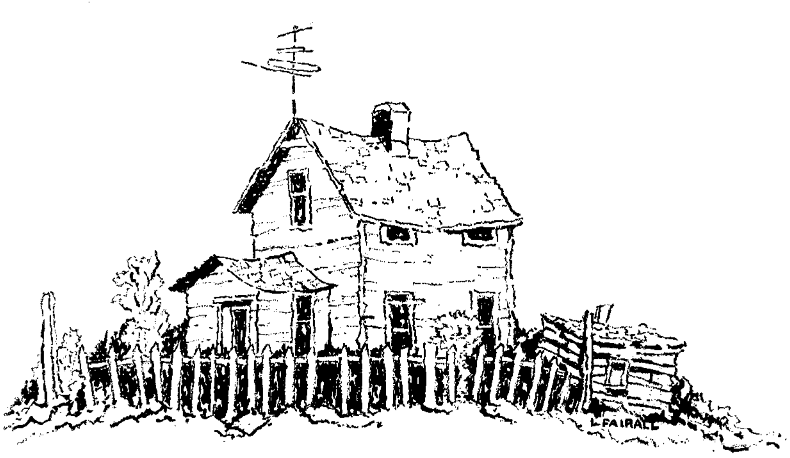
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SUNDAY afternoon, we found ourself wandering from Columbus Circle into the Park, which just then was a populous intersection of summer and fall. The sky was a hot, opaque cube resting on the treetops, and from the doomsday calm on many faces we gathered that the cube might settle to head level any minute. A number of people had come to the Park in fall clothes, though scattered through the crowds were splashes of suits and bell-bottomed trousers the color of spring grass. It was too steamy for one to care much about anything, but a bus coming down Central Park West commanded, in huge, blaring letters, "GIVE A DAMN." We plunged onward, across the West Drive, skirting a corps of bicyclists. They pumped with a detached, Zenlike melancholy, as if they had accepted as their fate an endless winding strip of asphalt. At a balloon stand, a man in a blazer bought two balloons for a little girl who appeared warm and listless. He tied one to each of her wrists. "I'm going to buy four hundred balloons and tie them on you, so you can fly," he told her. In the Sheep Meadow, a team of heavily dressed football players sat in a semicircle while their coach, who was wearing—improbably—a black windbreaker, demonstrated how you go in low and grab the guy *hard*. He slammed an imaginary Green Bay Packer to the grass and then straightened up and wiped his forehead. His boys, tidy in their new white uniforms with red numbers, looked on quietly, their heads cocked, their temples moist, their arms limp on their knees. The hottest, most crowded part of the Park was around a refreshment stand. There bodies were flung about in the withered grass under the trees oppressed by the sky. We bought a lemon-lime drink and moved back across the Sheep Meadow to the most orderly part of the Park, the bowling greens. Older men, mostly in white, rolled black balls easily across the thick, closely trimmed lawn. Off at one side stood a white-haired lady in a white dress. She held a white parasol over her head and remained perfectly still while figures moved slowly around her. We would have stayed near this cool gavotte forever, but suddenly a young man with wide, translucent wings brushed past, and we naturally followed him. The wings turned out to be part of a plastic kite—in the shape of a hawk—which he was carrying on his back. In a clearing by the walk along the lake, we discovered fifteen people dancing the *hora* to a warped warble coming from under a dusty acacia. They were led by a tall, slim girl in beige pants who kept her eyes fixed on some faraway point. We turned toward the lake, where a large flotilla of rowboats slid along the dark surface. There was a lazy maritime traffic jam under the bridge. Pushing on toward the Mall, we came upon a small brown-skinned girl with three black pigtails who was walking along digging her heels into the pavement and crooning something we made out to be "*Rosa es ninguna, Rosa es ninguna*" ("Rosa is no one"). At the Beethoven entrance to the Mall, we saw two spruce young men in dark-blue Nehru jackets and silver medallions. They were reading a sign that announced free yoga lessons on the Mall. A burly, gray-haired woman in a brown wool dress came up to them. "Look, how do you get out of this Park?" she asked angrily. One of them replied, "It depends on if you want to go east or west." "I don't care," she said. "I've had enough."



Columbia

THE academic season is with us again—fitfully in the public schools, and with relative calm on the campus of Columbia University, where student activists forced a suspension of classes last spring. The issues that incited two sit-ins in university buildings have certainly not been resolved (though Columbia has temporarily halted construction of a gymnasium in Morningside Park), but the mood is different now. There was a lighthearted skirmish on the first day of registration for Columbia College when Mark Rudd, the chairman of Columbia's chapter of Students for a Democratic Society, who is one of twenty students still under suspension as a result of last spring's disorders, attempted to register, but campus security guards held the line against Rudd and his supporters, and although an S.D.S.-sponsored International Assembly of Revolutionary Student Movements held a convocation that night, the crisis appeared to be over. Not even an announcement by the university that its Committee on Student Organizations would meet to consider revoking S.D.S.'s Columbia charter appeared to make much difference. "S.D.S. announces it has revoked the university's charter," a poster impudently proclaimed outside Columbia's gate at 116th Street and Broadway.

We went up to Morningside Heights early in the afternoon of the following day. The usual rally was taking place at the university's now famous sundial, on College Walk. This one was sponsored by Students for a Restructured University, which, like S.D.S., had a part in promoting last spring's disturbances, but attendance was sparse. Students heading to or from registration listened for a time, read a leaflet or two (one boy was making paper airplanes of the leaflets), and then walked off. In the spring, a number of demonstrations grew out of the rallies held at the sundial, but last week the only precautions the university appeared to have taken against action in the vicinity were to install unbreakable windows in some administration offices in Low Memorial Library and to put a layer of burlap over newly seeded plots along College Walk.

On Low Plaza, in front of the statue of Alma Mater, five card tables had been set up in a line to distribute the literature of campus organizations. One table displayed books, pamphlets, and buttons offered for sale by S.D.S. The others represented Students for Columbia University, whose literature hailed the university's lifting of the suspensions of forty-two students and urged the student body to engage in reciprocal "responsible actions;" the Nixon-Agnew campus organization, which confined its literature to national politics; the Conservative Union, where a student was defending Mayor Daley's actions during the Democratic Convention ("I'd be proud to have his enemies"); and the *Sundial*, a campus literary magazine. The magazine's table was manned by Richard Sulken, a member of its literary board, and we asked for his evaluation of the situation. "I think it's over," he said. "Look, I sat in Low Library last year for two days, starving, and everything, but I just can't go through it again. I'm sick of being shouted at. I guess that's what it amounts to." He waved a hand toward the sundial, where a slender blonde was addressing the crowd. "Sure, we appreciate your support," she was saying. "But some of these groups that say they support S.D.S. aren't doing anything but pushing pamphlets for twenty-five cents. We'd appreciate your support a lot more—and respect you a lot more—if you'd act."

The only action the crowd took, however, was to move from the sundial to a stretch of lawn near the entrance to Butler Library, where, it was announced, Dr. Andrew W. Cordier, Columbia's acting president, would address the rally. The announcement had been greeted with jeers, but Dr. Cordier nevertheless turned up a few minutes later, pushing his way abruptly through a hedge to reach a group of perhaps three hundred students. Dr. Cordier, a stocky, round-faced man with a shock of white hair, succeeded Grayson Kirk as Columbia's president a month ago; he had been dean of the university's School of International Affairs since 1962, and last week he had come under the attack of S.D.S. speakers who attempted to link him to the murder of Patrice Lumumba, in 1961, when Dr. Cordier was the head of a United Nations peace-keeping mission in the Congo. He was accompanied through the hedge by Tomec Smith, the president of the Columbia Student Council, who stepped up to the microphone and said, "Dr. Cordier has a heavy schedule, but he has taken the time to come here, because he believes this is a good idea, and I think we ought to give him a hand for coming down." The hand was duly given, but it was hardly unanimous. "Don't be coöpted!" a boy yelled, and a chant began: "Hey, hey, Cordier, assassin for the C.I.A.!"

"This is a moment I have looked forward to," the acting president began, unruffled. "The campus belongs to all of us—to you and me and everybody," he continued, and he ended up by promising that the policy of his administration would be based upon "warm human relationships."

"What about repression?" a girl asked.

"No repression whatsoever, my dear," Dr. Cordier replied. "Repression is not a word in my vocabulary—not in the Congo and not here." He then turned to several hecklers, and said, "I'll give you a couple of lectures on the Congo someday, and teach you the facts of life."

A number of students attempted to draw him into a discussion of some of the issues in dispute between them and the university, and particularly about the possibility of amnesty for the suspended twenty students, but he would not be drawn. "There is a curious tendency for the issues to get longer and longer," he said at last. "Just when are the issues going to stop?" With that, he left the rally, in the company of a number of reporters and cameramen.

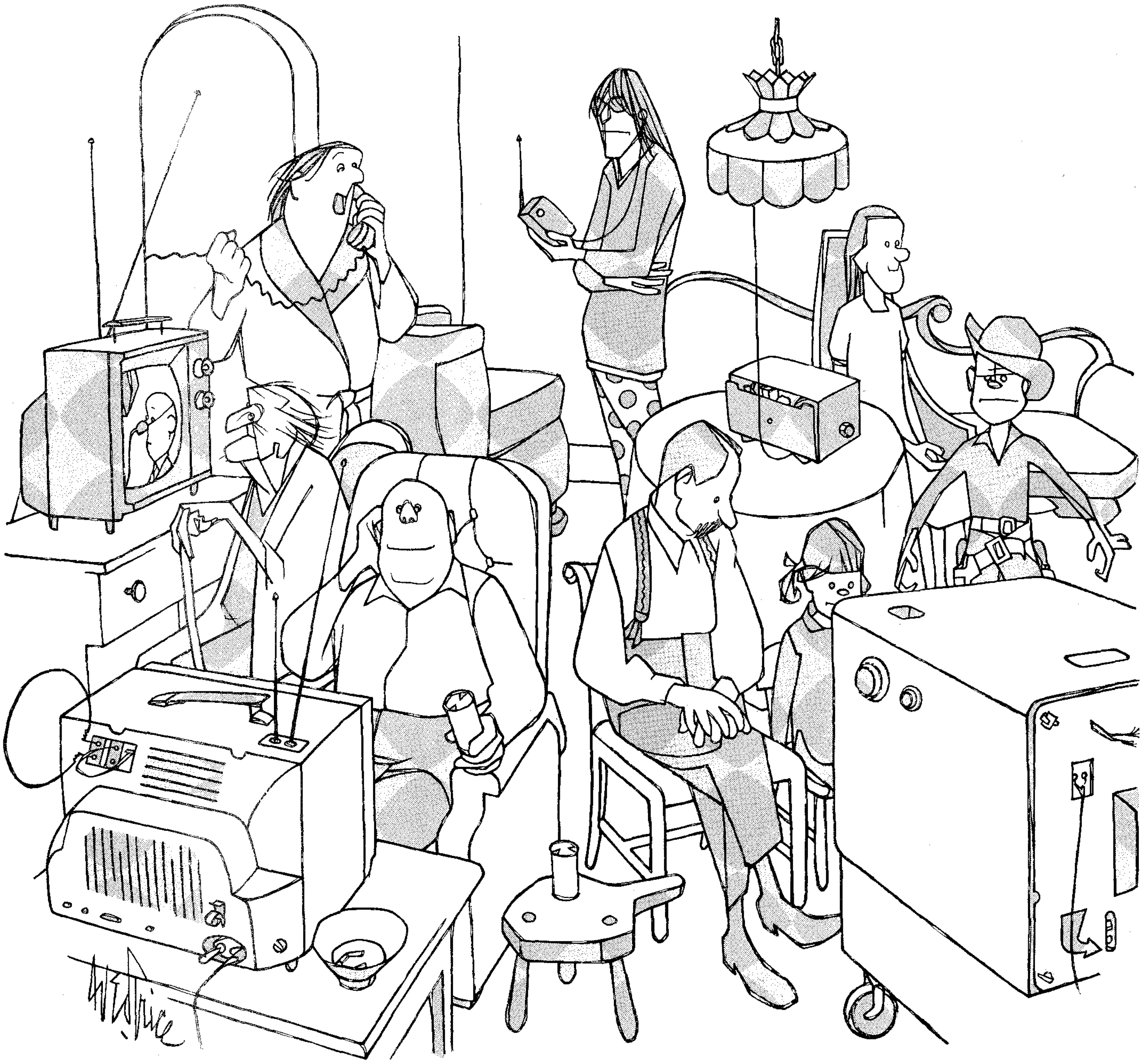
TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to fifty cents.

A few minutes later, the S.R.U. rally dwindled away in anticipation of a second rally, scheduled for early in the evening. The sponsor of this second rally was S.D.S., and students were attracted to it, shortly after seven, by three folk singers carolling a song whose title appeared to be "Mari-Marijuana." "I wanna smoke pot, I wanna smoke a lot," they chanted, and then an S.D.S. representative began to denounce both Columbia's plans for expansion and the Morningside Renewal Council, an organization that shepherded legislation through the City Board of Estimate calling for the first stages of urban renewal in the Heights area. As speaker after speaker saw it, the entire area—from 104th to 119th Streets, between the Hudson River and Eighth Avenue—was the target of a Columbia plot. "These people make the neighborhood deteriorate, and then they come to you and say, 'Your neighborhood is deteriorating, you need renewal,' " one youth said from the top of the sundial.

As S.D.S. rallies go, this one was subdued. Its managers even allowed a heckler to use the microphone. "*We're* the community," he said into it. "Not you, who come here for four, five, or six years, and then go home and don't give a damn about it. The only thing we who live here want is less of these rallies." His points were ignored, however, and the rally closed with a call for disruption of a meeting of the Morningside Renewal Council that was then taking place just across Broadway, in Barnard Hall. "Let's go over there, pack that meeting place, and fight back!" shouted a youth who had identified himself as Dennis King, of the Maoist-oriented Progressive Labor Party. "There are no delegates of the community on this council; it has no right to exist."

Dutifully, about thirty students followed King across Broadway—others split off to attend the second evening session of the International Assembly, which had taken over Columbia's McMillin Theatre—but the delegation from the rally, though it slightly outnumbered the representatives of the area, and though it resorted to heckling and a number of parliamentary dodges, was unable either to take the meeting over or to disrupt its business for very long. The group had apparently planned its tactics well in advance (one of its supporters revealed himself to be a delegate of a community organiza-



"What are we watching? We're watching 'Lancer,' Jerry Lewis, and 'Mod Squad.'"

• •

tion that seemed to have been chartered solely to gain undercover membership in the Council), yet the student bloc, which was almost solidly white, encountered unwavering hostility on the part of many of the members of the audience, who were predominantly Negro or Puerto Rican. "Get out of here, you bum!" a white-haired woman snarled at Mike Golash, the chief S.D.S. spokesman. Another delegate was more polite. "We want many of the same things you want, and if you stay here long enough to understand the issues, you'll realize that," he said. Evidently, he was right. By the time we left, around eleven, to look in on the International Assembly at the McMillin Theatre, the Council had managed to accomplish most of its business, and its members and a number of S.D.S. delegates who had stayed around were exchanging not totally disparate views on questions like the optimum ratio of low-income to middle-income housing units.

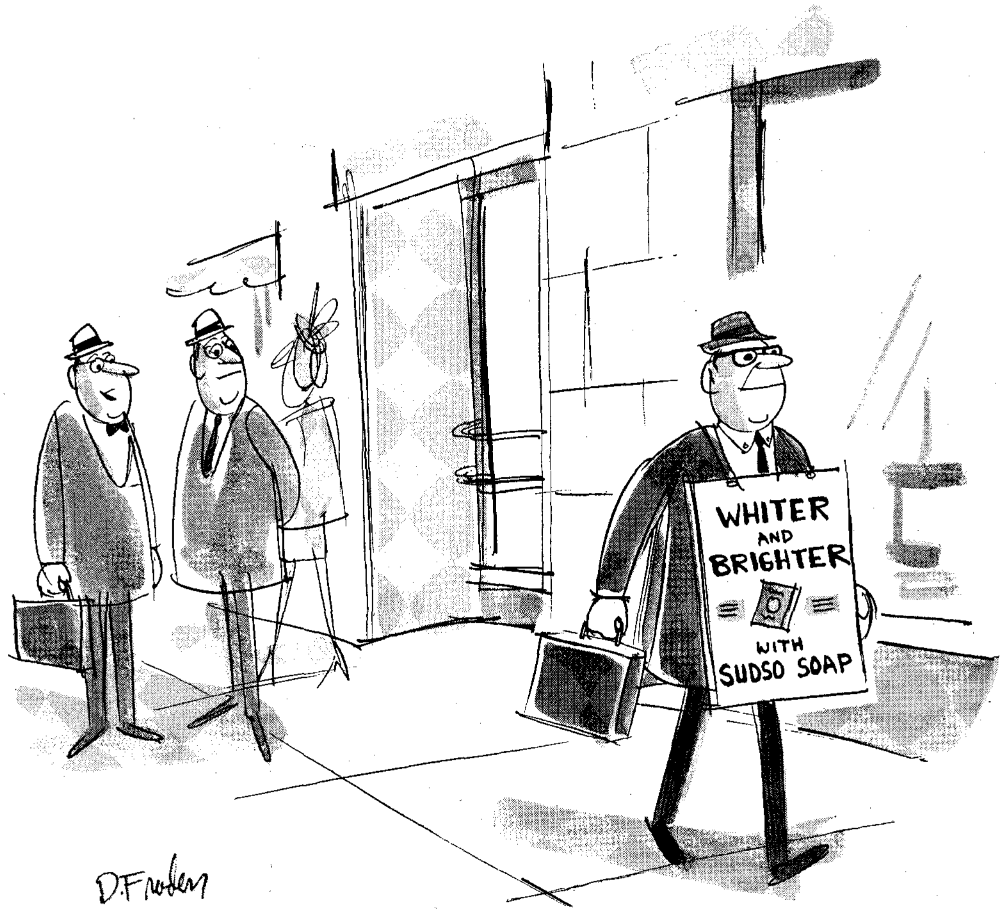
Across Broadway at the Assembly, on the other hand, some two hundred student revolutionaries, about twenty of them from abroad, had become embroiled in dialectics over an issue that, as well as we could interpret it, had to do with whether some form of revolutionary organization—with strict discipline—should be established. "The last speaker condemned structures, and then presented another structure," a boy was saying as we left. "I ask you, sir, have you no sense of the ridiculous?" The debate on this issue, it turned out, lasted through the Assembly's six evening sessions and then broke up in what the *Times* called "confusion, shouting, rhetorical speeches, factional disputes, and a steady exodus of young people whose patience did not match their revolutionary zeal."

The International Assembly, whatever its accomplishments (at one point its members appeared at least to have reached a decision to march on the Mexican Consulate to protest Mexico's suppression of student rebellions, but the march was never carried out), did clear the air at Columbia, and when we returned to the campus last Thursday, on the first day of classes, all was as serene as was possible under the scrutiny of batteries of television cameramen and radio reporters staked out by the sundial. There was little more for newsmen to record than the normal ebb and flow of students, the great preponderance of them sedately dressed. The only action—if it can be called that—came just before ten o'clock, when a campus activist, Steve Clorfeine, supporting a bullhorn on his left arm and a pretty blond girl on his right, marched up Campus Walk in an attempt to recruit volunteers to sit in at the entrance of a West 112th Street hotel that is to be torn down to provide space for a home for the aged that will be erected by Morningside House, an organization affiliated with the Episcopal Church. “The marshals are already there to evict eight tenants who have nowhere else to live,” Clorfeine was saying into the bullhorn as he marched toward the sundial. “It isn’t Columbia University this time, it is St. John the Divine, but we need more people there now to protest this form of institutional expansion. We need your support to sit in there.” Clorfeine occupied the space in front of the sundial for about five minutes, but when he left, only the blond girl and one new recruit, a boy, went with him. (The evictions were carried out without incident, but later that evening a march protesting them resulted in three arrests and several scuffles between S.D.S. members and police.) “He sure didn’t raise much of a crowd, did he?” a student standing near us asked rhetorically as Clorfeine disappeared into a throng of students hurrying to ten-o’clock classes. “You know what I’d call it?” the boy continued, his voice betraying a twinge of disappointment. “I’d call it massive apathy.”

I.S. 201 Complex

IN all the tension, anger, and sheer despair surrounding the New York City school strike, what may be one of its most important developments received almost no attention. Of two hundred and forty registered teachers in the five schools of what is known as the I.S. 201 Complex, in Harlem, only twenty did not show up for work daily from the first day of school on. Of the twenty absentees, ten were sick and ten were on strike. During the strike, student attendance went up from a hesitant fifty per cent to eighty-five per cent. In P.S. 68, on West 127th Street, formerly a school that had about one serious accident a week—and from which the noise in the halls, made by children with what teachers call “anecdotal records,” used to be audible for a full block—classes were going on throughout the strike, and are still, with a quiet excitement that has been missing even from non-problem schools for years.

While the strike was still on, we went for a walk through the district with Charles E. Wilson, a former rehabilitation counsellor and consultant for the Lexington School for the Deaf, who was chosen five months ago by the governing board of the 201 Complex to serve on a day-to-day basis (he does not believe in tenure) as the Complex’s unit administrator. We had met Mr. Wilson, who is thirty-eight, last summer, when he was calmly but quickly and persuasively recruiting what seemed to be the best students from a summer teaching program at N.Y.U. and other universities to teach in Harlem schools this fall. We found Mr. Wilson, at 8 A.M., in his office, at 103 East 125th Street. On his desk, amid a pile of other outlines and memorandums, were a program for further education of the local governing board, a test entitled “Minimal Competence in Reading,” a letter, signed “Yours in the struggle,” from a consultant to the governing-board committee, about the opening of the new Studio Museum, in Harlem (“The opening had a touch of fantasy about it. White cops allowing crowds to assemble on the street; outsiders—white and black—relaxed socially in Harlem . . . A lower Fifth Avenue flavor on Harlem’s Fifth Avenue; good-intentioned people . . . Maybe it wasn’t fantasy; maybe that’s the way it’s ‘spozed’ to be”), and a memo from Rhody A. McCoy, the unit administrator of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville schools, to all teachers on “The Meaning of Rosh Hashanah” (“Our schools will be officially closed Monday and Tuesday out of respect for the first two days of the Jewish New Year . . .”).

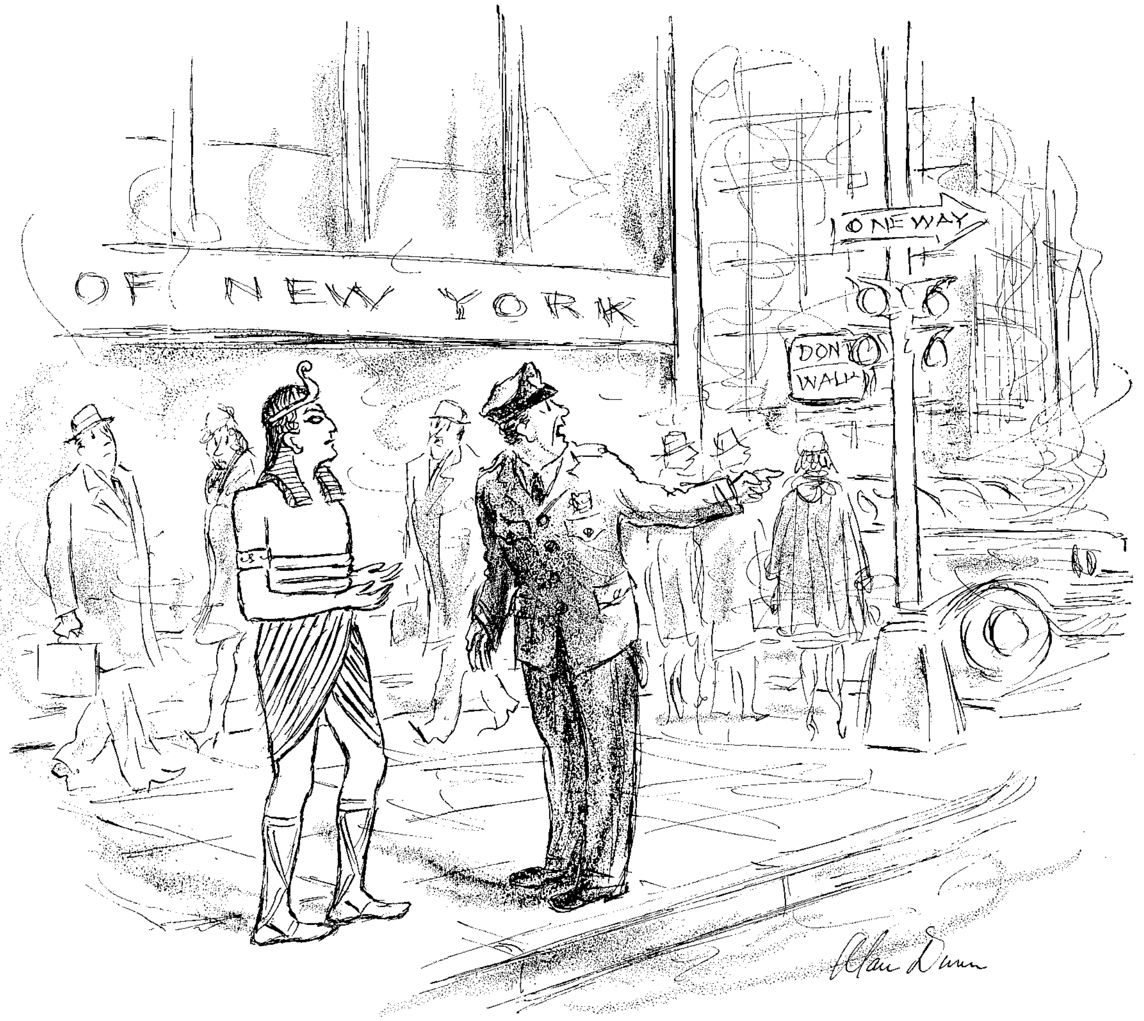


“There goes what I would call an adman’s adman.”

With Mr. Wilson, at the head of a line of people waiting, rather in the manner of planes stacked up over an airport, to see him, were a Negro who is an old friend from the Protestant Board of Guardians and another friend, white, from Procter & Gamble. The four of us went out onto 125th Street, where Mr. Wilson refused a ride in his black friend’s car (“It’s important to be seen just now, to talk to people,” he said) and began walking, at a very fast pace, to P.S. 133, at 130th Street and Fifth Avenue. There, too, classes were proceeding, with regular teachers and “para-professionals,” mostly mothers, to help out with classes in reading and in English, which is taught by modern, adult methods of language instruction. “Which animal has a long neck?” one teacher, who had a large chart beside her, was asking a clearly fascinated class of six-year-olds. “The giraffe!” the class replied. “Complete sentences, please,” the teacher said. “The giraffe has a long neck!” the class replied. “Yes. Now, which animal has no feet at all?” Laughter. “The snake has no feet at all!”

In the playground at P.S. 133, where some children were having recess, a paraprofessional waved to Mr. Wilson from a bench. "Nice to be sitting there just passing the time of day," he said cheerfully, "when the world is coming to an end."

We asked Mr. Wilson whether he thought the world in his district was really coming to an end, and he said he thought not. He explained that the fire being drawn by the Ocean Hill-Brownsville impasse was leaving him free, yet pressed to do things faster than things are usually done in the New York educational system. He had set up special reading, health, and teacher-training programs. There was a waiting list for teachers, mothers, and substitutes who wished to teach in the I.S. 201 Complex. In effect, strike or no strike, the district, which includes Public Schools 24, 39, 68, and 133, and, of course, I.S. 201, was already self-governing.



"You can't miss it. A big heap of stones, Eightieth Street and Fifth Avenue, just south of the Museum."

• •

The friend from Procter & Gamble asked Mr. Wilson whether he had attended a large meeting the night before. "I only go to small meetings," Mr. Wilson said. "At large meetings, people are under such pressure to outmilitant each other. We've just got to go out and get things done."

"Hello, Mr. Wilson," a little girl—one of a cluster of three children who clearly belonged in school—said to him on the sidewalk at 138th and Lenox Avenue.

"Hello," he said. "Where is it you're supposed to be?"

She named her school. He put his hand on her shoulder. "Are you getting more beautiful than you used to be, or am I getting older?" he asked.

"You're getting older," the little girl said, and set off delightedly.

We asked him whether the teachers who were reporting for work were predominantly white or predominantly black. "White, of course," he said. "Who else has mostly had the chance to go to college? It's no longer so clear what we mean by black. Some whites are blacker in their concern than some who scream loudest about being black." He asked his white friend whether Procter & Gamble had any used good-quality microscopes that it could give the schools. "I will be glad to take some of what you business people consider leftovers," he said. "Books, anything. I know how to use them. If we ever have a big problem up here, it's going to be about the budget."

We asked him who had authority over the budget.

"Did you ever read 'The Wizard of Oz'?" he replied. "Never ask who has authority over anything in New York education. It's kingdoms of twenty-five people, with a different psychiatrist to support each one. But the good people—the ones who know and care about education—are beginning to make contact with each other. We may make the whole thing work before anybody notices we're actually doing something. There are good people everywhere. I've just got to find out which wire goes where. I don't even know if I'll last in this job. Key administration people are staying out for the strike, and I don't know if they're going to want to deal with I.S. 201 afterward. They may think we're on the other side, and in a way we are. Then, I may just go back and study for a while."

Mr. Wilson's black friend asked whether the underlying issue of the strike was race or labor. "Race and labor are the same thing in much of New York now," Mr. Wilson said. "In the thirties, we used to try to talk about poverty and let race slip under the table. Now it's out in the open. But the black communities have nothing to lose in the strike. Things couldn't be worse than they were before, when the children weren't learning." And as we continued to walk through the I.S. 201 Complex, we realized that, whatever the other implications of the strike might be, everything in Harlem—as nowhere else in the city—these days had gradually, and almost incredibly, begun to revolve around an interest in the schools.

ALBERT

TERROR of the next move. Albert Cruikshank, customs officer at London Airport, had told his wife, Bella, that he knew she was in love with his best friend. There had been an anonymous telephone call about it, but he had guessed anyway, mostly because her habit of reversing the responsibility for everything that happened had made her start to behave as though she had herself some gross cause for mistrust. His jokes with her had started jamming, and she had grown steely and even gone through his pockets. There was something obscurely over-energized about her, quite unlike his old succulently lazy wife, and she had begun to clean the house as if she were attacking a sin of the flesh.

"Come and sit with me," he had called one night.

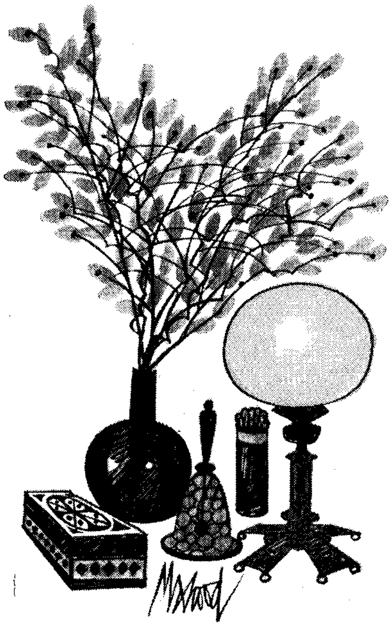
"I was lying in the bath," she had said, marching downstairs with a towel draped round her, looking ravishing but severe about the face. "There's a brown rim under the soap dish!" she shouted from the kitchen, coming back with a scrubbing brush and abrasives; "you can see it quite clearly when you're lying down." He had thought she must be joking, but she wasn't. The change in her left him helpless. In the next few days she had kept speaking of their child as "my son," with a possessiveness that struck him as bestial and prescient.

As soon as he confessed what he knew, fumbling the hideous admission as they came out of a rather good film about love that he had hardly been able to stand, she managed to make it seem that it was he, not she, who was the disturber of their lives. If he hadn't brought it up, she said resentfully again and again, everything would still have been the same. The anarchy of her action was apparently his, for knowing of it.

Contact between them was immediately ignoble. She went on seeing Jim, his friend, his appalled good friend, just as before—perhaps even in his own bed, he realized, since the shift-work timing of a customs officer's job made the logistics of adultery comically easy. He took this in suddenly one morning as he was charging a girl the duty on a camera, hitting the thought like an air pocket and ludicrously yawning at the same time with his mouth shut so that the girl noticed his face lengthening like a mule's. When he tried to talk to Bella in bed at night, there were passing moments of ease and sweetness that made it seem almost possible to recover what had been lost. And then they would start wrangling, and she would shout that he was keeping her awake and fall asleep while he listened for hours to her breathing; and reprisals would be exacted next morning for her fatigue.

After a week he walked out, suddenly, with their five-year-old son. He left a meticulously explanatory note on her dressing table to say that he and the child would be telephoning, and went to ground at the airport hotel. It was Friday. He had three days off. Now what? He didn't telephone. He sat in the hotel bedroom all weekend with Sam, played games with him, saved on the bill by eating ideal meals of sausage rolls and children's gobstoppers out of paper bags, and gorged on the all-in breakfast. It came to the third night. The child slept. Albert looked at his watch by the light of the empty television screen. Programs were long over, but the white screen with the volume down served not badly as a night light; any of the lamps in the tiny room kept Sam awake, and total darkness made him frightened. Me too, thought Albert; me too. It was three in the morning. What happened tomorrow? Solicitor? School? Work? He must telephone Bella, obviously. Fear of everything ahead burned into him like acid. He wanted never to leave the room. In three days, the gimcrack furniture had become familiar and the two of them had developed habits of eating and passing time that were consoling, like the lives of spies in a loft.

Fear that the next move will be worse. Even the most dismal and unstable circumstances can become something to be clung to. About four o'clock, he telephoned his wife. His best friend answered, in a voice clotted with sleep. Albert panicked and put the receiver down, which made the next attempt more difficult. It took him an hour. Again he got Jim.



"Tell Bella that Sam's all right," he said to his old friend, in the old friendly tone, because there was no other to be found. "I mean, I'll take him to school tomorrow."

"Where are you, old man?" Jim spoke as if he were telephoning from a golf club instead of a cuckold's bed.

"I'm not saying," said Albert.

Then Bella must have grabbed the receiver. "You realize what you're doing," she said. "Technically it's kidnapping." She laughed drowsily.

"You're the guilty party," he said, and cursed himself. He did something bold, then talked like a ninny.

"Dear Albert. Really." She laughed again. He longed shamingly for her all the same. "The mother always gets custody." There was a pause. "Where are you?" she said.

"I'm not saying." Even with the volume as low as possible, the closed-down TV still emitted a faint shriek. "You're not going to get Sam," he said. "I've lost enough. It's not as if you really mind. You never wanted him in the first place." He waited, urgently needing news of her. "Are you all right?" he said.

"I'll pick him up from school, then," she said.

"If you do, I'll go to a solicitor."

"Don't be daft, Albert. You bring him back tomorrow or I'll get on to the police."

"I can't talk to you while Jim's there." Couldn't she go downstairs to the other telephone? He realized she must have nothing on. She would have to find a dressing gown. He felt sick with lust and grief, and had no tongue for any of it.

"You're talking as if I asked you to telephone," she said. "Waking me up. I knew Sam was all right. It's so hysterical. You should know better. You of all people. What about your famous regular life? You were always the one that was carrying on about a regular life."

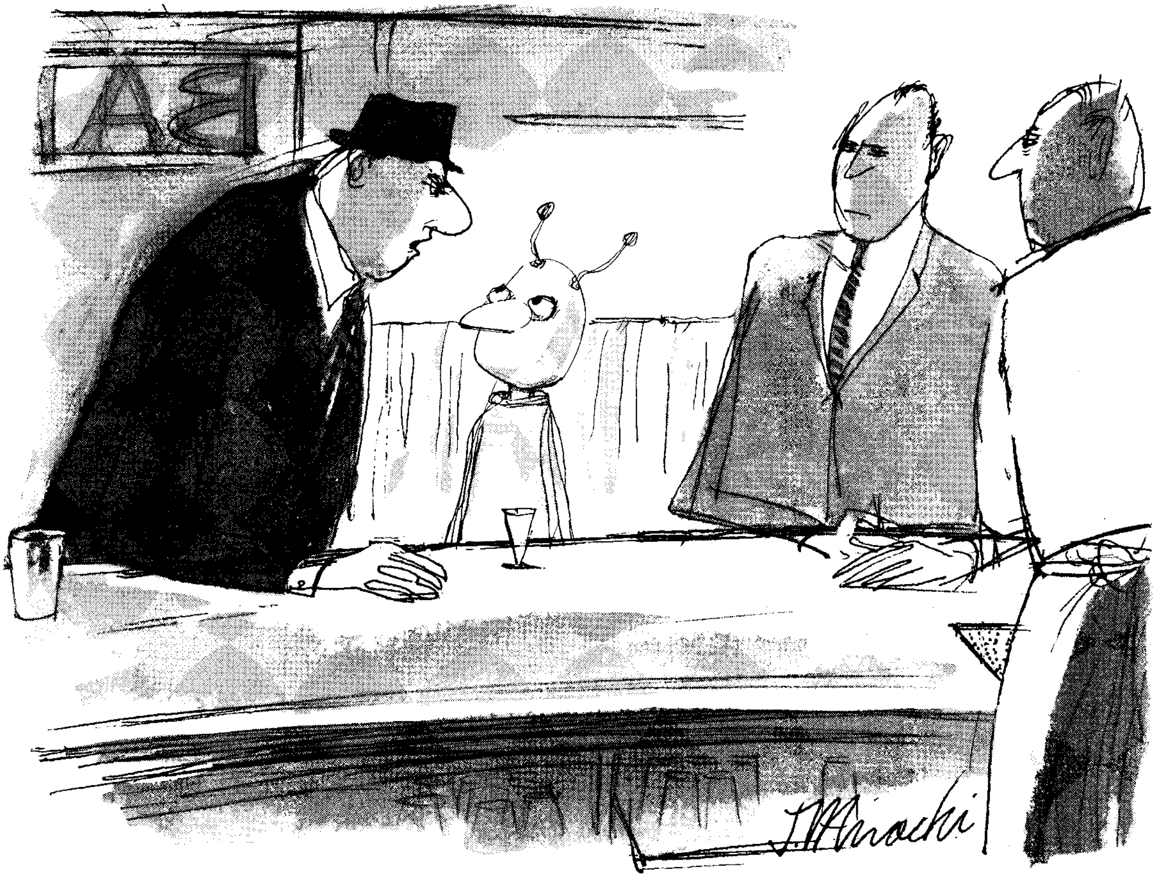
"I've taken a stand."

She snorted.

"I've come to a decision," he said. Didn't she see it?

The child thrashed and bawled something cheerful in its sleep and lay still again.

"I could have you sued, you know,"



"Look, Mister, would you care to step outside and call this planet a lousy planet?"

she said lightly, with an adopted benignity that froze him beyond death.

"It's your casualness that gives you away," he said. "I mean, that gives away your guilt." He wasn't a customs officer for nothing. It was his profession that had provided him with that shaft of insight, and he felt mildly safer because of it. Another part of him—not a customs officer—told him that guilty people were dangerous, and he wondered in panic what she would do.

"Oh, honestly, Albert. Trotting that out. Giving me your wretched customs clichés at a time like this." Did she mean at four in the morning, or at a time of extremity? The first, probably, in her present offhand mood.

"You're not to go near Sam tomorrow, do you hear?" he said.

"Producing self-righteous customs definitions about your own wife. As if I were some Arab with five gold watches up his arm."

"You're not my wife any longer." What had he come out with? The unfaced truth, no doubt. He had the impression that his appendix scar was tearing open, and looked down at it.

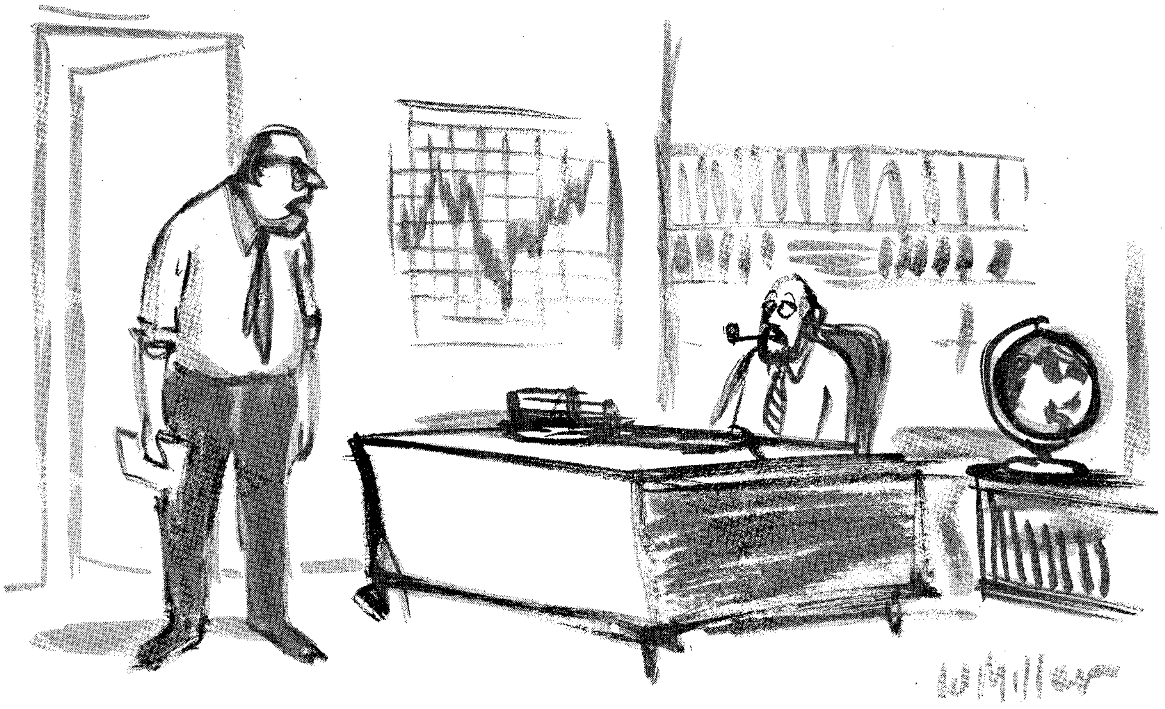
"For heaven's sake, let's all get to sleep," she said. "And you'll go back to work tomorrow, because you'd never skip work, would you, Mr. Reliable? No matter how much of a crisis. And Sam'll go to school, and you'll pick him up again if you insist on it, and just see how you like it. You won't be able to keep it up for more than a week."

He put the phone down with the usual feeling of life at present, that he could strike forward forever and only land up farther behind. He sought resolve and found a little and went to lie down on the bed to read a paperback of "Anna Karenina," which he had always fancied because it had a scene on a railway platform. He liked train journeys very much.

"Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," he read, and his stomach lurched. After the opening page, he noticed that he had retained nothing of what followed and that he was eating a potato crisp. I didn't come here to eat potato crisps, he thought, and turned over, and cried for Bella, and ate another potato crisp. There's something morbid about my appetite, he thought. Then he made an effort in another direction and tried to rehearse the future—not Monday but the future that lay farther ahead. It struck him suddenly, like the teeth of a trap round his skull, that it was quite possible that he and Bella might never live with each other again. He took in that fact for the first time; in spite of his knowing job, he had a clownish naïveté about fate and always tended to be innocent of the possibility of calamity. He lived by temperament in the eternal present of circus people and drunks. The mortal faculty of looking ahead was granted to him rarely, and then usually at dead of night.

He would see Bella sometimes, he supposed. He would hear news of her, which he would find hard to bear, because a fragment of information about a familiar who has suddenly become perplexing is so insufficient as to be nearly intolerable. What she would feel on hearing news of him he had no idea. Nothing, probably. Perhaps a twinge of malice or discontent, or some dull glee. He felt he knew very little about her present feelings, which were so malign toward him and unmapped that it was as if he were seeing the back side of the moon. Now she told him that he had never understood her in any case. Once she had seemed to know a good deal about him, but in her idle rancor of the last few weeks she had abused him for faults that seemed nothing to do with the truth of him.

If they should meet when the trouble was over, he thought, avoiding the word "divorce" even in his head, they would communicate with difficulty and unease. There were no topics left. It would be impossible for him to speak of their past, or of her, without seeming vulgarly proprietary; or of Jim, without seeming barbed; or of Sam; or even of work. His job had turned into such a jest over the last few weeks that the thought of putting on his uniform, that humiliatingly naval-looking, obviously non-seagoing uniform, made him stiff with bashfulness. She would go on living in their small house, he supposed, and cook-



"Don't just sit there. If you can't think of anything new, then reëvaluate something."

• •

ing rather well, and hiding small amounts of money touchingly in drawers and atlases. He would go on sleeping badly, and opening people's luggage, and given great luck he would even stay living with Sam, though it was difficult to imagine that she would seriously consent to give up such a trophy, however little genuine pleasure she had from the child. She would continue to belittle her ex-husband as efficient, and he would go on seeing himself as an ill-equipped buffoon who had stumbled into six years of brazen luck. He would go on thinking of her as a beautiful, hidden woman, with a striking flair for life lying in sulky disuse. And she would take herself for what? He wasn't sure. An ill-served victim, probably, for she had an impregnable trick of seeming the passive one in situations she had generated. He imagined she would always picture herself as a woman too lazy ever to be guilty, with a certain black dash in the late afternoon and a temperament born two gins below par. And in the meantime he would go on missing her unremittingly, and finding reminders of her everywhere. It seemed unlikely that there would be an end to that. Perhaps she would one day think of their lives together with less ill will than now, but not for very long at a time—and not obsessively, not like this. He longed for a drink, and ate the crust of a sandwich.

They would perhaps build an occasional pontoon bridge between one another because of Sam. Would she marry Jim? Presumably. Or perhaps not, if she retained enough satisfaction in keeping her boring husband on the hook. When they met, they might even have the decency to paper the cracks. In time, perhaps, she would make efforts to conceal her resentment about his ability to make her feel guilty, and he would make efforts to conceal his anguish about the loss of her. It was a dour and racking prospect. For he was going to be burdened always with the conviction that it could have been avoided. He wondered if she would ever regret it, and thought not. Regret was not in her compass. Then recall of good times overtook him and he had a flash of true accord with her that made him feel himself again. He remembered writing cheery lewd limericks with her on a train to Yugoslavia, and worrying about the possibility of her getting pregnant there with the child he longed for, troubling for her about bad doctors and the heat. Oh my dear, he thought. How terrible, what has happened: I don't know how to deal with any of it.

At seven o'clock he dialled room service, but it was too early. At seven-thirty he dialled again, and could wait no longer to wake Sam. They had a very large breakfast together. Sam was gratified to be alone with his father and identified only the improvisation and daring that lay in the situation, not the guilt and apprehension. The small boy ate ten griddle cakes and the man eight. They called for more maple syrup and more butter. A complicity indistinguishable from lovers' happiness ran through the two of them, not localized but suffused through their frames, like alcohol after exercise.

HE took Sam to school each day, and the airport was accommodating about his hours. He said that his wife was ill. Though he despised the dinginess of the impulse, he transferred half the money in their joint bank account into one of his own at another branch. The airport hotel was an expensive way to live, but they gave him a trade reduction, which seemed the logically absurd extension of a farcical situation. It was ludicrous: a customs officer living with a contraband child, spending half the day in a posture of specious confidence with one foot up on his inspection counter while he intimidated law-abiding passengers, and the other half knowing furtiveness and joy in smuggling around a small boy who was his own and licit son.

He took to having a daily early-morning nip from a half bottle of whiskey in his hip pocket. In the dark hours after breakfast it was some way of controlling the monstrous disjuncture between his private and his public life. He had a sense of subterfuge that was often nearly paralyzing. Added to the simple foundation for it, there was the more complex one that he somehow found it essential to hide his wound about Bella from notice. His secrecy about his unhappiness made everything about daily life seem a little counterfeit, apart from meals with Sam and sprees with him at the pictures. The perplexing thing was that Bella, whom he had now nerved himself to telephone every other evening with news of Sam, seemed not to mind the untenable situation particularly and had taken up the flute. The *flute*.

"Are you going to a solicitor?" she said in the end, cushioning her voice as if she didn't care.

"Not unless you try to take Sam away."

That was the balance of power. Both had a vital deterrent. Bella didn't want to be called guilty; her instinct was always for ambiguity. Albert equally dreaded the law, for though it would find him the injured one, no court would approve of leaving a five-year-old to the care of its father in an airport hotel.

Change had to come. It was something apparently irrelevant that had enough private bearing on Albert's situation to push him into action. The catalyst was the atmosphere of the airport. Over two or three days it suddenly became malign enough to seem a reflection of Bella's casual slaughter of their lives, and at last he rose in revolt.

The passengers who use an airport will think it too barren of temperament to have anything so interesting as an atmosphere, but for the people who work there its moods are as mutable and contagious as any other place's. During a strike, for instance, there is an anger with stalemate that nothing soothes. In fog there is an atmosphere first of temper and then of inertia, followed by spirits out of the blue and a peculiarly relieved conviviality, like the illogical sense of reprieve that lies in having to eat a carefully planned picnic lunch inside a car because it is pouring with rain outside.

Soon after Albert had left Bella, London Airport was gripped by the mood of a vicious incident at Immigration. An eighteen-year-old boy who had flown from India to marry a Calcutta girl now living in Liverpool was detained for three days by the officials, who suspected him of being underage and of using marriage as a trick to get a work permit. His desperate girl, ox-eyed, perhaps twelve years old or perhaps thirty-five, waited outside the Customs Hall for him without leaving even to sleep, watching through the glass and crying softly and putting the damp balls of face tissue into a big plastic handbag that looked ugly and poignant against her sari. After long-drawn-out bickering, the boy was taken away for a medical examination.

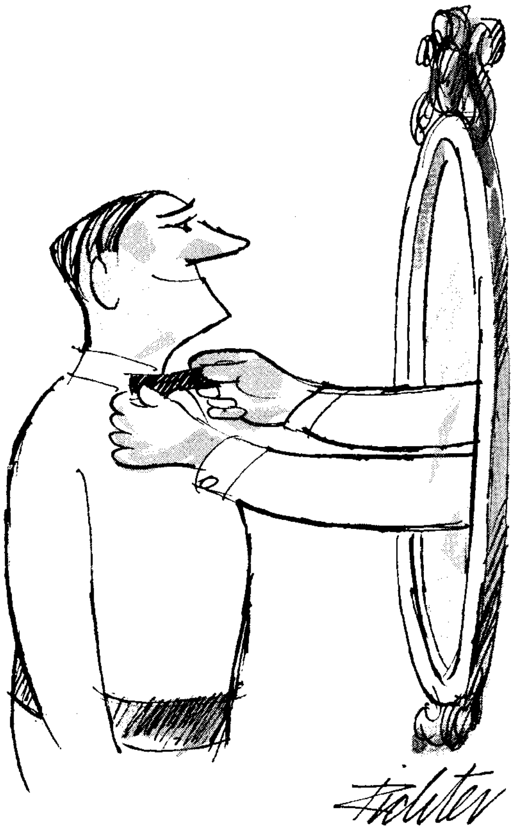
The officials' mood was self-protective and unpleasant. The newspaper reporters who came on the scene contributed to the overspill of spite. Albert was affected by it and frightened. And then, early one morning, when the affair was still unsettled and he could see the Indian girl asleep on a sofa with one arm through the strap of her handbag and the sari drawn over it, a delayed flight from Jamaica arrived with twelve unaccompanied West Indian children on board. They came down the stairs into customs in procession, wearing party dresses and dull cardigans and silver shoes, with ribbons in their pigtails and a purple tinge under their skin from the cold. Two of them were wearing men's navy-blue overcoats that must have been the crew's, holding the ends up carefully to save them from trailing on the stairs. The porters, friendly as usual, helped them to find their luggage: brown paper parcels and cardboard boxes and suitcases tied together with string. Albert was joking with the kids and grinning when he heard one of the porters talking, leaning on his luggage trolley and speaking loudly.

"Send them back where they came from," the porter said to no one in particular, following it with an obscenity. The malevolence was so startling that Albert shook his head as though he had a wasp in his ear. "They're after our jobs." What did the man mean? Ten-year-olds after jobs? "Bread out of our mouths. They've got their own country, haven't they? Who's going to look after them when they fall flat on their face and come whining, that's what I want to know. *Us*, that's who. Bleeding *u-s*. Off our insurance it'll come. Free dentists, free operations, free tonsils, free milk. It'll be free housing and overtime before you can turn round." He found another porter to address himself to. "You want to put a bit of boot polish on your face, mate. If you're a nig-nog you've got it dead lucky."

Albert had started talking as loudly as possible to the children. They seemed too exhausted to take much in, apart from one little girl who understood very well. Suddenly he exploded, yelled at the porter to buzz off, and broke union regulations by pushing the children's luggage himself to the two West Indian women who were meeting them. One was carrying a string bag with three cauliflowers in it and the other some distressingly expensive-looking toys. Next day he took a week's holiday and went with Sam to Switzerland, because he thought they would enjoy the tobogganing.

THEY went by train. Making an effort, Albert told Bella where they were going, and she sent a pair of children's ski mitts ahead of them to the pension. Aha, Albert thought—spying on me; and then sat on himself for thinking anything so paranoid. There was no note in the package, only Bella's name and address printed on the customs-declaration form. She might have written something to me, he thought. Sending off a pair of mitts, indeed. As if I'd have let Sam's hands freeze. Silky of her. It even looked a bit like Jim's handwriting. Couldn't she be troubled to print the name of her own husband (no, ex-husband) and her own child? Obviously old Jim was trying to muscle in on Sam. "Here," Albert said to himself, "I didn't come all this way to have Sam's future stepfather on my back."

The child slept, sated with the *wagon-restaurant* food, and Albert mooched about the room and fought with the bed-sized pillow that the Swiss take to be practical as an eiderdown. By gum, the address didn't even call him "Esquire." Just "Albert Cruikshank." It was pretty studied of her. (Or of Jim.) Not that he was a stickler for such things; he thought courtesy titles rather silly, in fact; but she always *used* to call him "Esquire." He hurled himself over in bed to study the writing under the lamp, still couldn't decide whether it was Jim's or Bella's, ate a piece of



milk chocolate, and then four headache pills, because he had forgotten to bring his sleeping tablets. After he had taken them, it occurred to him that they were possibly a stimulant, not a sedative, and he read the details on the bottle morosely for ten or fifteen minutes, thinking now and then of emetics and vomitoriums and wondering how the Romans did it. The only ingredient he recognized on the prescription was caffeine. That was a stimulant, all right. He must have had the equivalent of a good twelve cups of black coffee. He wouldn't sleep a wink. Damn her, he thought, and pined for her. Bella could always sleep. Coffee knocked her out like a blow on the head. So did a row. Whereas rows kept him awake all night, like lobster. What a thing to do: to send a pair of ski mitts for Sam and nothing for him. It wasn't exactly that he wanted a present. But he was the adult involved, after all, he thought, eating a piece of chocolate hard on a particular tooth to get rid of a bitter scrap of pill lodged in a broken stopping. Adults suffered more. People made such a fuss about the children of separated parents. What about the separated parent? Sam showed no sign of missing Bella. Unless he was hiding it, of course. Like himself. There was that possibility to be considered. Probably to be considered all *night*, he thought bitterly, dropping off to sleep at once in his clothes.

Sam and he learned to ski. Sam did it much faster and much better. Albert asked him once if he didn't find it agonizingly painful on the calves, especially in the case of an attempt to stop, but the child obviously didn't know what his father was talking about. The effort of giving Sam as much exercise as he wanted made Albert more fit than he had been for years. Good health gripped him exhaustingly. He slept almost as long as Sam, because there was nothing much else to do but read, and reading put him to sleep anyway. He had intended to learn French and had brought with him a set of books asserting that you could teach yourself French in two weeks, but he didn't open them. He had also brought a chess manual, because he had heard that children could play chess brilliantly, but after skiing with Sam for a few days he decided that there was no call to be beaten by a five-year-old at two things at once. "The Red and the Black," a crossword-puzzle book, and "How to Train Your Labrador"—he had toyed for years with the idea of owning a Labrador—also sat about on the dressing table and the floor unread. Dropped projects littered the room like old socks.

"Dad," said Sam, drumming him awake with blows on the face, "it's our last day and you're *asleep*."

"What time is it?"

"I don't know. Late."

Albert looked at his watch and found it was only six, but thought it gratuitous to say so. Sam dangled a pair of ski boots in his face. Albert had gone to sleep in his clothes, as usual. He added the boots without getting up, hoarding energy nervously for the five-year-old's herculean day.

"I can't understand why you're not stiff," he said. "What do you want for breakfast?"

"Chocolate. No, coffee."

"Chocolate's better for you. Do you really like coffee or are you pretending?"

"I like it with a slug in it."

"What did you say?"

"Like you."

"Listen, that's not for people of five. Anyway, I only have it with a slug in it in the morning."

"Poor old Dad." Sam bounced on his face commiseratingly. "How old are you?"

Albert was offended, and swung his

BOWWOW, DINGDONG, AND POOH-POOH

bowwow theory *n* : a theory that language originated in imitations of natural sounds (as those of birds, dogs, or thunder).

dingdong theory *n* : a theory that language originated out of a natural correspondence between objects of sense perception and the vocal noises which were a part of early men's reaction to them.

pooh-pooh theory *n* : a theory that language originated in interjections which gradually acquired meaning.—*Webster's Third New International Dictionary.*

Apple-biting Adam spied
  Lovely Eve anew.
Did he imitate a dove?
  Did he bill and coo?
Or did sense perceptions speed
  To his brain and through,
Causing him to voice a noise
  Meaning "I love you"?

Which are right and which are wrong,
Bowwow theorists or dingdong?

Other scholars base their claim
  On another clue:
They say Adam blurted, "Ah!"
  "Wow!" "Oho!" or "Ooh!"—
Interjections which would all
  More than likely do,
So that their conjecture seems
  Sound as the other two.

Which one's got it, anyhow—
Pooh-pooh, dingdong, or bowwow?

Happy breed whose chase has such
  Cheerful beasts in view!
We, the others, wonder, as
  Thunderclouds accrue,
What new sound will signify
  Human speech is through—
Whimper? Bang? Old Gabriel's
  Final view halloo?

Cataclysm, which are you:
Bowwow, dingdong, or pooh-pooh?

—ORMONDE DE KAY, JR.

• •

legs athletically out of bed, wincing on the distant side of his face. "I'm not really stiff at all," he said, putting his ski boot into a plate of galantine that he had had in bed for dinner last night.

"Look out," Sam said.

"Why?" said Albert, knocking over a toothbrush glass of kirsch with his other boot.

WHEN they got back, the airport hotel seemed like home, but his money was running out. Albert started reading advertisement columns for cheap furnished rooms. He had two days' respite before Bella delivered her deathblows. A solicitor wrote him a letter at the airport, with a copy to the customs authorities, saying that Bella had evidence he was drinking and unfit to have the care of the child, whom he had anyway abducted without written consent. He was sacked at once. An arm of the law arrived the same day to take Sam away from him, and also demanded to see what the man called "the place of lodging." Seen through those jaded and cautious eyes, the messy hotel room seemed something to be defended.

Albert himself took Sam back to Bella. "You're out of your mind. Saying I drink!" he yelled at her.

"Don't shout in front of Sam."

"Don't be pious."

"*You've admitted it yourself.*"

"You've gone mad. You're out of your vicious skull."

"Jim was a witness."

"You've made up every word of it and you know it. Where *is* Jim?"

"At work, of course. He's made an affidavit about what you said."

The multiplying sins took his breath away. He could find nothing to say. "I have an opinion, that's all!" he shouted finally.

"You're bluffing," she said. "You've nothing to say."

How could she always appear to be so right? Even to him? Perhaps she *was* right.

He went away and got a job as a waiter in a bad restaurant in Soho. It suited his mood. Bella's slander about drink baffled him, but at the same time it queerly took root, until he did indeed start boozing a good deal. He was in the restaurant kitchen late one night before closing up, knocking back the remains of four glasses of liqueur from a dirty table, when his head suddenly cleared and he heard some lines from the past in a devastating playback in his head: "You're better off without me"—Bella's voice, coolly justifying herself to him on the telephone. "A bachelor life suits you far better. You never liked living with me, anyway."

"It's simply not true. We were happy. How can you have forgotten? I can't bear living on my own."

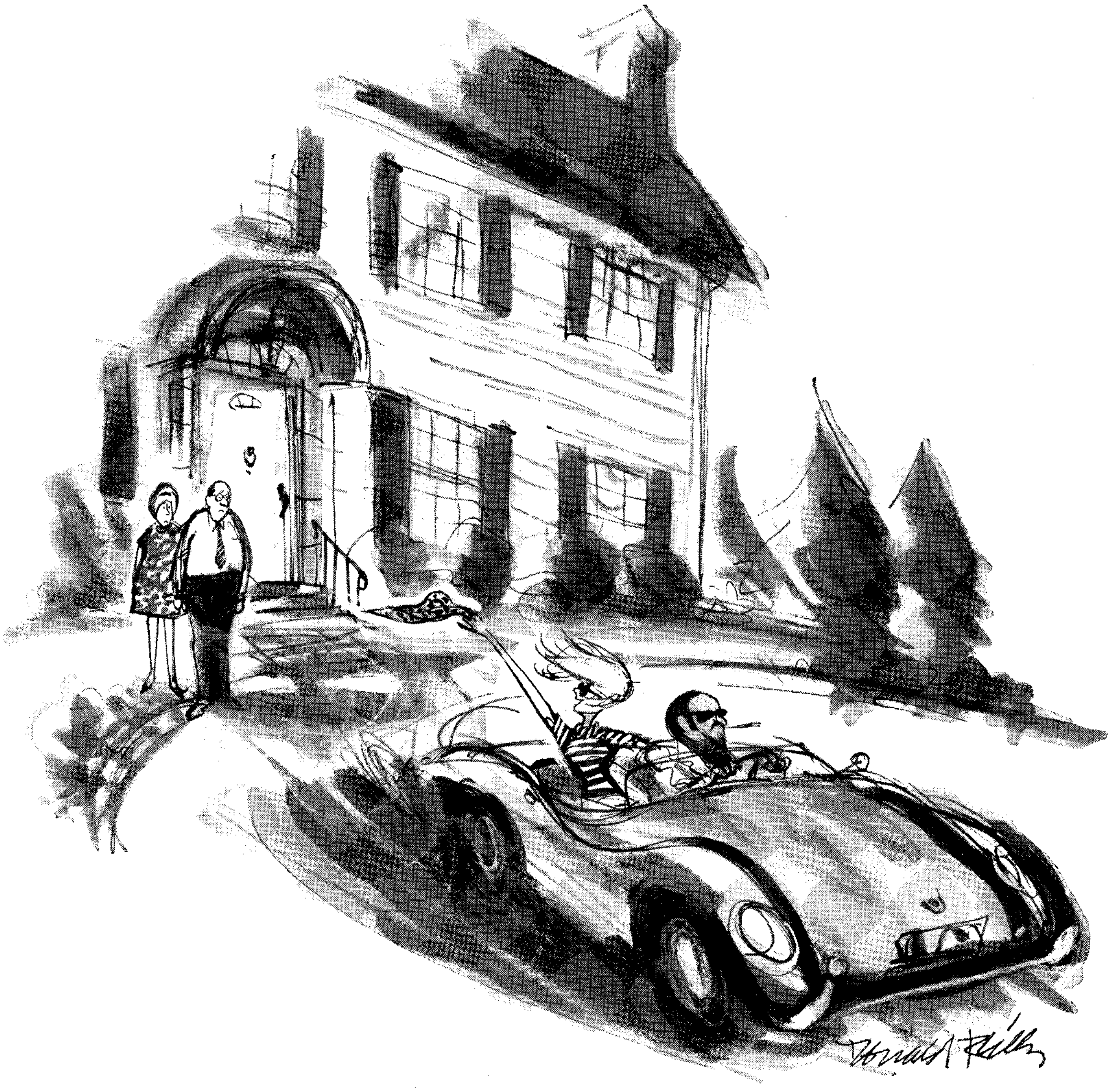
"You're not on your own. You've got Sam, who you say means so much to you. You're deceiving yourself about that too, of course."

"I can hardly cope without you."

"You're functioning beautifully. Mr. Reliable."

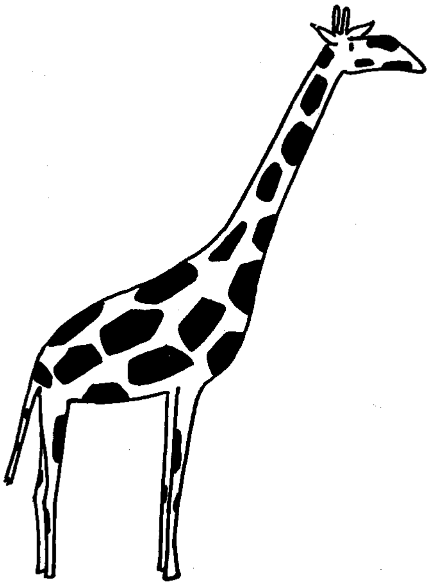
"I tell you, I can hardly manage. I have to have a drink every morning straight after breakfast to get through. What do you think it's like? You with Jim. Both of you lost."

He had thought they were at least speaking to one another privately, but if Jim had really sworn an affidavit he must have been listening on another telephone. So even that small intimacy with her was a deceit. Or his own self-deception; she had unseated him too deeply for him to be sure any longer of the distinction. He found some more dregs of many different drinks and tossed them down. A young couple came to the door of the restaurant,



"'Bye, Moms! 'Bye, Dads! Thanks again for all the advantages!"

• •



which said “Closed,” and made pleading gestures to be let in. He crouched down behind the service hatch in an instinct not to be seen, and then the alcohol stirred in his veins and he was emboldened to be rebuking, lecturing them about making a noise and then, with extreme lordliness, cooking them a very bad meal at no charge. He did it not because he liked people that night but to make a moral point about something or other. He was obviously in the right. Or *had* been in the right. Though Bella had now eerily made him wrong. But he was bound to be right still about something. Such as stealing a couple of meals from his boss, for instance, he thought, shaking Worcester sauce merrily onto two steaks to cover the taste of burning.

Bella asked for a divorce because she was going to marry Jim. She said, through her solicitor, that she wanted no maintenance for Sam. She was getting a job. Bella a *job*? When Albert missed the child most urgently, the refusal of money for him seemed like a moral tactic to take him away forever. But no, Bella said through her solicitor; to see the child Albert had only to ring up. Which he couldn’t do now for all the tea in China. He took himself to the call box in his lodgings night after night, but whether he was sloshed or sober there was no way of finding the nerve to dial. He went without a sight of any of them for a year.

He once read something in a paper about Bella; she seemed to have done rather well. It said she was a fashion adviser in “a famous West End store.” There was a picture of her in something described as “at-home trousers.” Albert cut it out, snipping around the paragraph that said her husband was the buyer in the men’s sports-clothes department of the same store, and pinned up the clipping in his room. Jim a *sports-clothes* buyer. Then he took the clipping down again because the photograph made her look thin. Or perhaps she actually was thin now. Thinned by Jim, by Jove, by gum. He had another drink. He had always liked her better fat himself.

One evening he saw them both through the window of a hotel bar when he was sitting on a bus in Shaftesbury Avenue. The bus was in a traffic jam right opposite them. They seemed to be having a quarrel. Not a bad one, perhaps. After gesticulating at each other, they both fell silent and looked at their drinks. Bella was indeed thinner and looked distantly smart. Then the bus moved on again into his own particular vacuum. He missed even the sight of them acutely. He had been sacked last week, for the fourth time in a year, after a row with an unpleasant restaurant owner who had a fat pink face that looked about to snort, and chaste little feet on raised heels that he walked on as if they were pig’s trotters. The row had been about drinking; it generally was. Or rather, about finishing up customers’ drinks, for when Albert came in on a Monday morning drunk at his own expense none of his morally outraged proprietors had ever turned a hair. Hypocrites!, he thought, and entertained a fugitive idea that Bella and Jim needed him.

Later that evening—many glasses later, and four or five hours—he took a bus to his old house and lurched gaily along the interminable suburban road. He was wearing a duffel coat, done up on the wrong toggles, with copies of evening papers turned back at the job columns sticking out both pockets. His hair, which he had cut himself in one of the gales of thrift that blew up in him every few weeks, kept getting into his eyes and caused him to see a charming rainbow when he stood under a street lamp to look up at Sam’s room—something he had already done too often. Enough of loitering, he said to himself. I’ll be turning into a voyeur next. The drainpipe needed mending. Old Jim had looked a bit got down, he thought; I’ll cheer them up, and we’ll all have a drink. Quite a gesture, turning up at this hour. They’d be more nervous than he was. He’d have to put them at their ease. He yelled abuse at a dog that was about to turn up the garden path, doing it more for form’s sake than because he disliked dogs, and then Jim opened the door and unfortunately called the dog inside.

“Hallo, old man,” Albert said, realizing that his face was invisible against the light of the street lamp. “It’s me.”

“Who’s me?”

It was a bad foot to start on. However, Albert got over that, and so did Jim, and they went into the drawing room, where Bella was sitting in minigear frighteningly too young for her, with office folders on her lap.

“Working late?” said Albert chattily.

They talked about the store where Bella and Jim worked. Jim sat down by the fire in Albert’s old chair and then reversed direction and got up again in one striking movement. He stood in front of the fire instead and said, “Sit down, old man.”

Albert said that the work sounded very interesting, concentrating on getting vim and color into his voice. Jim said that the store had a first-rate food department and a bank. Albert said joyfully that he must start using it, then. The mention of a bank made him feel guilty about not having a joint account with Bella any longer. His self-reproaches had been in pickle for a year, and the notion that they might be out of date escaped him. He found it impossible to keep in his head

McCallister

for any length of time that Bella wasn't still his wife. "You don't mind not having a joint account, do you, darling?" he said to her. "I mean, it seemed sensible."

"We've *got* one," said Jim. "What do you mean?"

Bother him. Other times, other spouses, thought Albert, and the floor rocked. He kept an eye on it. He noticed that Jim was wearing some very expensive-looking clothes, and feared he might be spending all Bella's earnings on his own back.

"I hope you get a discount," Albert said. "On clothes."

"Bella gets a lot of hers free," said Jim. "The manufacturers let her have things, you know. And trips to Paris. . . ."

"Sam's going to a new school," Bella said, and time was oddly foreshortened in Albert's head so that two or three minutes of silence passed between them and he thought it only a second.

"We're going to take him to Italy when I go over for the collections. We thought the trip would be nice for him," Bella said. Then she remembered that she was supposed to get the father's permission before taking the child out of the country, and said, "If you agree, that is." She looked away from the tramp in her drawing room to Jim in his Italian shirt and black doeskin trousers.

Albert said graciously, "I'd be delighted for Sam to have a holiday with you. With both of you." The floor appeared to be attacking his face. He shook his head quickly as if he were warding off a sneeze and concentrated on Jim, whose affable plasticine nose now seemed sharper and more ambitious. He and Bella didn't look to be having very much fun without him. Not up to the old days, not for either of them. "Let's have some champagne," said Albert. "I'll treat you."

"There's nowhere open, and we haven't got any, have we, dearest?"

"There's a bottle under the stairs," said Albert. "I put it there myself for an emergency like this. I mean an occasion like this."

"It'll be warm," Jim said.

"I'll ice the glasses," said Albert.

It occurred to him as he was crashing about in the cupboard among his own old mackintoshes, tennis racquets, gum boots, and broken picture frames that he might be doing the wrong thing.

"You don't mind my using the house as if it were my own?" he cried with as much boisterousness as he could muster, waving the bottle like a flag. Bella lit a cigarette, which she smoked now with a holder. She looked frosty, so Albert tried a friendly guffaw. "I'll go and get the ice," he said, pushing on with it.

Jim sprang up, but Bella raised her eyebrows at him and said, "It's no use."

The fridge was full of delicious things and Albert tried a few of them. Then he started making a plate for them all. Again time must have passed very quickly, for Jim came out to look for him.

"Hello," Albert said, with his mouth full of pâté. "Just getting us all a little something."

"Have you got a job?" Jim said, sitting on a plastic stool and looking like a husband in an ideal-kitchen advertisement. Albert suddenly thought with loyalty of cockroaches and other vermin.

"I've given it up for the moment," he said.

"What were you doing?"

"Waiter." He sucked a thumb with some gravy under the nail from a pie that he had investigated. "Bella's a good cook, isn't she?" he said. "You've put on weight, old boy."

This cut Jim, because it was true; the new Italian doeskin trousers were a size bigger than his usual.

"It suits you," Albert said kindly, seeing his face. "Honestly."

"Wouldn't you like to take your duffel coat off?" said Jim, seeing that there was a cuff in the butter.

The atmosphere when they opened the bottle seemed to Albert to improve no end. Bella and Jim needed some gaiety. Dull dogs now, he thought. I must buck them up. He tried a few jokes to breach their blandness. It wasn't easy. What a pair, he thought, as joke after joke hit fog. Nevertheless, at whatever cost, he must perk things up. After all, that was what he had come for. The night wore on; time alternately pelted and ground to a stop. Albert fell prey to his nightly fantasies of living with Bella again and began looking at Jim with rage in his heart toward the wet blanket who was preventing it. Yet he couldn't quite drum up the enmity that seemed necessary in the circumstances, and that fact rather pleased him, for it proved what an enduring thing male friendship was, even if Jim did seem less than his old self, and overdressed in foreigners' plumes that must have cost a packet in duty, the shirt obviously being pure wool. The levy due on hundred-per-cent woollen goods made him remember other customs regulations, and then instantly his contraband Sam.

"Can I see him?" he said, gesturing upward with his head to Sam's bedroom.

"He's away," Bella said.

Albert eyed her carefully, correcting a possible squint in his gaze, and decided she was lying. "I can hear him breathing," he said irritably.

"Jim, can we get him home?" Bella said.

"Have some black coffee, old man," Jim said.

Bella telephoned for a taxi.

"I can hear him *breathing*," said Albert again, making for the door to the stairs. Jim tried coaxing him away with a glass of brandy, which Albert thought a low device. He could indeed hear breathing, though it was true of course that it might be his own, since everything about himself seemed to be happening so far away for the moment.

"I'm not having a drunk near my child," Bella said. "Jim, see if you've got any clothes we could give him."

"I'm not a drunk. I just drink," said Albert.

"I don't know how you afford it. Jim says you're out of work. Do you want a job?"

Jim came back with some clothes over his arm and stood at the door while Bella very slowly told Albert to come and be interviewed next week for a job as a public-relations officer in their department store. She said she would fix it, as long as he stayed off the drink.

"You're spoiling the party," Albert said desperately. "You and Jim want jollying up a bit." He told them another long joke and won a laugh out of Bella that sealed the success of the evening for him. Jim stayed at the door with the clothes on his forearm, listening and waiting. He looked servile, Albert said happily to himself. Not like a man in command passing on old clothes at all; more like a footman waiting for an end of his master's goodbyes.

"Is Sam really away?" he said.

"You can see him if you manage this interview," Bella said.

THE CROSSING

On the far edge of the field, just in the shade,
My father waves. The heat cuts us in two.
And I walk toward him. The stubble bleeds
Yellow, then nearly white. It crunches like snow.

Into the sun I stride, erect in my cause
And body straining toward the other side.
Hands on his hips, my father watches me cross
Calmly. I am revolved in the season's eye.

The sun leans in the distance, drawing a cloak
Of pines slowly over its head. And still
He is waiting. Every year that I walk
His smile grows nearer. And I begin to smile.

—David Walker

• •

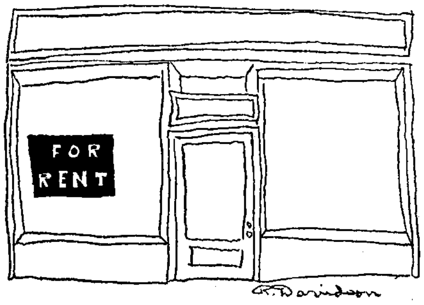
ALBERT went up for the job, grinding his teeth, and got it. He gave Jim's clothes away to a refugee organization and pawned his watch to buy some clothes of his own choice for the interview. He did the craven work for two months, seeing Sam every weekend, until it came to a meeting at which he was supposed to speak: a report about a provincial-store promotion scheme. The meeting was called for a Monday, at three o'clock in the afternoon. He spent the weekend without a single drink—for Sam's sake, as he saw it. And then on Monday morning things moved around in his head and he started drinking quite a lot, also for Sam's sake, to toast the victory of seeing him once more and to say a damn to caution. By the time he arrived at the meeting, the floor was slanting like a deck again. He had bought a bunch of parsley to chew on his way in, because he had heard that it clears away the smell of alcohol. He ate the bunch in the staff lift in front of two girl assistants, joking nervously and making rabbit faces at them. They thought him quite mad.

The boardroom was full of women in hats and men in dark suits who looked like a convention of dentists. Albert realized that he had forgotten his report, but trusted his memory to make it up. To his pleasure, he saw Bella there. Bella would get him through.

The talk of promotion schemes and window displays was hard to listen to. The stocking buyer's nose began to fascinate him. It was long and pointed, like a quill, and she wore a hat that seemed to have a beak. The faces along the table started to look like the masks of animals in a zoo and struck him as needing his help to get out. When it came to his turn to speak, he took his time, lit a thin Italian cigar, and leaned back in his chair to think about them.

"Mr. Cruikshank," said the chairman, a woman all in brown from Balenciaga. "The report."

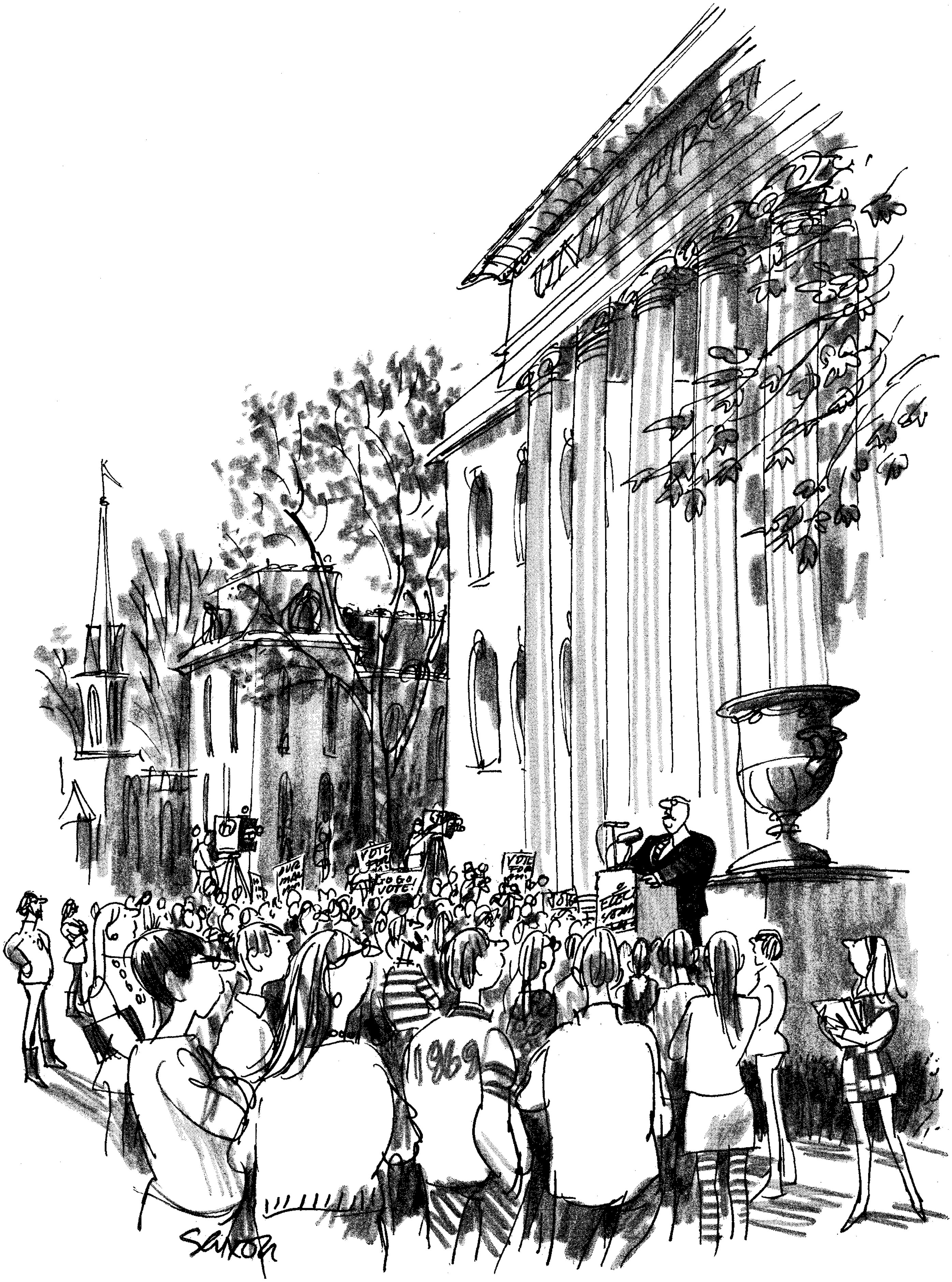
He started to speak. He suddenly felt horribly drunk, but his wits had not altogether left him and he had a nasty inkling that his speech was not quite to the point. He seemed to be split into three clear elements, all of them aching with good intent and a longing to sound some clarion call about not holding back. For the first part, there was his voice, managing quite efficiently without him. For the second, there was a sense of desperate fortitude and a desire to conquer obstacles not yet quite in sight. For the third, there was the pang in his body, which was physical, yet presumably had more to do with the mind: a regret for the paltriness of his life, grief about an existence that seemed in perpetual stalemate now because of a devouring sense of loss and betrayal. Yet he was also overridingly possessed by a certainty of the chance of something else. All at once he wanted to win them over, the people in the boardroom, win them with his candor and his vision of a better country. At the same time he was aware that he was growing hard to understand and that he must have fallen into spitting, because the corset buyer opposite was glaring at him and wiping her face with a lace handkerchief.



"Leeds, Mr. Cruikshank. The Young-As-You-Feel promotion in Leeds," said a voice. The voice seeped across his mind like ink through blotting paper until it reached the nerve that knew it to be Bella's.

"Ladies and gentlemen—Madam Chairman, I should say, ladies and gentlemen, my wife, my ex-wife. . . . As I say, Leeds is a city ready . . . ready for hipster tights. . . . A toast! As I was saying, it's a god-awful hole. But the fact is there is something happening. . . . As I said, England . . . As I said, Madam Chairman. Yes!" He took a long puff on his beautiful cigar and tapped the ash into a wastepaper basket full of mimeographed reports. "My wife, England, is experiencing, in my profound conviction, a renewal. She might seem to you to be a vulgar woman, cautious, opportunist—I don't know how she seems—but there is something ready to . . ." He heard his voice shouting and lowered it carefully. The people around the table watched the papers in the basket smolder and begin to burn. "One must pay attention," Albert said. "We should all pay more attention. To notice . . . notice more, yes, about the way we live. . . . Bella had a better life once, I swear it. But I didn't attend. God help . . . Perfidy and ambition and swinging gear. It's a bad time, I tell you. A bad . . . England . . . You don't listen. I shall enjoy my cigar."

The corset buyer got to her feet grimly and picked up the glass of drinking water in front of her. Before she could throw the water into the wastepaper basket, the reports had gone up in smoke. Albert seemed to notice last, and his face expressed less than anybody's. Then he rather undercut the room's prim pity for him by cackling. —Penelope Gilliatt



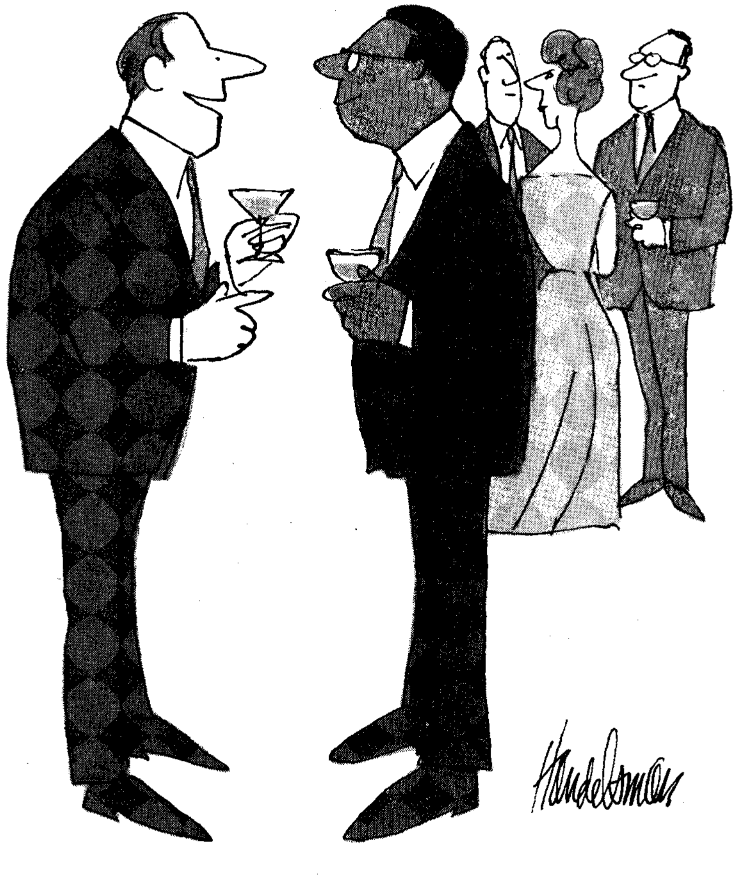
"If I am elected, I promise to get things moving again. Like there are a lot of groovy things that ought to be done about like self-determination and the way the power structure makes rules that affect all kinds of things it has become too stagnant to dig, and with your support, together, we can make this country groovy again."

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM

THERE was an earthquake in Los Angeles last July 4th, the day I arrived there on vacation with my wife and brood. I don't imagine a series of tremors registering no higher than four or five points on the seismographic scale is worth more than passing notice to Californians used to living along the great San Andreas fault, but for me, who had never been in anything like it before, the experience was a notably vivid one, complicated as it was by an additional, and rather special, set of circumstances.

I was alone in my hotel room when the shocks began. My wife and children were all downstairs, splashing about in the pool in what seems, in retrospect, a sort of Babylonian frivolity second only to the sybaritic ease in which I had just stretched out in my lounging robe to savor, in all frankness, their momentary absence. Judging from my Los Angeles *Times* of the next day, which placed the first of the temblors at five-thirty-six in the afternoon, it must have been shortly after five-thirty that I advanced toward the bed, freshly shaved and showered, and smacking my lips over an Old-Fashioned just sent up by room service. As I drew back the counterpane, I noticed, from a small metal plate riveted to the wall just above the pillow, that the bed was one of those de-luxe affairs equipped with an electrically vibrating spring designed to give you a body massage—fifteen minutes for a quarter. I slipped a twenty-five-cent piece into the meter and lay down with a grateful sigh.

The bed quivered pleasurably beneath me, oscillating at just the right speed and frequency for the back rub that, now, made my bliss complete. The low hum that accompanied its chiropractic ministrations added to my peace. Lacing my hands under my head, I closed my eyes, the better to relish this brief respite from the strains of travel *cum* family, assorted occupational worries, and the barren vulgarity of a coin-operated civilization.



"No kidding! I hate Germans, too. How do you feel about the Irish? I can't stand them, can you?"

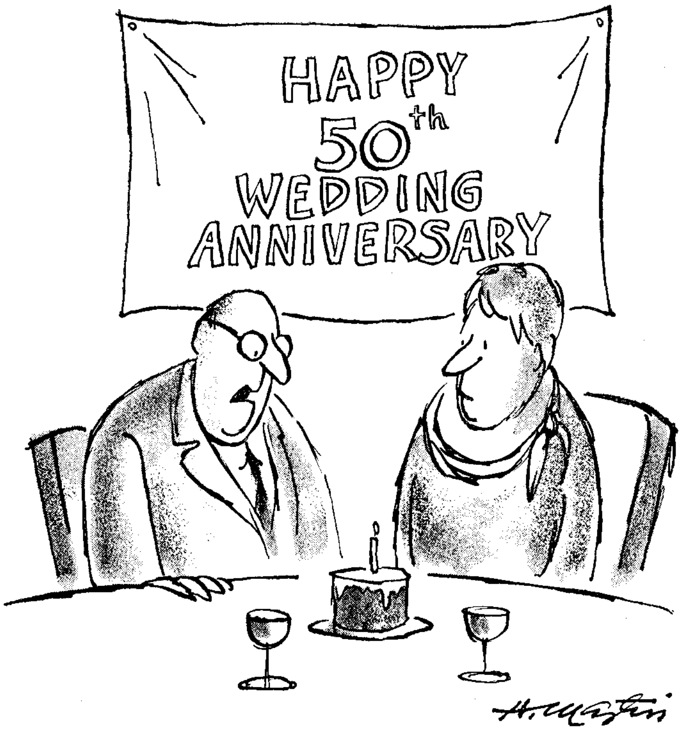
This last could hardly be exaggerated. It had hounded me from coast to coast in the form of children, and even a wife, unremittingly bugging me for chicken feed to shove into this vending machine and that in return for— I couldn't hope to name it all. Candy bars, soda pop, and chewing gum are only the beginning of what is now available in these contrivances. They yield pocket combs, packets of Kleenex, copies of the New Testament, nylon stockings, key chains, tubes of spot remover, ice-cream bars that leave spots, paperback novels apparently written by other machines in turn, nail scissors—and, so help me, shrunken heads. My youngest son had got one of those from a novelty machine somewhere in the bowels of Grand Central while we were awaiting the first of the trains that were to take us across the country from New York. Yes, trains indeed. I am not blind to the merits of air travel—how I can board a mid-morning plane at Kennedy and be in Havana in time for lunch—but I prefer railroad journeys. I like the hypnotically unwinding scenery, the meals in the diners, the placental snugness of the berths.

It was of the gently rocking rhythms of Pullman sleepers that those of the Massage-O-Bed now in fact reminded me. I smiled dreamily, by turns closing my eyes to shut out all distractions and opening them again to gaze at the ceiling. One crack running its length reminded me of the letter Z dear, in long sequences, to comic-strip cartoonists depicting slumber in their subjects. I found the fancy lazily amusing. I closed my eyes and, with a little burrowing wriggle, hollowed out a slightly more comfortable position for myself upon the bed.

It was then that I first sensed the action beneath me to have become noticeably more brisk, as of something shifted from low gear into a higher. "Say, these things are all right," I murmured to myself. I had scarcely more than made the observation than the bed began to swing violently from side to side in a manner not to be construed as an intended graduation of voluptuous pleasure. It also started to bounce up and down, and even to dance about the room, like a table at a séance. I sat bolt upright. Almost instantly all this extreme behavior subsided, and, after a somewhat puzzled sip of my cocktail, which I had beside me on the nightstand, I lay back again, shrugging to myself. The bed resumed its normal, soothing hum. I could feel the muscles of my back relaxing once more, my nerves unwind.

This sensation of only briefly interrupted euphoria lasted for several minutes—nine, to be exact. Because my *Times* goes on to report that it was precisely at five-forty-five that the second tremor occurred, far more severe than the first. To that I can attest. The licentious shimmy of my Massage-O-Bed escalated steeply. In a twinkling, it was pitching and heaving beneath me like a skiff in stormy waters, overturning me as I reached out for another drink and dumping me out onto the floor, where I landed with a thud on all fours.

My first thought was that the bed had gone bananas. Not, that is, *qua* bed but as a piece of machinery got punitively out of hand, a piece of machinery balking at the perverted uses to which it was being put by a decadent civilization. I had been chosen, by blind chance or otherwise, as the sacrificial victim. I had blundered into one of those science fantasies in which man-made inventions go berserk, turning on their creators and bringing them down in their Luciferian pride. That sort of thing. That such allegorical speculations had indeed shot into my head is, in any case, certainly proof of the wild bewilderment in which they were entertained. It should further be realized that in my lotus-eating trance I had really been half asleep. The obvious never entered my head, either for these reasons or possibly because I had struck it on a corner of the nightstand on my way out of beddy-bye and been rendered momentarily incapable of rational thought.



"Gee, for our fiftieth wouldn't you think there'd be more icing?"

• •

The Old-Fashioned had fallen to the floor, too. I snatched up the empty glass and ran as fast as I could toward a closet, where I swiftly refilled it from a flask of bourbon dug from a suitcase. Warily skirting the bed, I scuttled past the foot end of it to an armchair that was as far from it as I could get. There I sat, staring at it. It hadn't itself overturned, but stood more or less in its place, its agitation back to normal. My own certainly exceeded it. The bed throbbed quietly on without its occupant. I watched and listened till the quarter-hour interval for which I had paid had run its course. After that it stopped, leaving the room in silence. Even then I sat there, nursing my drink and the goose egg on my head.

Into this tableau my welcome children burst, swinging their towels and shouting, "Hey, Pop, did you feel that? We were in an earthquake!"

Dazed inquiries revealed a chandelier to have been seen swaying in the lobby, a few pictures to have been knocked askew on their hooks. The water in the pool had sloshed about, like tea in a cup. A room-service waiter had trundled his cart into a wall. That was about the size of it, for all the *Times*' front-page streamer reading, "ROLLING QUAKES JAR SOUTHLAND." I had probably not been dumped out of bed by the temblor at all but fallen out in my frantic haste to get away from what I thought was a piece of machinery running amuck. That I had not understood what I was in the thick of is proof of both the vividness of the episode and the mixed-up state in which it was experienced. Further evidence, I must uneasily report, lies in the length of time it seems to be taking for this mixed-up condition to clear up, and my wits to return to normal.

FOR there are aftereffects. For one thing, I detect in myself a tendency to *post-hoc* fallacies of a kind to which my thinking has never been prone. An example of this was the eerie suspicion, entertained for just a split second when the truth did penetrate such head as I could boast of, that I had myself caused the earthquake by putting a quarter in the meter slot and starting that bed on its obscene little hula. Why not? We speak of the single pebble that precipitates a landslide. Why not of the last hemidemisemiquaver that, added to the pulsations already bombarding earth, sends the poised rock shelf on its thundering course?

But there are subtler and therefore more disturbing signs. I find I have difficulty in following any conversations but those of the most rudimentary order, trouble in grasping implications and allusions, even the familiar ones bandied about at the family board. I took it on the coco again on the trip home, my Burlington upper giving me a tumble-dry your coin Laundromat couldn't begin to deliver, let alone a Massage-O-Bed, and this without so much as asking for a two-bit piece—proof again of the strides the railroad people are making in their efforts to kill off the last remaining passenger travel simply by letting tracks and rolling stock both go to hell. But this is not a berth trauma that I'm talking about now. No, I'm talking about symptoms left over from my Los Angeles adventure and that first appeared there, without a doubt. The scene in the hotel dining room after the earthquake is typical, and will suffice to illustrate what I mean. Perhaps if I relate it exactly as it happened you will see what it is I apparently missed, or get what I don't quite understand, in my current reduced comprehension.

Everyone was still joking and laughing about the shakeup when we sat down to dinner. One of my children said, "What I don't get is why people live in a place like this when they know what may happen any time."

"They become loyal to their part of the country, not just used to it," my wife said. "Chauvinistic, you might say. They become blindly attached to it, resentful of criticism. Even possessive."

"It's their own fault," I said.

I can't for the life of me figure out what they all roared about. Maybe it was the way I missed when I tried, just then, to drink from my Planter's Punch. The straw went down alongside the glass, on the outside of it, instead of into it. Which leads me to suspect there may very well have been still a third temblor, unrecorded by the *Times*, or even the seismograph, but not lost on your more sensitive type. Even one, if so it be, permanently addled.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

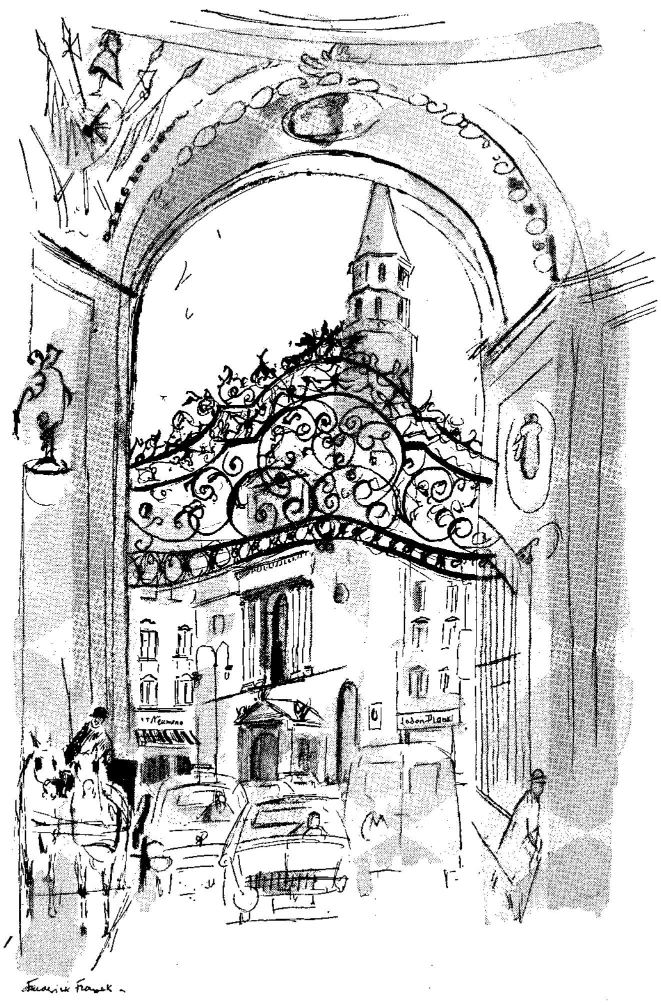
In producing the Third and Fourth Editions, every sentence of the previous editions have been subjected to careful scruting and every reference has been checked afresh.—*From the jacket of "A History of German Literature," by J. G. Robertson.*

In short, things look pretty good.

PROFILES

CITY OF THE BAROQUE

II—SCHWEBEZUSTAND



ALL Viennese music has haunting undertones of sadness, and Vienna itself, despite its gay appearance, is a melancholy city. The most Viennese of all composers, Schubert and Johann Strauss the Younger, always blend cheerfulness and resignation. Some of Schubert's finest songs are also his saddest. Strauss will begin an exhilarating waltz with a meditative theme and end with a plaintive echo of it. In 1906, Hermann Bahr wrote, "The Viennese is unhappy about himself, hates his fellow-Viennese, but cannot live without them. He has no respect for himself and often feels sorry for himself. He complains all the time but wants to be praised all the time. He is unhappy—and happy to be unhappy." (Bahr's own variety of Viennese unhappiness later led him to be described by his German publisher as favoring the Anschluss and admiring "the *Führerpersönlichkeit* of Adolf Hitler.") The Viennese complains about Vienna but loves his city dearly. He finds everything wrong with it, yet he would never live elsewhere. Robert Musil, in his brilliantly satirical novel "The Man Without Qualities," which is set in Vienna during the years before the First World War, had this to say about the evident contradictions in the Viennese character:

> For it was not only dislike of one's fellow-citizens that was intensified into a strong sense of community; even mistrust of oneself and of one's own destiny here assumed the character of profound self-certainty. In this country one acted—sometimes indeed to the extreme limits of passion and its consequences—differently from the way one thought, or one thought differently from the way one acted. Uninformed observers have mistaken this for charm.

Foreigners are always impressed by the "charm" of Vienna, and frequently comment on the "softness" of the place—the soft air, the soft light, the soft, musical Viennese dialect, which is so different from the harsh northern-German language. In springtime, when the lilac bushes bloom in Vienna's beautiful parks and the lime blossoms along the Ringstrasse exhale a sweet fragrance, it is difficult to think of the Viennese character as having a darker side to it. The nineteenth-century actor and playwright Johann Nestroy described the haughty fatalism of the Viennese as *Schicksalshass*, or hatred of fate. He said it was always strongest in times of trouble: "As I see Fate going by, I say to myself, 'You may think you're infinite, but I look down upon you. I don't respect you.' " And Musil writes, again in "The Man Without Qualities":

> *"Es ist passiert"*—"It just sort of happened"—people said there when other people in other places thought heaven knows what had occurred. It was a peculiar phrase, not known in this sense to the Germans and with no equivalent in other languages, the very breath of it transforming facts and the bludgeonings of fate into something light as eiderdown, as thought itself.

No one in Vienna has any doubt that the Viennese are completely different from other German-speaking people—from the reliable and tough but unsentimental and far from charming Berliners, or the honest but somewhat dull people of Berne. The Viennese are also different from all other Austrians. The *Bündeslander*, or country folk, who are predominantly Catholic, have always distrusted the predominantly Socialist Viennese, tending to classify them as atheists and revolutionaries. When Vienna was the capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the people of the non-German provinces criticized it as too German and the people of the German provinces as not German enough. In some measure, the special character of Vienna is a product of its history as a frontier fortress between East and West. For centuries, the city had to defend itself against a strange assortment of enemies—the Turks, the Swedes, the French, and the Prussians—who all came to fight at its gates, and it is still a kind of frontier fortress. The Viennese like to say that on a clear day Asia is visible from the Kahlenberg, a relatively small mountain in the Vienna Woods. Looking down from the Kahlenberg, one in fact sees to the east beyond the city a broad plain that seems to dissolve into a grayish haze toward the horizon. On this plain, the Marchfeld, the first Hapsburg Emperor defeated King Przemysl Ottokar II of Bohemia in 1278 and established six centuries of Hapsburg rule in Vienna. Not far away, at Aspern, Napoleon lost his aura of invincibility when he was beaten by the Austrians under Archduke Karl Ludwig in 1809. It was only when things were going well for the Austrians that they lost heart. The victory of Aspern was followed by a period of low morale, and Napoleon turned around and won a victory at Wagram. (Today, Vienna has its Aspern Bridge and Paris has its Avenue de Wagram.) Vienna had been occupied by the French in 1805, and it was occupied again in 1809, following a heavy shelling. But when the more powerful enemies of Napoleon had almost reached the limit of their endurance, the Austrians kept on resisting, and four years later, in Leipzig, when Napoleon suffered his decisive defeat in the Battle of the Nations, the allied armies were under the command of an Austrian general, Prince Schwarzenberg, whose monument now proudly overlooks the Ring. After Napoleon was finally defeated, the personal diplomatic success of Prince Metternich at the Congress of Vienna gave Austria, for the last time in modern history, great status in the world. Of course, Metternich also gave the Viennese the most repressive police system they had ever known.

VIENNA lies in the middle of a basin, thirty miles wide, formed by the Danube as it flows between Central Europe's two major mountain ranges, the Alps and the Carpathians. It was where the city now stands that the old amber route of Greek and Roman times from Scandinavia to Italy crossed the waterway. For Celt, Roman, German, Slav, and Magyar, this was the crossroads of civilization. Yet the Danube has never been an integral part of Vienna, as it has of Budapest or Belgrade, or as the Seine has been of Paris, or the Thames of London. In fact, the Viennese rarely see the Danube, though it flows right through the city, for it is mostly covered by roadways. Nevertheless, to the older Viennese the Danube is a symbol and a legend, reminding them of the popular Strauss waltz. To younger people, the Danube is the *Gänschäufl*, or "heap of geese"—their name for the city's largest public bathing beach. One can now travel from Vienna to Budapest on the Danube, by hydrofoil, in four hours. In Vienna, one boards the boat near the Reichsbrücke, way out where the eastern suburbs dissolve into the meadows. One arrives in the very heart of Budapest.

People lived along the Danube before the dawn of history. One of the oldest carved figures known, a tiny stone image of a woman called the Venus of Willendorf, was found near the Danube northwest of Vienna. It is believed to date from the Upper Paleolithic of Europe—around 20,000 B.C. Celts had lived in the area for at least three hundred years before the Roman legions came north through the Alps, about 100 B.C., and founded the settlement of Carnuntum, twenty-nine miles east of where Vienna now stands. By the second century A.D., Carnuntum had an amphitheatre with thirteen thousand seats, and was a provincial capital in an empire that stretched from Egypt to Britain. The emperors liked to visit the hot springs of Baden, nearby, to cure their gout. Nowadays, there is little affection between the politicians of Vienna and those of Rome, who wrangle a good deal about their Tyrolian border, but the Viennese owe much to the Roman legionaries, who built roads and towns, transplanted vines and southern fruit, and established Roman law.

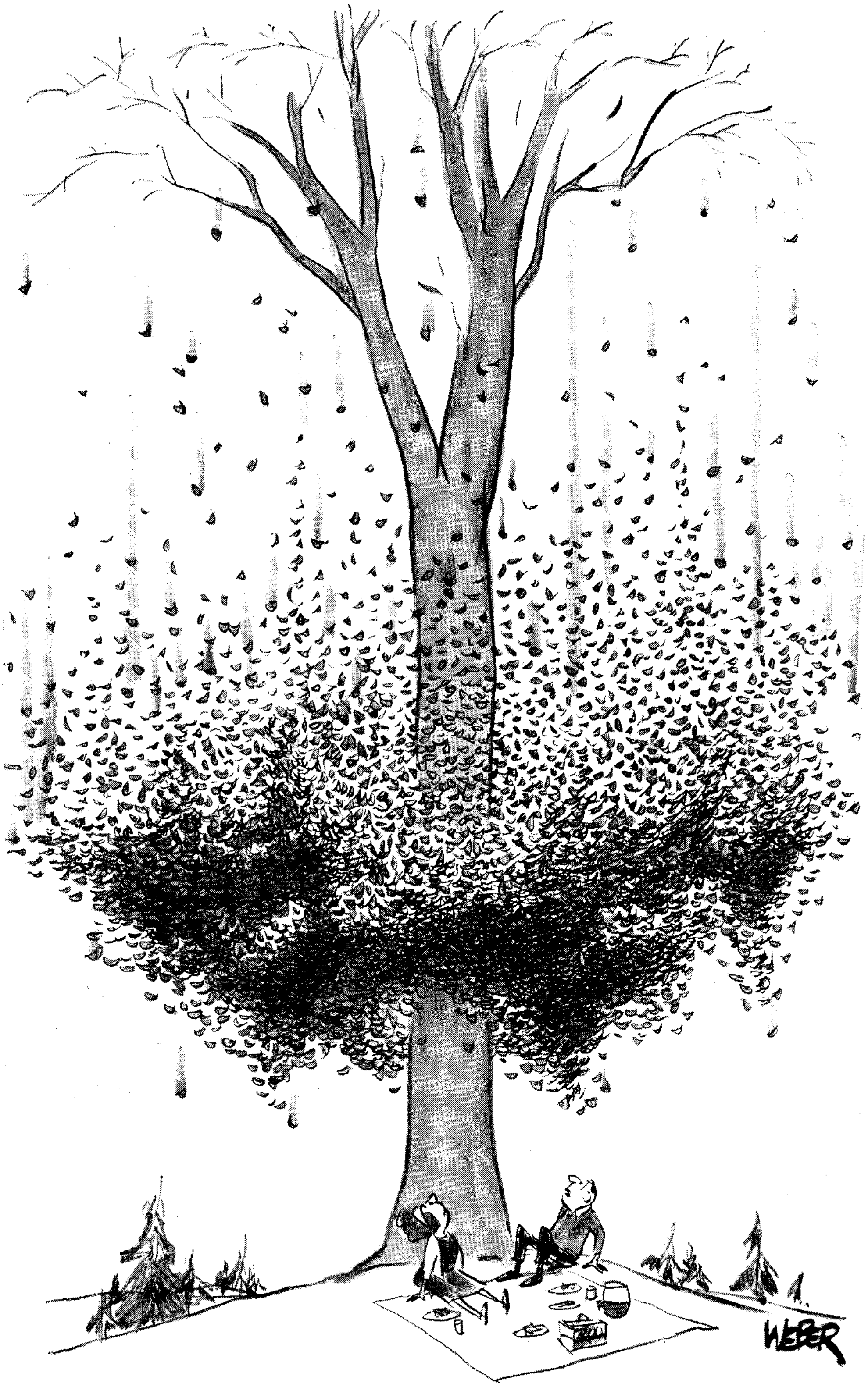
Exactly when Vienna itself came into being is not known, but a document of the *civitas* exists from the year 1137, or shortly before the Babenberg family arrived in Vienna from Franconia and established themselves as dynastic rulers. Under the greatest Babenberg, Heinrich Jasomirgott (from "*Ja, so mir Gott helfe*," meaning "Yes, so help me God"), Vienna became an important trading center. The last Babenberg ruler, Duke Friedrich II, died in battle against King Béla IV of Hungary in 1246. In the confusion that followed, King Przemysl Ottokar II of Bohemia occupied Vienna and sought popularity by staging extravagant festivals. At a banquet celebrating his second marriage, to a niece of the Hungarian King, "the tables were so long that you could walk between them

Whitney Darrow, jr

"Hi, Harry. Long time no see."

for hours," according to one account. In 1262, when a tenth of the city was destroyed by fire, King Ottokar rebuilt churches and convents at his own expense, and donated "a whole forest of timber" for new houses. King Ottokar lost his life on the Marchfeld in 1278, in battle against King Rudolf I of Germany, the most illustrious member thus far of a rather impoverished noble family whose name—taken from the old Habsburg Castle, in the canton of Aargau, Switzerland—had often been ridiculed as "Habenichtsburg," or "Have No Castle."

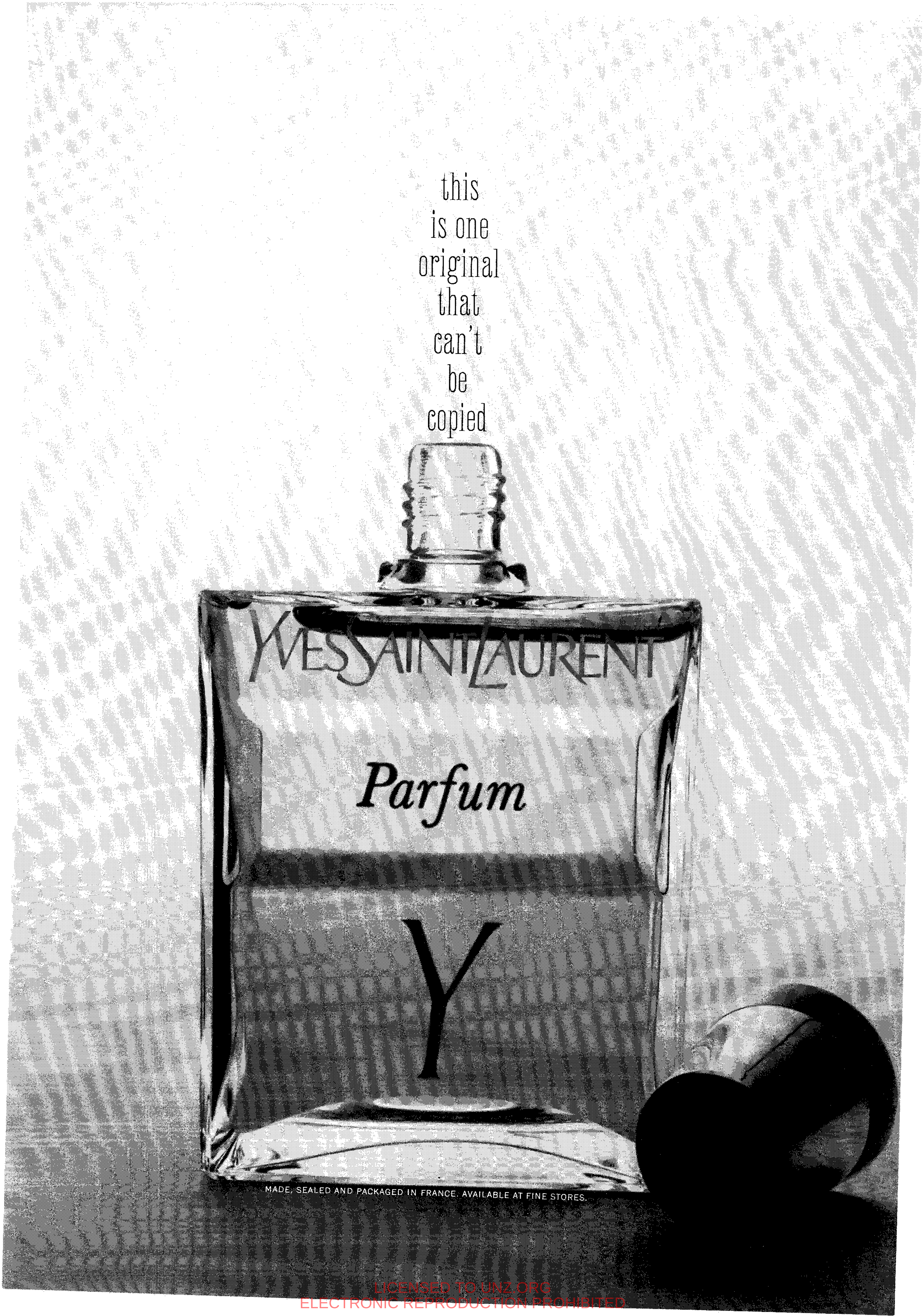
The early years of Hapsburg rule seemed to bring a chain of disasters to Vienna. In 1327, a large part of the town burned down; in 1338, locusts destroyed the harvest; in 1348, there were floods and an earthquake (for which the Jews were blamed); and in 1349 the Asiatic cholera killed tens of thousands of people. But the survivors made merry. In the month of May, a special public holiday was declared in honor of the first violet. Two famous comedians, known as the Priest from Kahlenberg and the Peasant's Foe, exchanged coarse jokes, and under Duke Otto the Merry the aristocrats wore costumes in colors to match their coats of arms and lined with small silver bells, like clowns' motley. Even justice joined in the spirit of general merriment. Criminals had to sit in a large doghouse, exposed to public ridicule; dishonest bakers were put in a cage, in which they were dipped into the Danube; and disreputable women were driven through town, their backs loaded with bricks.



"Look out, Janet! It's deciduous!"

Much has been written about the morals of the Viennese. In 1438, Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini, an Italian poet who later became Pope Pius II, reported that "rich, old merchants marry young girls and soon leave them for the Beyond, whereupon the widows marry the young men they've already had affairs with." In 1545, Antonius de Bonfinis, a Hungarian historian, inveighed against loose-living Vienna, and the city's reputation for frivolity had reached England by the time of Shakespeare, who made it the setting of "Measure for Measure." The charm of Viennese women was later saluted by one of the great French authorities, Gérard de Nerval, who declared that they are "supple and well built, mostly blond, and have a lovely complexion." But perhaps the last word on the Viennese woman was uttered by Wilhelm Ludwig Wekhrlin, an eighteenth-century Swabian writer, who attributed to her "the passions of an Italian woman, the seductiveness of a French woman, and the heart of a German woman," and found in her "a pardonable weakness for idleness and a comfortable life."

Another Swabian, a friar named Abraham a Sancta Clara, was shocked by the sensuality of Vienna in the sixteen-seventies, and particularly by the behavior of the typical aristocratic lady who, having returned from a Saturday soirée at midnight and slept until ten on Sunday morning, "sits down in front of the mirror, makes her hair stand up with the help of pomade, dresses herself, applies make-up, puts in hairpins . . . and finally comes into church at twelve looking like a star-studded sky and sits down in front, where she can see everybody and be seen." A fourteenth-century minnesinger, Heinrich von Neustadt, reprimanded Viennese women for "drinking a carafe of wine and eating


this
is one
original
that
can't
be
copied
YVES SAINT LAURENT
Parfum
Y
MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES.

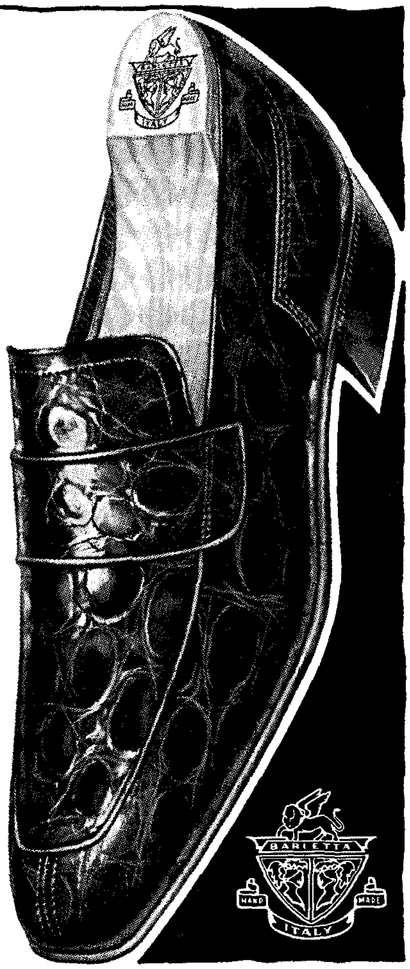
Warmcoats from our new British import collections, made just for us in England. The sort of thing you'll want for a bitter day at the game or for going to class. The Mariner, in navy blue, a copy of the British naval officer's bridge coat. The Sandhurst, in camel color, adapted from the officer's warmcoat. Of rugged, water-repellent wool, for sizes 36 to 44, each $65. University Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

*Presented in cooperation with the British Clothing Export Council

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Cosa vol dire Barletta?



What does Barletta *mean*? Style. Luxury. More style and luxury than you've ever enjoyed in any shoe. The Barletta shoe is hand cut. Hand lasted. Hand sewn. Hand made. Each pair of Barletta shoes is a proud example of its Italian bootmaker's art. Not all stores have them. Then, not all stores *deserve them. You do.* One fine store near you should have Barletta shoes. They are not inexpensive. But, what worthwhile ever is?

Franco

Barletta Shoe Co. • 40 S. Clinton, Chicago 60606

Paris, Milan, London, Palm Springs, Beverly Hills, New York, Chicago, some other American cities.

half a fried chicken before going to Mass, so they will feel better in head and stomach." And Koenig of Solothurn, a Minorite monk, wrote that "on Sundays one hears through the whole afternoon and evening fiddling and hurdy-gurdies with jumping and dancing in all taverns." Piccolomini deplored not only the morals of young widows but also the medieval gluttony of the populace at large:

> The amount of foodstuffs brought daily into town is hard to believe. Carriages loaded with eggs and crayfish arrive; bread, meat, fish, and poultry are imported in enormous quantities. And in the evening everything is sold out. The lower classes think of nothing but eating. What they've earned during the week they spend on holiday, down to the last kreuzer.

Obesity was highly favored because it was thought to give people a dignified appearance. Egon Friedell writes of the sort of meal that was eaten in that age of exuberance:

> At least eight courses were necessary. The first course was several dishes with soups and minced meat; the second offered meat pots, pâtés made of game, sausage and ham; the third, roast pheasant and capon; the fourth, quail, larks, thrushes, and other small birds; the fifth, fish, especially salmon and trout; the sixth, pastry with eggs and brawn; the seventh, fruit and cheese; and the eighth, marzipan and other sweets.

The House of Hapsburg flourished under a foreign policy that King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary summed up in the words "*Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube!*" ("Let others wage wars; you, lucky Austria, marry!") Maximilian I married Maria of Burgundy in 1477, and in 1496 his son Philip the Handsome married Johanna of Castile and Aragon, known as the Madwoman. These marriages brought Burgundy and Flanders into the Hapsburg Empire. Philip's son, Charles I of Spain, became Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire, and ruled over Spain, Burgundy, Flanders, Austria, and Germany. In 1521, he divided his possessions with his brother Archduke Ferdinand, who had married Anne of Hungary and Bohemia. Austria fell to Ferdinand's lot, but not until 1526 did he leave Spain to take possession of his Austrian dominions. Ferdinand had been brought up in the traditions of the Spanish court, and Vienna, then predominantly a Protestant town, did not much take to him; in fact, dislike erupted into rebellion among burghers and the lower nobility. Ferdinand crushed the rebellion and executed the leaders, but within a few years he was faced with a new threat: Sultan Sulei-

100% blend of Irish Whiskey · 86 proof · Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1968

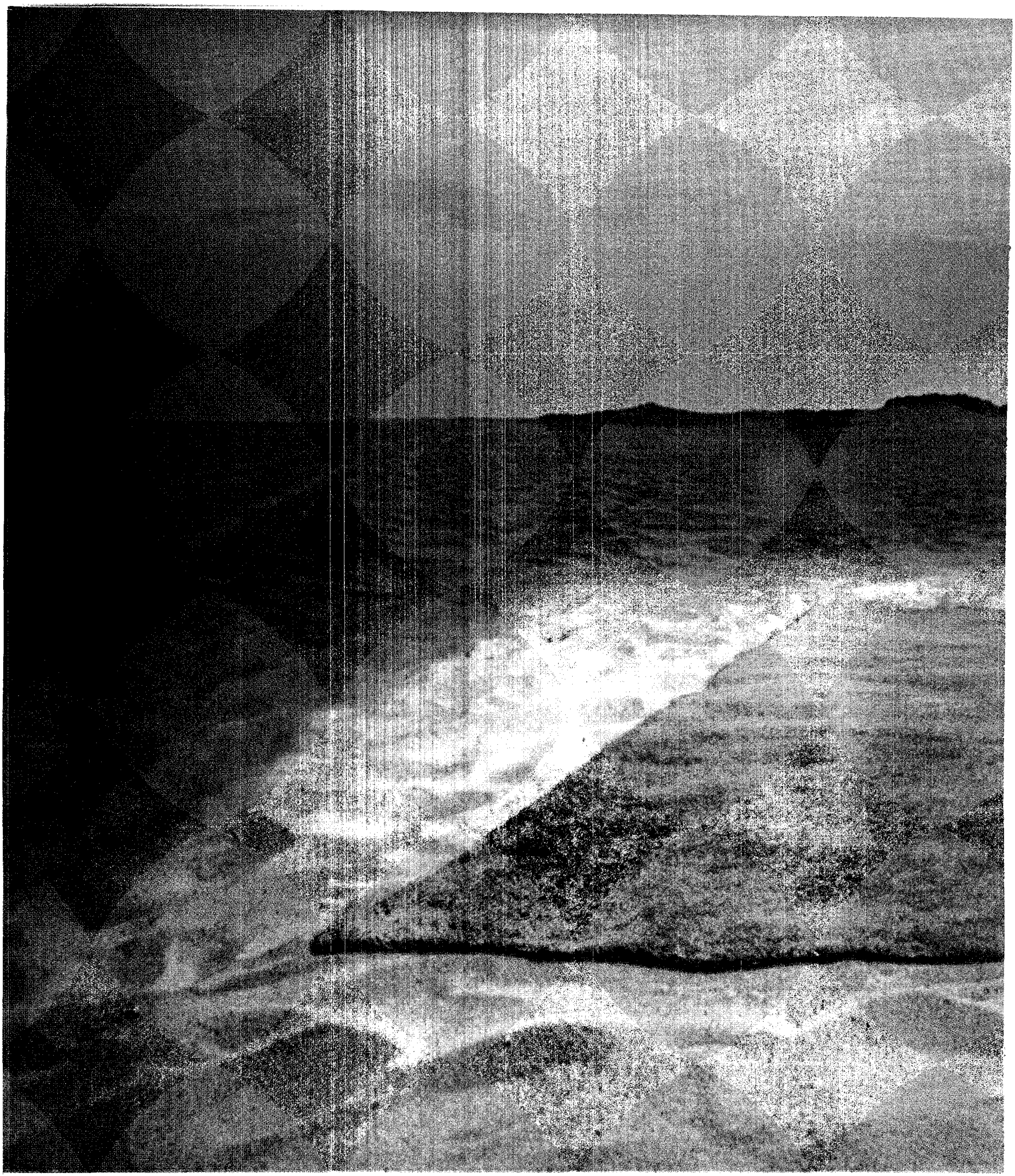
Old Bushmills' new recipe for Irish Coffee.

PRODUCED UNDER THE SAME FORMULA
FOR 150 YEARS
AT THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
★ ★ ★
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
ESTD 1784
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co.
LIMITED
BUSHMILLS
IRELAND
CONTENTS
4/5 QUART 86 PROOF
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Forget the coffee.

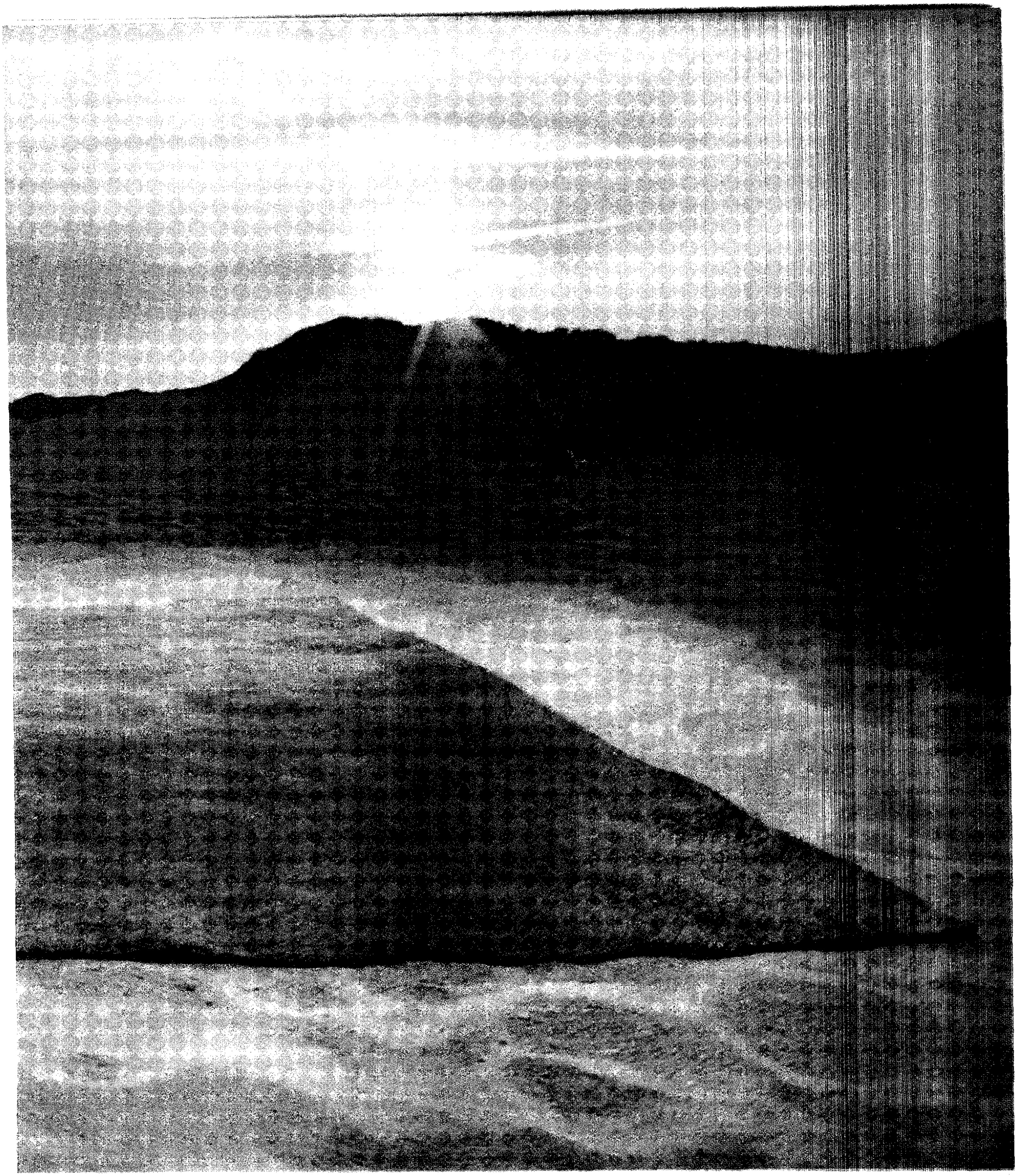
Remember: Old Bushmills is lively and light. Splash it with water or float it in ice cubes or spritz it with soda, if you must. But please, have your coffee on the side.

Leave that light and lively Irish taste alone.



There's natural light, there's artificial light, yes... but now, incredibly, there is literally a whole new world of light: unique, unparalleled, and in fiber! It's The Third Light. SOURCE.™ For the beautiful reasons that carpeting of new SOURCE has its own inner glow. Why? Because SOURCE is structured on the principle of light refraction. Walk around a carpet made of SOURCE* Fiber AC-0001...

The Third Light: The only carpeting



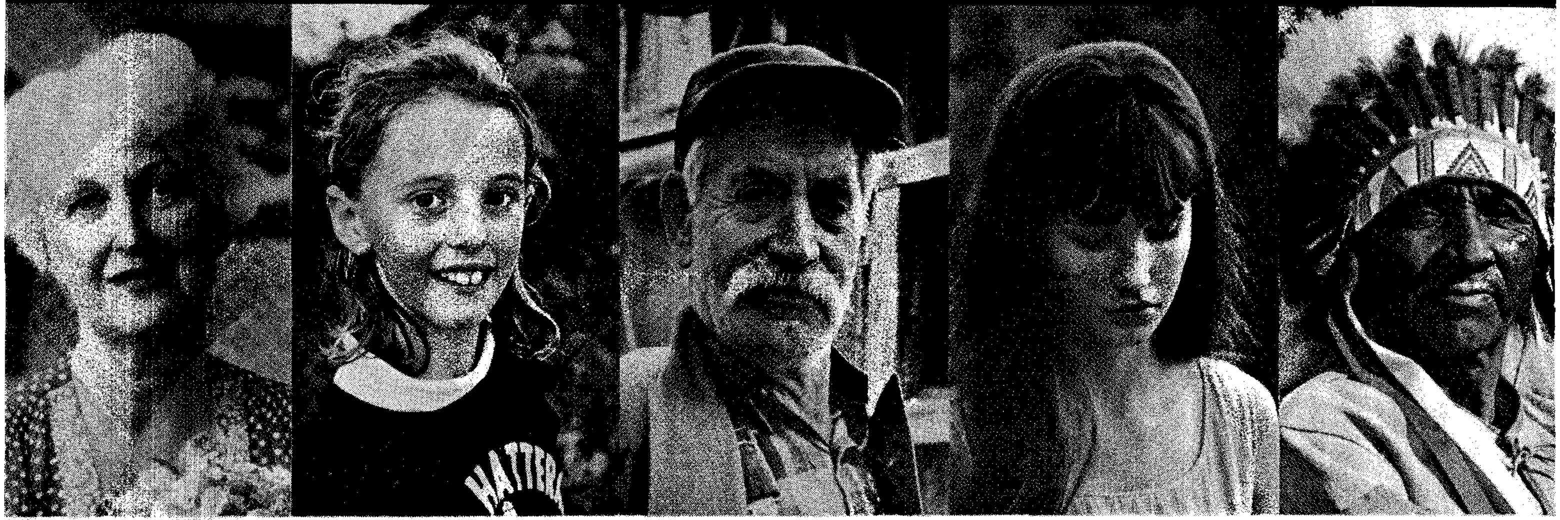
experience the dram[illegible] lights and darks. Touch its softness [illegible] measured silk Oriental rugs [illegible] elegant and unusual. Plus this [illegible] made of SOURCE has inherent elegance [illegible] the more you walk on it, the more gleaming and luxuriant it becomes over the years. The Third Light. You'll find its luminous beauty in carpets from the finest mills. Mohawk. Lees. Berven of California. Karastan. Alexander Smith. Regal Rugs. And you'll find them only at the finest stores. The Third Light in your home? A magnificent find. Only from new SOURCE.

*Allied Chemical's trademark for Fiber AC-0001 (temporary F.T.C. symbol), its new bi-constituent fiber.

SOURCE
The Creating Fiber
ALLIED CHEMICAL CORPORATION

in the world with its own beautiful inner glow.

A lot of people in North Carolina speak a foreign language. The Queen's English.



In many remote areas of our state, we still speak the colorful language Queen Elizabeth I spoke. Not to mention William Shakespeare himself.

That's why even the most ordinary observations turn into colorful opinions. "I declar'," sighed an old woman living in our Great Smoky Mountains, "this new caterwauling jist contraries me. I'd as lief h'yar a thunder clap. Hit's th' purty ballets abody should l'arn to sang."

Traces of this classical speech are heard also in the everyday talk of fishermen and old sea captains along the isolated Outer Banks. Some of it nearly as pure as the day it came off the boat.

If you're a "furriner," a lot of this may sound like Greek to you. So we've solved all that. With a handy little dictionary which translates the Queen's English into plain English.

Just send us your name and address and we'll send you a brand new first edition. Along with a complete travel guide that tells where to find everything worth talking about back home. Including Old Salem—a restored 18th century township. Fort Macon—a famous Civil War landmark. And even a reservation of Cherokee Indians, where the natives speak a language all their own: early American.

Write to Department 424, Travel and Promotion Div., Dept. of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, N. C. 27602.

Get this free dictionary from North Carolina and learn our foreign language.

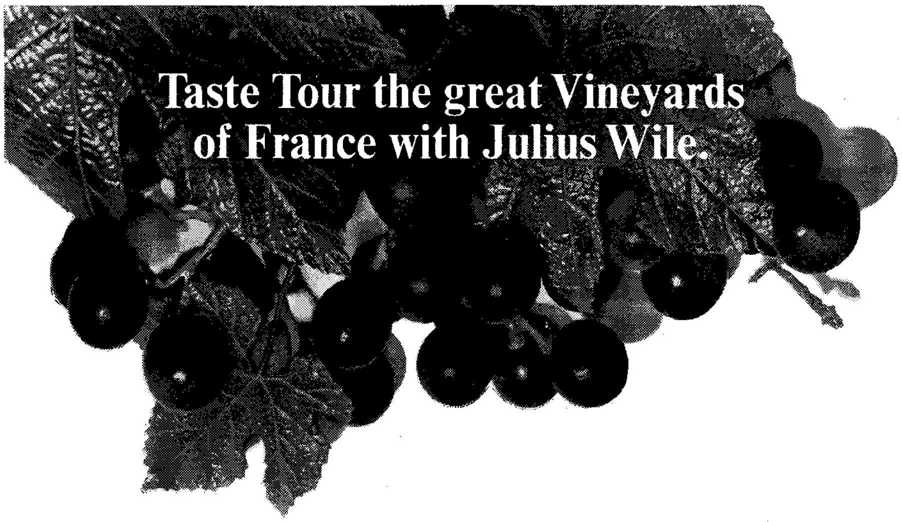
THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH

man I arrived at the gates of Vienna with an army of two hundred and eighty thousand men. The first Turkish siege was broken, but the trouble was only postponed. The Turks remained in neighboring Hungary for years, and made more than two hundred minor incursions into Austria.

The Catholic Hapsburgs had a constant struggle with their Protestant subjects in Vienna. Booksellers were punished for selling "heretical" literature, and occasionally there was an execution, by way of making an example. The Protestants fought back. Catholic chroniclers report that priests were beaten to prevent them from saying Mass, and that certain noblemen rode their horses through the city's cathedral, the beautiful Stephansdom, during the services. (Quite a few noblemen, including archdukes and even a Hapsburg ruler, Maximilian II, were believed to be secretly Lutherans.) The Battle of the White Mountain, in 1620—when the Catholics, led by Maximilian of Bavaria, crushed the Hussites—led to the end of Protestantism in Vienna. Three years later, a decree denied the rights of citizenship to non-Catholics. Many noble Protestant families emigrated. Others, among them the Khevenhüllers and the Starhembergs, chose to recant instead.

A MEMBER of the Starhemberg family, Count Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg, became the hero of the second Turkish siege, in 1683—which is generally considered the most important date in Vienna's entire history. In July, 1683, a Turkish army consisting of two hundred and thirty thousand men under Kara Mustafa, the Grand Vizier to Sultan Mohammed IV, arrived outside Vienna. On their journey from Adrianople, the Turks had picked up some irregular forces of Magyar and Tartar tribesmen. The arrival of the Turks created a panic in Vienna. The Emperor, Leopold I, led the flight from the city, followed by most of his court officials and sixty thousand Viennese. Leopold went first to Krems and later to Linz, seeking troops to relieve the siege. It was finally arranged that Poland, Saxony, Franconia, and Bavaria would join their forces with the army of the Holy Roman Empire, under the Duke of Lorraine, to stave off this threat to Western Christendom. But until the relieving army could be assembled, Vienna would have to depend on its own garrison.

By July 14th, the Turks had completely surrounded the city. Kara Mu-



The best Wine is the Wine you like best.

Beaujolais St. Vincent – A light, fruity, well-rounded red Burgundy.
Chablis St. Vincent – A dry, crisp white Burgundy with a tangy freshness.
Rosé des Anges – A fruity, semi-sweet light rosé from Anjou.
Chateau La Garde – A fine, dry Chateau claret, light and full-bodied, from Bordeaux.
Chateau Olivier – A dry, soft, elegant Chateau white Graves from Bordeaux.

CHANSON
1967
Beaujolais St Vincent
CHANSON
1967
Chablis St Vincent
CHANSON
VIN D'ANJOU
Rosé des Anges
THE HEAVENLY ROSÉ
CHANSON
LA GARDE
GRAND VIN
CHATEAU LA GARDE
1964
CLARET
CHANSON
OLIVIER
1964
CHATEAU OLIVIER
CRU CLASSÉ
GRAVES
CHANSON

Shippers of Fine French Wines Since 1750
CHANSON
PERE & FILS
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

stafa sent a messenger to the defenders inside the walls with an ultimatum: "Accept Islam and live in peace under the Sultan. Or deliver the fortress and live in peace under the Sultan as Christians. . . . But if you resist, death and spoliation and slavery shall be the fate of all." Count Starhemberg curtly dismissed the messenger and ordered the city gates walled up. His garrison consisted of sixteen thousand men, a few of whom were regular troops and the rest a militia of burghers, students, merchants, and those court officials who had chosen to stay in Vienna. There was much talk of victory in Kara Mustafa's elegant headquarters tent as the Turkish batteries fired into the city almost continuously and Turkish troops pushed slowly forward toward the fortifications. But the Turks took three weeks to occupy the glacis and to reach the edge of the counterscarp, which the Viennese engineers had reinforced with iron spikes. Beyond that, there was a moat, with entrenchments and blockhouses. The Austrian builders who later proved so adept in putting up baroque palaces were equally skilled in the construction of strong defenses.

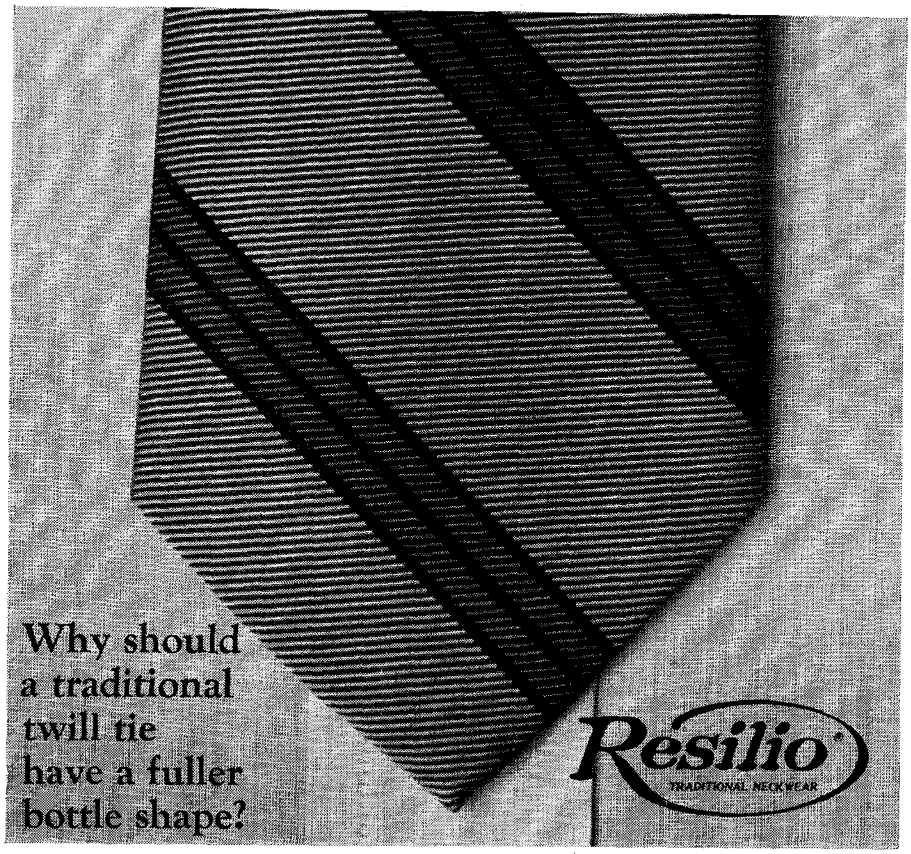
On August 6th, the fight for the inner city began, and—characteristically—there was no panic inside the walls now that the situation was truly desperate. The schools had been closed, but the churches were kept open. There were ample stocks of food, and prices remained steady. When the first incendiary bombs fell, the fire brigade went into action; all householders had been told to keep buckets of water ready and to dismantle roofs made of wooden shingles. Paving stones were dug up, not only because they would be of use in strengthening the fortifications but also because it had been found that the Turkish artillery caused less damage when the rounds fell on soft earth. But new problems suddenly appeared. The Viennese were hard pressed to find space to bury the dead and to get rid of garbage. There was a shortage of water after the Turks had cut the conduits that led into the city. An epidemic of dysentery broke out.

In the middle of August, Count Starhemberg was still in contact with the outside world, thanks to a number of intrepid messengers. The most famous of them was a man named either Franz Koltschitzki or Franz Georg Kulczycki, who was either a Serb or a Pole or a Hungarian—though some chroniclers claim that he was really a Greek named Theodatos. At all events, he was an extremely

Creighton's Cotton Shirt Classic

This button down scene stealer is our miniature tattersall in the most superb cotton we could find. You'll find it at select shops, who'll also show it to you with our new Wilshire collar, which you can pin or not. Each, about $8.50. Making shirts that make the scene is a Creighton tradition. CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS, REIDSVILLE, N.C.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON
You can feel how good it looks.

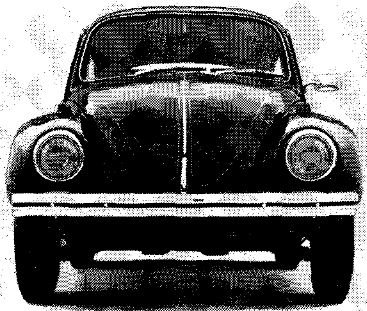

Why should a traditional twill tie have a fuller bottle shape?
Resilio
TRADITIONAL NECKWEAR

Only a fuller under-the-knot bottle shape is right with today's bolder shirt collars and wider lapels. This distinctive shape shows off to best advantage the richer colors and stripings of Resilio's luxurious Cambridge twills. Resilio Traditional Neckwear, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001.

P.S. All Resilio ties have the new fuller bottle shape.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Volkswagen doesn't do it again.



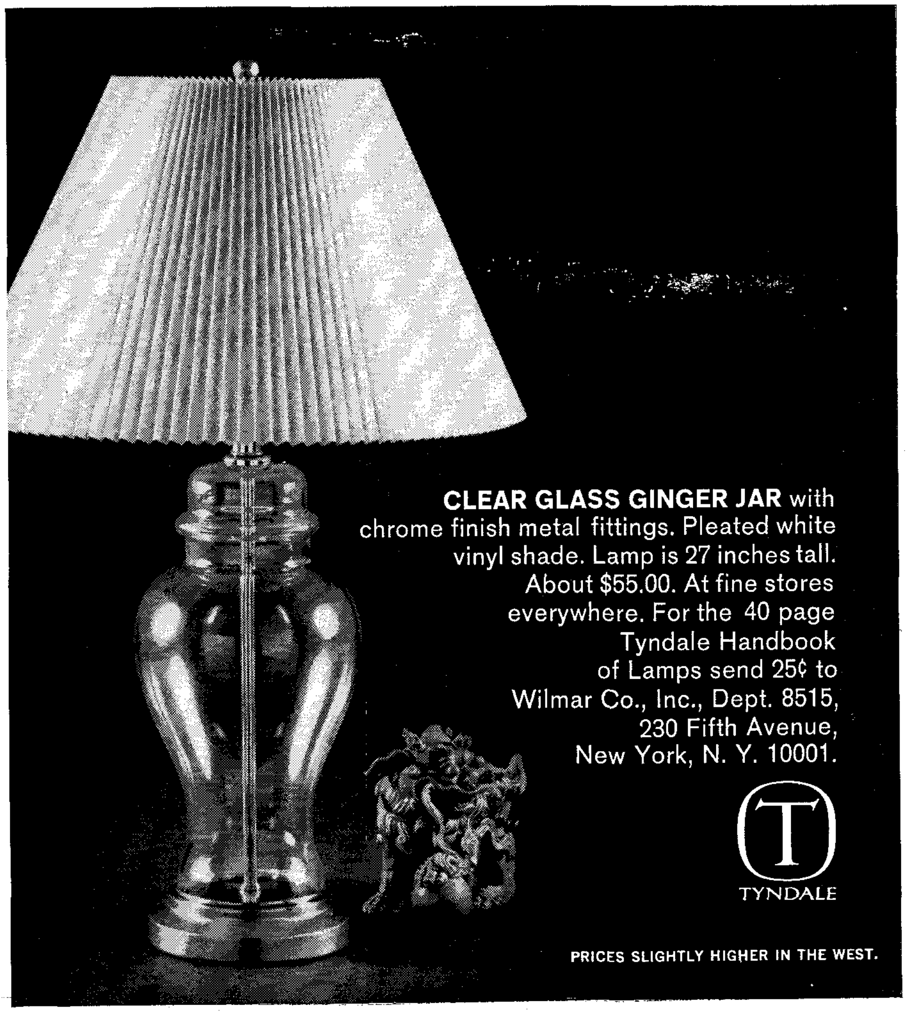
Beautiful. It's not any longer. It's not any lower. And it's not any wider. The 1969 Volkswagen. 13 improvements. Ugly as ever. Beautiful. Just beautiful.

Height five inches • $90

Ram's head crystal candy dish—
for tempting confections

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022



CLEAR GLASS GINGER JAR with chrome finish metal fittings. Pleated white vinyl shade. Lamp is 27 inches tall. About $55.00. At fine stores everywhere. For the 40 page Tyndale Handbook of Lamps send 25¢ to Wilmar Co., Inc., Dept. 8515, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001.

TYNDALE

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

gifted double agent, with a flair for publicity; an account of his adventures that he published later on created what one contemporary critic called "enthusiasm mingled with skepticism." Dressed as a Turk, Koltschitzki managed to leave the city and carry valuable information on the state of the siege to the headquarters of the Duke of Lorraine.

All around Vienna, the Turks were closing in. At two o'clock on the afternoon of September 4th, a violent explosion tore a large hole in the wall. Janizaries shouting "Allah! Allah!" poured in through the breach with their flags and standards. For about an hour and a half, the fate of Vienna—and perhaps of Western civilization—hung in the balance. Then the attackers were beaten back. Count Starhemberg lost some two hundred men, the enemy many more. But now the death rate, owing to dysentery and other diseases, was catastrophic. There was much starvation, and older men and women were dying off in great numbers. People ate donkey and cat meat. From the top of the tower of the Stephansdom, observers kept a constant watch over the countryside around Vienna. Would the relieving army arrive before it was too late?

During the night of September 8th, signal flares were seen on the Kahlenberg, on the Vienna side of the Danube, but the following morning no troop movements could be observed. Actually, the signs had been given prematurely, by advance patrols, and not until the night of September 10th did troops commanded by the Duke of Lorraine occupy the heights of the Kahlenberg and the Leopoldsberg. Again flares went up, to tell the people in Vienna, five miles away, that help was coming at last.

Kara Mustafa had made a serious mistake: intent on breaking the resistance of the besieged defenders of Vienna, he had neglected to occupy the heights of the Vienna Woods. Now he was caught between two armies—the defenders of the city, who were, difficult as it was to believe, getting ready to attack, and the relieving forces on the hills. Kara Mustafa left thirty thousand men near the city walls and threw a hundred and seventy thousand against the Duke of Lorraine's army. The European allies, who had made earnest efforts to suspend their jealousies and bickering, at least temporarily, for the sake of saving Christianity, were torn apart even at this moment by questions of diplomatic protocol and military strategy. John III Sobieski, the King of Poland, had wanted to

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?

Photographed at the Aerostats Balloon Flying Field, Tolland, Connecticut

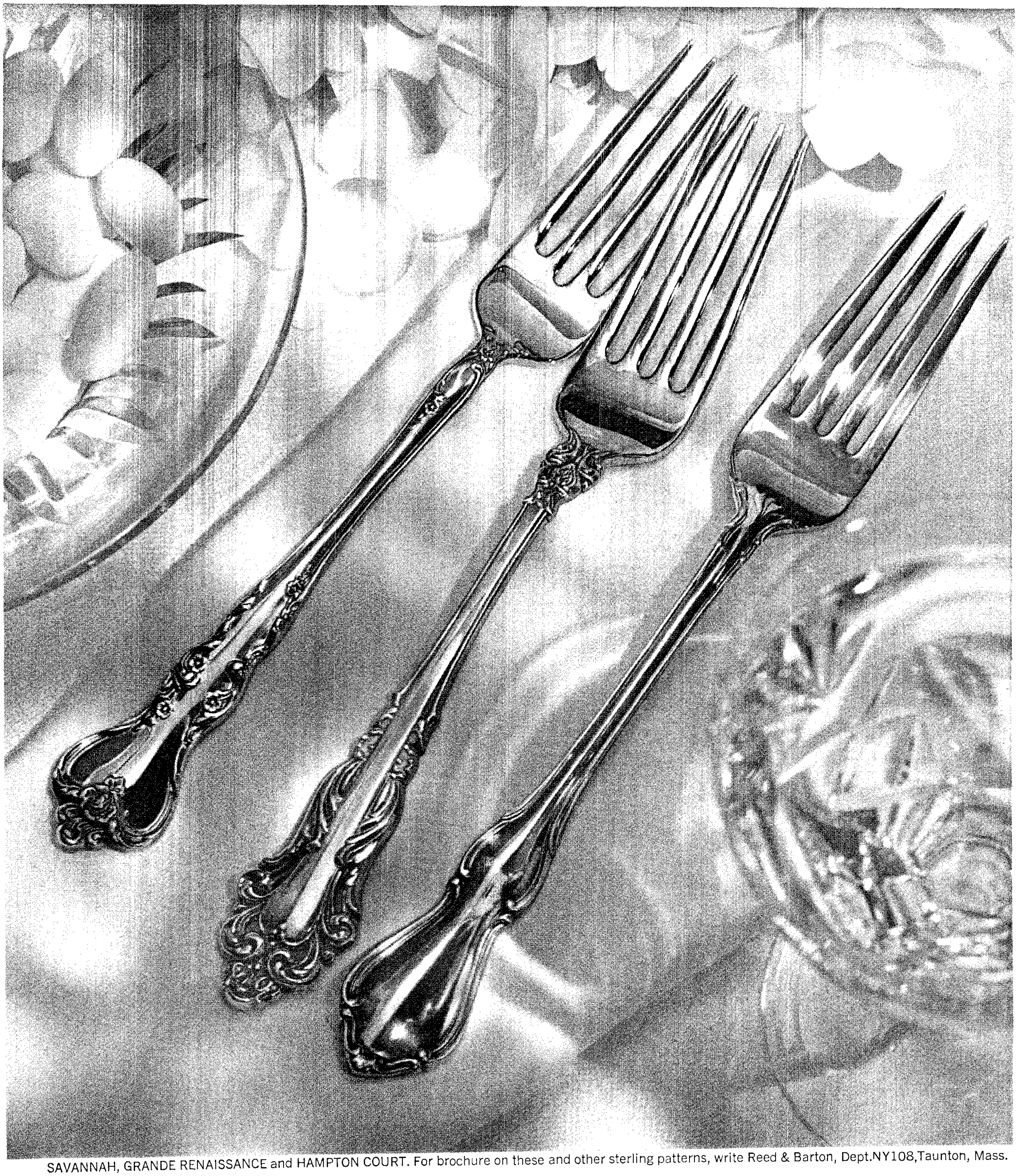
6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

No.

A reward for men. A delight for women. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. The whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.

HW
IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



SAVANNAH, GRANDE RENAISSANCE and HAMPTON COURT. For brochure on these and other sterling patterns, write Reed & Barton, Dept.NY108,Taunton, Mass.

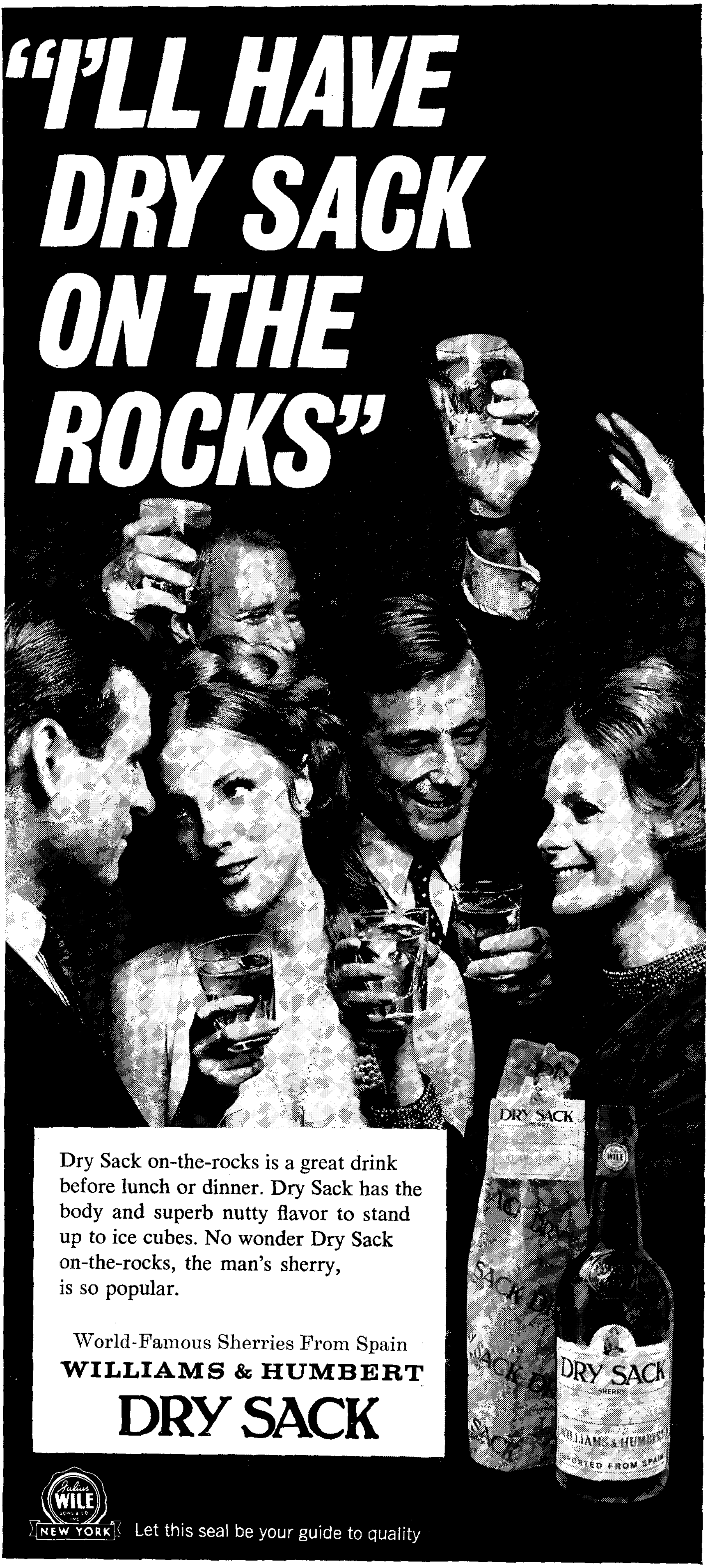
See how Reed & Barton sterling flirts with color to evoke
the romance of Southern mansions by moonlight, the artistic glories
of the Renaissance, and the royal pageantry of Tudor England.
If you always thought sterling looked silver, look again.

REED & BARTON

be supreme commander, but he was turned down by Emperor Leopold I, who preferred the Duke of Lorraine. When Pater Marco d'Aviano, the Papal Legate, read Mass from the top of the Leopoldsberg and blessed "the harmonious commanders," they were still squabbling, and, from all accounts, the decisive battle, which began at dawn on September 12th, was not a coördinated action but a series of confusing minor encounters. It must have been a bewildering sight to the desperate defenders of Vienna watching from the tower of the Stephansdom. They would see rows of infantry appear and immediately disappear in the smoke from guns and campfires, cavalry charges that seemed to go nowhere, guns firing at random. The Duke of Lorraine had started the attack by driving into the Turks' right wing. Ibrahim, the governor of Buda, who was Kara Mustafa's deputy (and the Sultan's brother-in-law), ordered a partial withdrawal of the troops there, to regroup for a counterattack. The decision was probably a sound one, but as a result of it Ibrahim was later decapitated, by order of Kara Mustafa. After a long delay, the Poles, led by Sobieski, were able to make contact with the Duke of Lorraine's forces in the center. The day—it was a Sunday—was very hot, and around noon there was a pause in the fighting; everybody needed a rest to catch his breath. The Duke of Lorraine held a short meeting, at which all his commanders declared their determination to press forward. A Saxon general said, "I am an old man, and I want comfortable quarters in Vienna tonight."

The final attack began at twenty minutes past three, in the full heat of the afternoon. The Poles made a sweep with their cavalry and, after meeting resistance for some time, broke through and reached the encampment of the Grand Vizier. Kara Mustafa, fearing that his line of retreat into Hungary was about to be cut off, threw twenty thousand Turkish horsemen against the Poles, in a desperate counterattack, but, weak though they were, the defenders of Vienna joined the battle and drove the Turkish troops at the city walls out of their positions, and by four o'clock the Turks were in full flight. Kara Mustafa retreated in undignified haste, though he did manage to take with him both the flag of the Prophet and his stocks of money.

At five-thirty, trumpets announced the arrival at the city walls of the first units of the relieving army—two regiments of dragoons under Herman,



"I'LL HAVE DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks, the man's sherry, is so popular.

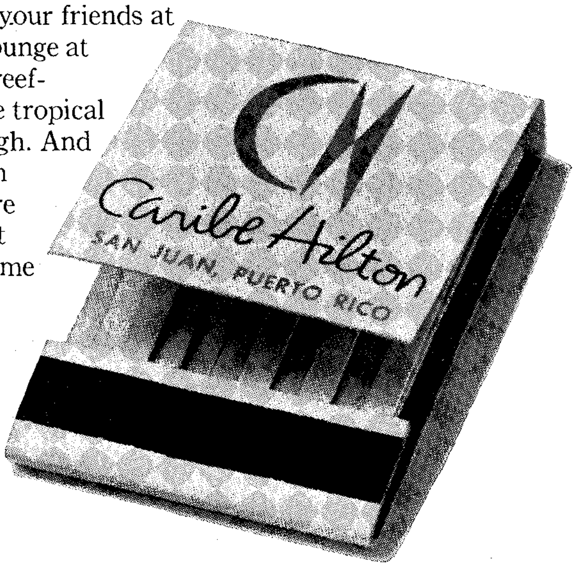
World-Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality

What is it about the Caribe Hilton that causes people to drop our name?

There's magnificent dining at the Rotisserie Castillo, entertainment at the Club Caribe, and the friendly Caribar for a late-night tête-à-tête. You can meet your friends at the Pool Terrace Café or lounge at Manager Roberto Lugo's reef-protected beach. There are tropical gardens to meander through. And air-conditioned rooms with private balconies. There are also the kind of people that give the Caribe Hilton a name you'll want to drop.

☎ For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.



AUSTIN HILL TROUSERS BOOSTS THE EGO, MAKES YOU FEEL FIVE PEOPLE TALL

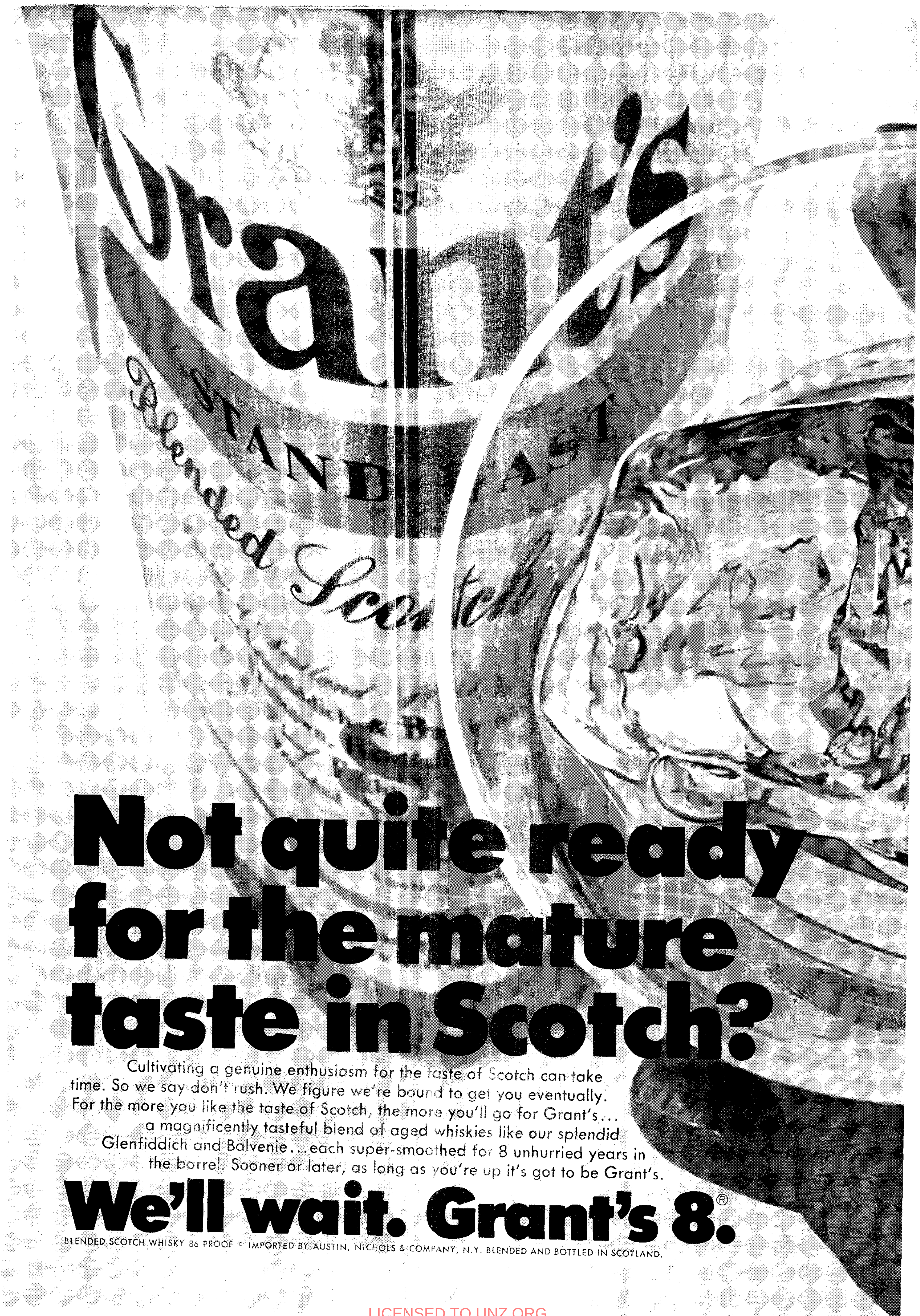
Great straight, even better mixed with jacket or sweater. Uninhibited patterns in winning colors. Our trim, comfortable cut is always correct. About $22. Write for the select store nearest you. Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

AUSTIN HILL

AT: *Tom Bass, Scranton, Pa. • Jas. T. Mullin & Sons, Wilmington, Del. • James Brentley, Balti.*

Margrave of Baden. Vienna was saved. Almost at once, though, the harmonious commanders began to quarrel among themselves over who should have precedence at the victory celebrations and how the booty should be divided. It had been understood that the allied commanders would wait outside the city until Emperor Leopold I, who was on a ship coming down the Danube, could make a glorious reëntry into Vienna. This didn't please Sobieski, who felt entitled to a special triumph, and he established his headquarters, somewhat tastelessly, in the tent of Kara Mustafa, where he proceeded to monopolize the spoils. The next day, moreover, the Polish King made a flamboyant entrance into Vienna while the ship of Emperor Leopold was somewhere between Krems and Tulln, having been halted as the result of a warning message from Pater Marco d'Aviano that the protocol problem was threatening to produce a disorder that would reflect poorly on Christendom. At last, on September 14th, the Emperor arrived, and shortly afterward he met briefly with Sobieski. The meeting did not go well, and Sobieski later wrote to his wife, "The Emperor didn't bother to touch his hat. I was struck downcast. To avoid a scandal, I said a few words, we saluted each other, and I turned away."

The municipal government of Vienna gave presents to the commanders of the relieving forces, and Count Starhemberg was praised as "the savior of the Holy Roman Empire and of Europe." But Leopold issued a decree that contained more reprimand than praise. He exhorted the Viennese to "practice virtue, honesty, and fear of God," and he forbade "hatred, envy, quarrelling, elaborate dress, gossip, and any sort of arguments in church, and the immorality that has been widely practiced." In vain did the burghers ask for measures limiting the import of Hungarian wines, granting tax exemptions, and providing some substitute for "tolerance money"—a fee that had formerly been paid to the city by Jews—now that many of the Jews had died or been driven out. The Imperial bureaucrats granted no requests of this kind. One of the more fortunate survivors of the siege was the double agent Koltschitzki, who obtained a tax-free house from the city fathers in which he opened Vienna's first coffeehouse, serving Turkish coffee. The Turks were driven back into the Balkans—in a campaign that made a Viennese hero of Prince Eugene of Savoy—and Kara Mustafa was stran-



Not quite ready for the mature taste in Scotch?

Cultivating a genuine enthusiasm for the taste of Scotch can take time. So we say don't rush. We figure we're bound to get you eventually. For the more you like the taste of Scotch, the more you'll go for Grant's... a magnificently tasteful blend of aged whiskies like our splendid Glenfiddich and Balvenie...each super-smoothed for 8 unhurried years in the barrel. Sooner or later, as long as you're up it's got to be Grant's.

We'll wait. Grant's 8.®

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © IMPORTED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & COMPANY, N.Y. BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.

Adele Martin's vivacious new doubleknit, all motion in pure virgin wool by Lebanon. Sand beige, lavender, apple green, with accenting scarf. Sizes 6 to 16, about $46. At Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Filene's, Boston; F & R Lazarus, Columbus.

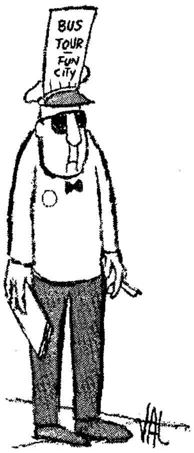
Simply smashing
in pure virgin wool

Adele Martin®

The sewn-in woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best... PURE VIRGIN WOOL.

gled that December, by order of his Sultan. After a while, the Viennese returned to their pleasures, and once again, Abraham a Sancta Clara reported, music resounded "from noblemen's houses and courtyards."

THE coffeehouse, as an oasis of solitude or companionship, of meditation or conversation, is now as closely associated with Vienna as opera, but, like opera, it is not a Viennese invention. The first coffeehouse was opened in Constantinople, around 1550, and the pleasant institution reached Europe a century later. Oxford had its first cafés as early as 1650. Two years later, a coffeehouse was opened at St. Michael's Alley, in London; later, writers and dandies met at Tom's, at Button's, at Farr's, and at Will's. The oldest café in Paris, dating from 1689, is the Café Procope, on the Rue Ancienne-Comédie; it still exists, and is popular with students from the Sorbonne. In Venice, the Florian, in the Piazza San Marco, has also been serving coffee for more than two and a half centuries. But it was the coffeehouses of Vienna that became the most famous. Koltschitzki's, which was near the Stephansdom, was called Zum Roten Kreuz (At the Red Cross), but in time he moved it to another site and renamed it Zur Blauen Flasche (At the Blue Bottle). A cup of what his license described as "the Turkish Chavve drink" cost one kreuzer. Originally, it was served unsweetened, but later syrup was added. The legend is that the syrup had been prepared for some pastry and was inadvertently poured into a pot of black coffee. A *Kipfel*, a roll baked in the form of a half-moon, was served with it. Allegedly, the bakers of Vienna had created the *Kipfel* during the Turkish siege to ingratiate themselves with the Turks, who were expected to conquer the city. But bakers indignantly reject the charge to this day. On the contrary, they claim, the *Kipfel* is an edible symbol of Vienna's finest hour. Historians report that Koltschitzki, who prospered smartly, always called his customers "*Bruderherz*," which is still a Viennese expression of insincere sympathy.



By 1700—just sixteen years after Koltschitzki had started the trend—there were thirty coffeehouses in Vienna. The owner of such an establishment needed an Imperial permit to import Turkish coffee, but quite a few people served it illegally. In the coffeehouses, according to an account dating from 1704, people would "get together, read the news in the papers, and talk about it." Billiard tables were added a few years later, and signs informed the gentlemen that smoking was permitted. One Johann Evangelist Milani opened a coffeehouse, in the Kohlmarkt, that provided chess tables. Among the habitués was the poet Lorenzo da Ponte, Mozart's brilliant librettist. Milani was on hand in his coffeehouse all the time, cutting a splendid figure in white tails, with tricorne and pigtail, like Guglielmo and Ferrando, the officers and lovers in the Mozart-da Ponte opera "Così Fan Tutte." Describing the atmosphere of the place, a chronicler wrote, "One studies, plays, gossips, sleeps, negotiates, barters, intrigues. At night, Milani wants to close and implores the guests, *corpo dio maledetto*, to leave, but no one does." Ladies were served "frozen cream" in the "garden," a section of the sidewalk in front of the coffeehouse which was enclosed by a low fence and a couple of trees in pots. Unlike the French sidewalk café, which merges with the street, the Viennese coffeehouse has always tried to create an illusion of privacy. Around the end of the eighteenth century, the outstanding literary gathering place was Kramer's, a dim and rather shabby coffeehouse in Schlossergassel, near Graben. The local literati met there to read their works to each other and discuss them. Statesmen and diplomats of the day went to an elegant coffeehouse called the Rebhuhn (Partridge), where the atmosphere was rather formal; the Rebhuhn closed only a few years ago, and the premises are now occupied by a pizzeria.

A new and elegant form of coffeehouse, known as the *Nobelcafé*, appeared in the years between the end of the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, and the Revolution of 1848—an era that the Viennese refer to nostalgically as the Biedermeier period. The name derives from a fictitious character, Gottlieb Biedermeier, who was supposedly the author of some philistine poems actually written by the German Ludwig Eichrodt and published in the *Fliegende Blätter*, a humorous magazine that was popular with the bourgeoisie of Vienna. The term Biedermeier came to signify old-fashioned *Gemütlichkeit* and also a style

This makeup costs $20 an ounce.
And women have been buying it for 20 years.

Until you try it on your own skin
you'll never really know
whether they're on to something
or are just impressed by the price.

Go ahead. Try it on your own skin. You won't risk a thing but temptation.

Go to the cosmetic counter of the finest store you know. Once there, ask for, if necessary even wait for, the woman who specializes in Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics.

This is important. Because, like perfume, our Countess Isserlyn Make-Up does different things on different people. You'll need a specialist's trained help to find your Countess color this first time.

Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jaw-line. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

From here on, we think you'll be astonished. By how much that one finger-touch covers. By the way it seems to slip itself over your face.

You've heard of velvet complexions. Now we think you'll see one. Your own. With just enough clean shimmer left on the surface so this newly-made-up patch of your skin seems unobscured by any makeup at all.

At this point, we think you'll want to claim your own bottle at once, take off the rest of your makeup, and do your whole face over right, then and there.

But if you're not quite sure, just very tempted, wait. Look again hours later. See if you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

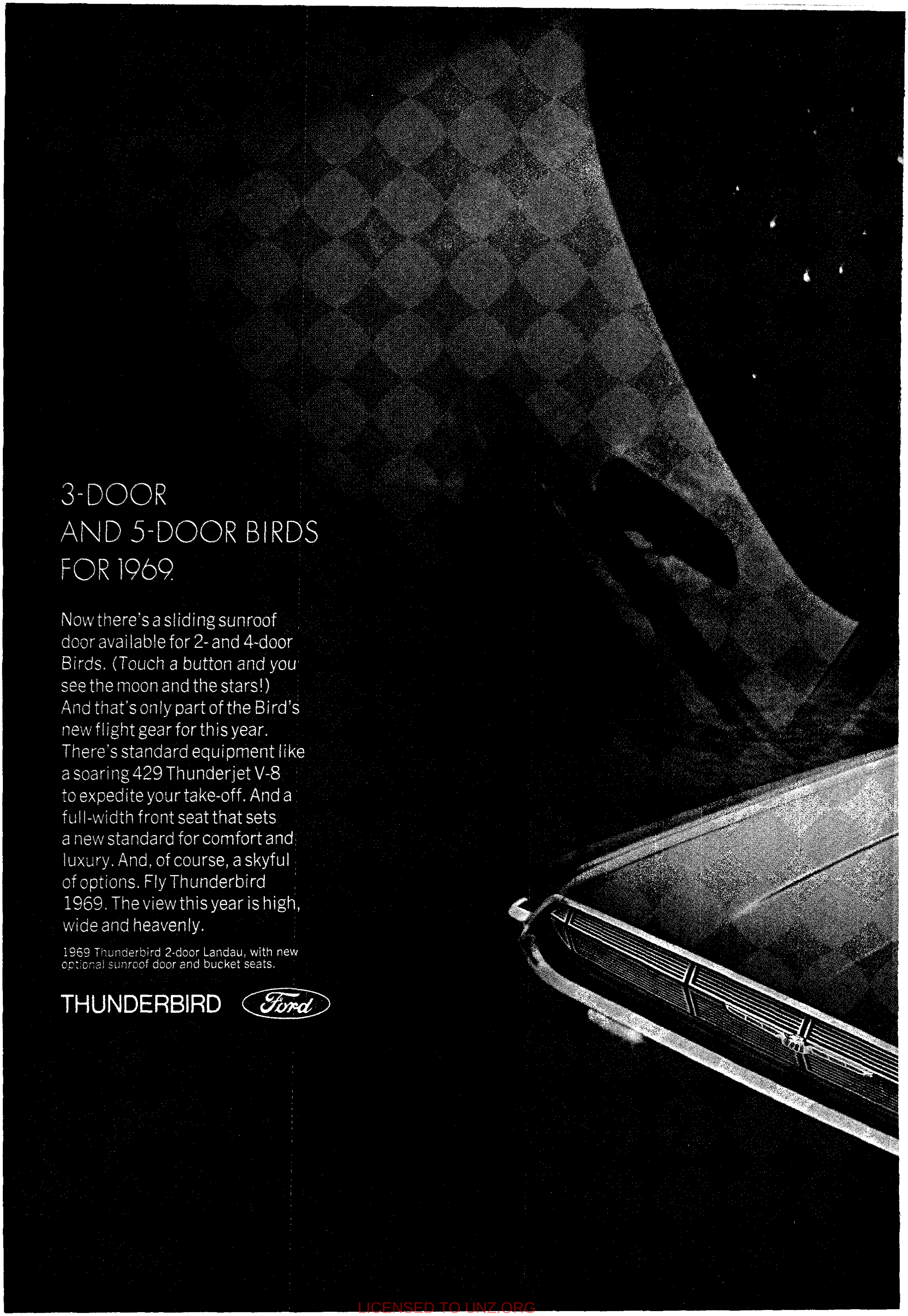
But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff

Countess Isserlyn
Alexandra de Markoff

At Bonwit Teller, Jacobson's – Michigan.

© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1967

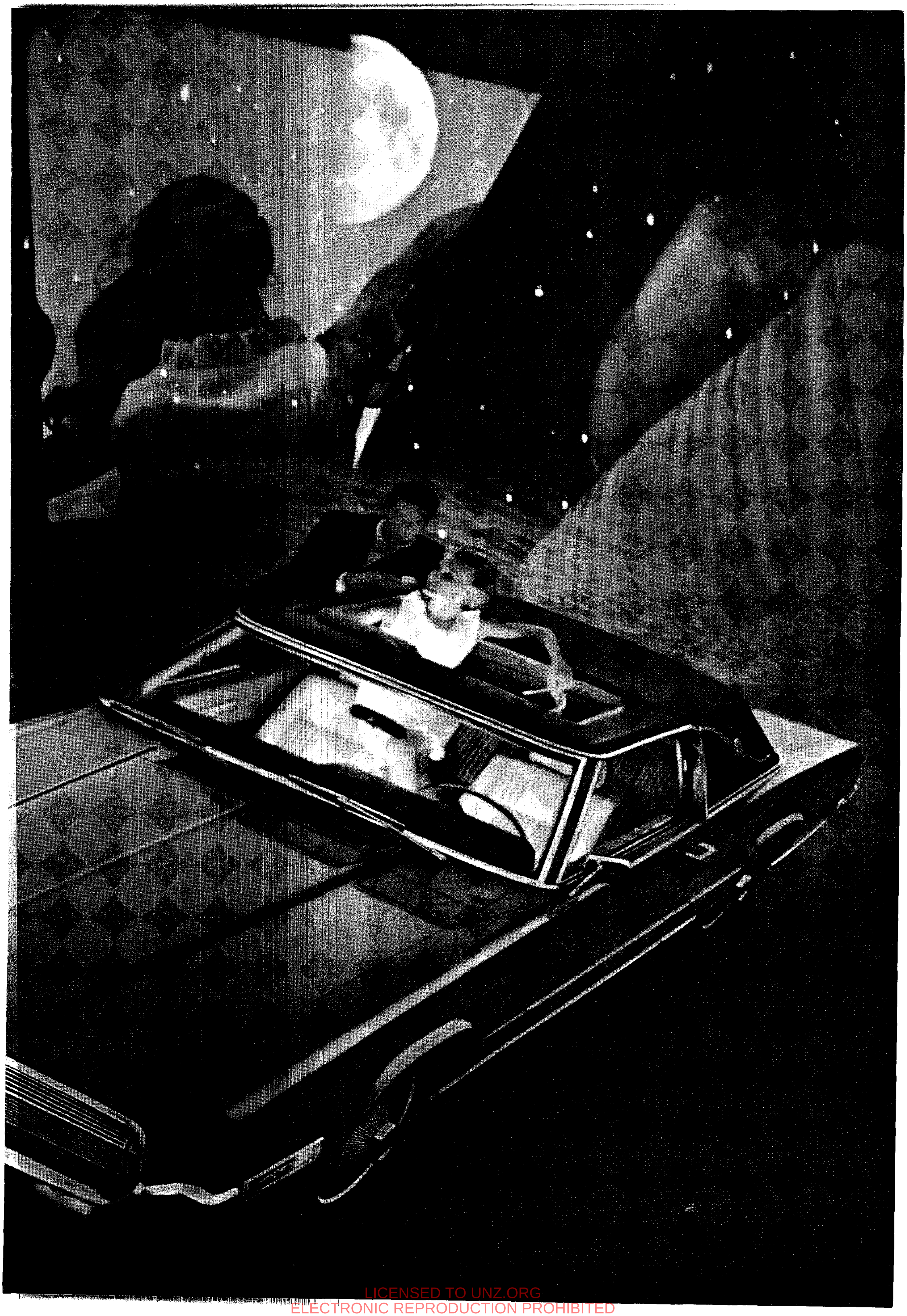


3-DOOR AND 5-DOOR BIRDS FOR 1969.

Now there's a sliding sunroof door available for 2- and 4-door Birds. (Touch a button and you see the moon and the stars!) And that's only part of the Bird's new flight gear for this year. There's standard equipment like a soaring 429 Thunderjet V-8 to expedite your take-off. And a full-width front seat that sets a new standard for comfort and luxury. And, of course, a skyful of options. Fly Thunderbird 1969. The view this year is high, wide and heavenly.

1969 Thunderbird 2-door Landau, with new optional sunroof door and bucket seats.

THUNDERBIRD Ford



Satisfy the imaginative taste of your alter ego

Totally daring. That's Suntory Whisky. A real match for your own imaginative taste. It's been tamed, of course—light, smooth, mellow. Reminds you of some other great whiskies of the world. That's because Suntory is made exactly the same way. But, still there is something that's a bit more intrepid about the flavor. Comes through undaunted straight—or in your favorite mix. Look for it where fine whiskies are sold.

SUNTORY, the other whisky

壽
OLD SUNTORY
Japanese Whisky
SUNTORY LTD.

86.8 Proof. A blend of rare, selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto, Japan. Suntory International, Los Angeles, California.

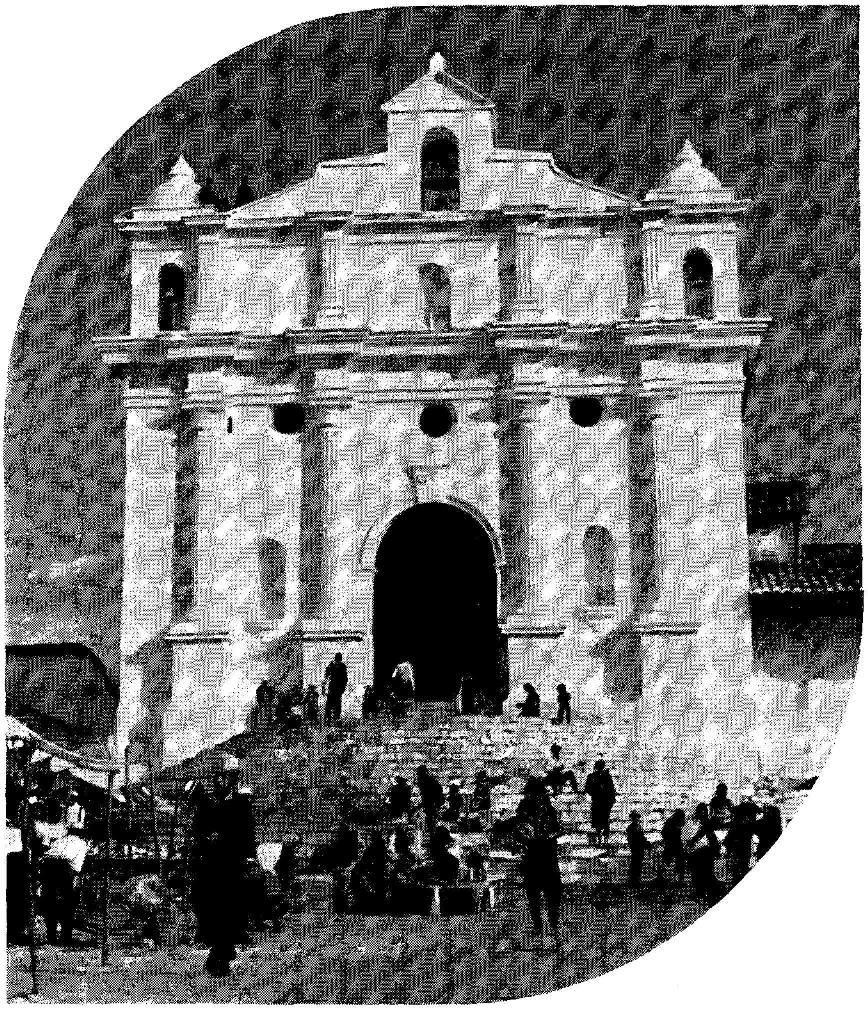
of furniture somewhat similar to French Empire. Perhaps the most famous exemplar of the *Nobelcafé* was the Café Jüngling, a luxurious place where even archdukes dropped in occasionally. A string group under young Joseph Lanner provided music, and a young man who was to become known as Johann Strauss the Elder sometimes played the fiddle. At another sumptuous coffeehouse, in the Prater, Beethoven on occasion played the piano.

The number of literary, musical, and philosophical works inspired or actually created in the coffeehouses of Vienna must be substantial. In the days before the Revolution, writers and composers chose as their favorite gathering place Ignaz Neuner's Café, at the corner of Spiegelgasse and Plankengasse. "At Neuner's, men of spirit found their real home and a second reality, a world of the printed word, of unwritten masterpieces talked into the air and the cigar smoke, an empire with its own laws, a classless society," writes Hilde Spiel, an essayist who has studied the coffeehouse phenomenon. All the fixtures at Neuner's Café were made of pure silver—silver door latches, silver coat hangers, seventy-two silver hat racks, and silver-rimmed meerschaum pipes for the habitués. There was also a special dining room for ladies, with red damask walls, where smoking was not permitted.

A *fin-de-siècle* group that called itself Young Vienna and included poets, satirists, essayists, critics, actors, and politicians gathered at the Café Griensteidl, in the Palais Herberstein, near the Imperial Palace. Victor Adler, one of the founders of Austria's Social Democratic Party, was frequently to be seen at the Griensteidl; so was Georg Ritter von Schönerer, one of the prominent theoreticians of modern anti-Semitism, whose work Hitler admired. The Griensteidl's *Extrazimmer*, or back room, was a favorite meeting place for actors from the nearby Burgtheater. Writers, on the other hand, tended to congregate in the front room. Some of them spent so much of their time telling their friends at the coffeehouse about the things they were going to write that they never got around to writing them. Others, though, really did write. Around 1890, one could have met in the Griensteidl, on almost any afternoon, Arthur Schnitzler, Richard Beer-Hofmann, Felix Dörmann, Felix Salten, and perhaps young Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

In 1897, the Palais Herberstein was turned into an apartment building, and the Café Griensteidl had to close. Karl

GUATEMALA



▨ **unforgettable Chichicastenango**

There's nothing quite as exotic as market day in "Chichi"... except possibly market day in Santiago Atitlán. Both are unique—and yours the same day—in Guatemala! ▨ At Chichi you'll see proud descendants of the Maya-Quiché practice pagan rites on the steps of their 400-year-old Christian church and gather at one of the most colorful marketplaces in Latin America. ▨ At Santiago Atitlán, the natives still wear ancestral, brightly colored costumes and barter for almost anything under the sun. ▨ Visit Guatemala soon! You'll span the centuries back and forth in a matter of hours, explore legendary Colonial ruins and Maya temples and relax in modern hotels—all in some of the most picturesque settings in the world. Ask your travel agent or write us.

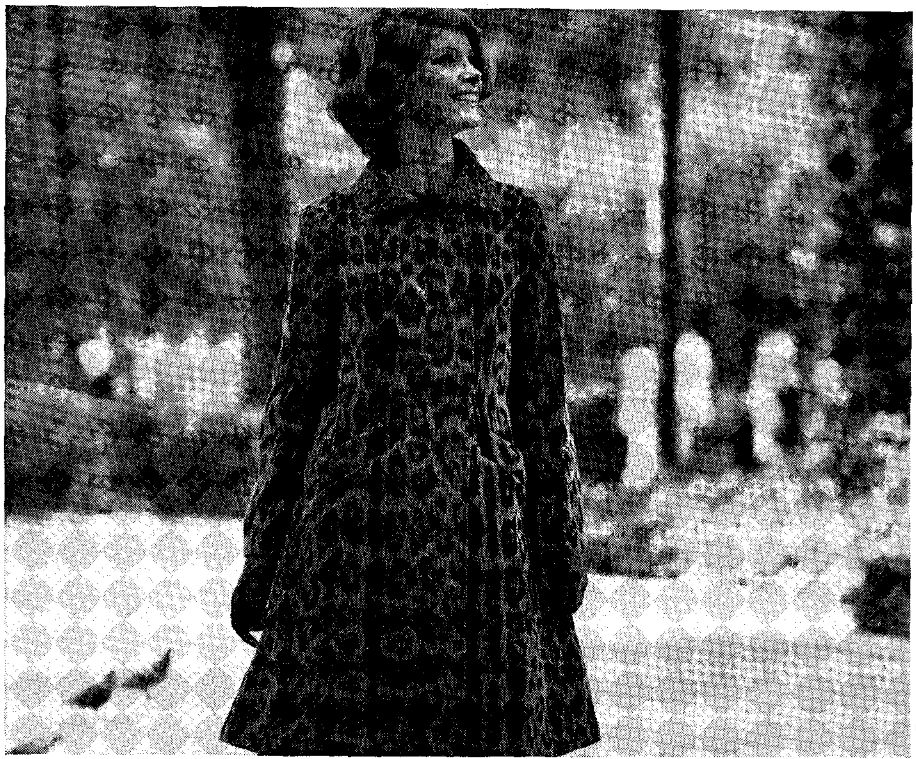
DISCOVER THE "GEMS" OF CENTRAL AMERICA THROUGH THE GATEWAY OF GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA TOURIST COMMISSION

500 Sansome, Rm. 404, Dept. N • San Francisco, Cal. 94111 ☐ 6a Avenida 5-34 Zona 1 Guatemala City, Guatemala

Kraus, who excelled as a critic, a moralist, an essayist, and a playwright, wrote its epitaph—a famous essay called "The Demolished Literature." He described the coffeehouse as "a literary traffic center . . . where the waiters took part in the literary activities of the guests," adding, "They seemed to be members of the writers' union rather than the waiters' union." The Griensteidl, he continued, provided "mountains of newspapers" and a complete set of Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon, the famous German-language encyclopedia. This made visits to the café obligatory for writers doing research. They also helped themselves to the café's writing paper, although many of them apparently never bothered to order anything. According to Kraus, "There was the poet who told the headwaiter, 'Don't give me anything,' and after a while Heinrich, the headwaiter, would say to the underwaiter, 'Herr Doktor will have nothing, as usual.' " There were writers whose writing was limited to marginal notes pencilled in the café's magazines. "Some writers wrote only in the most distinguished foreign reviews," Kraus noted, and he said of one literary lion, "His popularity is limited to the first four tables. Beginning with the left mirror table, his popularity wanes."

Even before the Griensteidl closed, some writers had moved to the nearby Café Zentral, in Herrengasse. This became the headquarters of Egon Friedell, Alfred Polgar, Franz Blei, and Anton Kuh—who described a typical customer as "a man who thinks up things in the coffeehouse that don't happen to people outside in real life." Friedell claimed that he accomplished more at the coffeehouse than a businessman ever did in his office. The Griensteidl had been the home of Neo-Romanticism and later of Impressionism. The Zentral fostered Expressionism. Its great chronicler was Alfred Polgar, who located the Zentral geographically "at the latitude of Vienna and the longitude of solitude." He added, "Its inhabitants are mostly people who want to be alone but always need company." One famous figure at the Zentral was the *Hungerkünstler* (starvation artist) Ottfried Krzyzanowsky, who could go without any solid food for days, nourishing himself apparently on the stale coffeehouse air. Into this "refuge from angst and reality," as Hilde Spiel called it, there sometimes ventured Dr. Sigmund Freud. At a rear table, somewhat removed from the currents of local political and literary life,



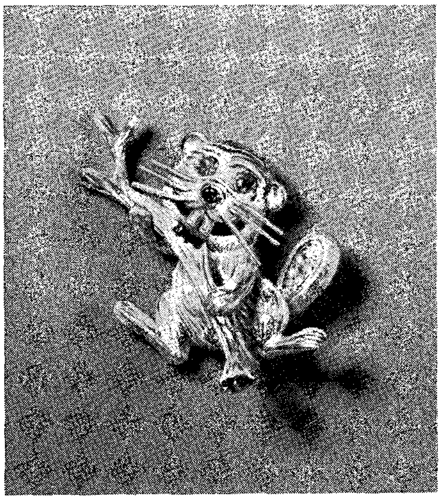
Crompton is velveteen.

Lawrence of London knows. That's why they chose Crompton printed cotton velveteen to create this rain or shine town coat. In jaguar print. Sizes 6-16. About $145.* At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Marshall Field, Chicago; Montaldo's, all stores; I. Magnin, West Coast.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10018.

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Talk to the Animals



Eager Beaver nips on a branch with baguette diamond teeth. 18 kt. gold, ruby eyes, sapphire nose, tail set with diamonds, $250.

Wise Old Owl sees all from eyes of cabochon sapphires surrounded by diamonds. 18 kt. gold pin, enameled in white and blue. $1225.
Actual size.

J.E. Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107
Haverford, Pa. • Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
Wilmington, Del. • Moorestown, N.J.

"I'd like to share something rather private with you.

"It's my makeup. Everything I feel and know about beauty, wrapped up in the colors, textures, and packages of a makeup line.

"Why did I do it?

"Because I wanted a makeup that would understand dry skin. That would moisturize without shine. This one does. It has the help of Oil of the Turtle (my ugly friend).

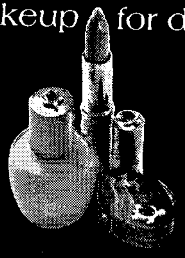
"I believe too, it should be possible to look contemporary without buying something new each week. This makeup makes it possible. It's a whole range of looks, all current, all easy to manage. It moves from scene to scene, from soft to super-shimmer, with maximum lift and minimum clutter. For instance: There are just two foundations. One a frothy soufflé cream. One a luminous liquid for shimmer. Both can look transparent or give coverage, depending on how you put them on. And both protect dry skin with precious Oil of the Turtle. Another example? There are just eleven lipsticks. They mingle infinitely, beautifully, mixing positive strengths with subtle toners. All have Oil of the Turtle and a sunscreen. And so it goes with eye makeup, perfection stick, powders, shapers, and so on.

"One more belief. Makeup should be as pretty in the package as it is to use. This one is.

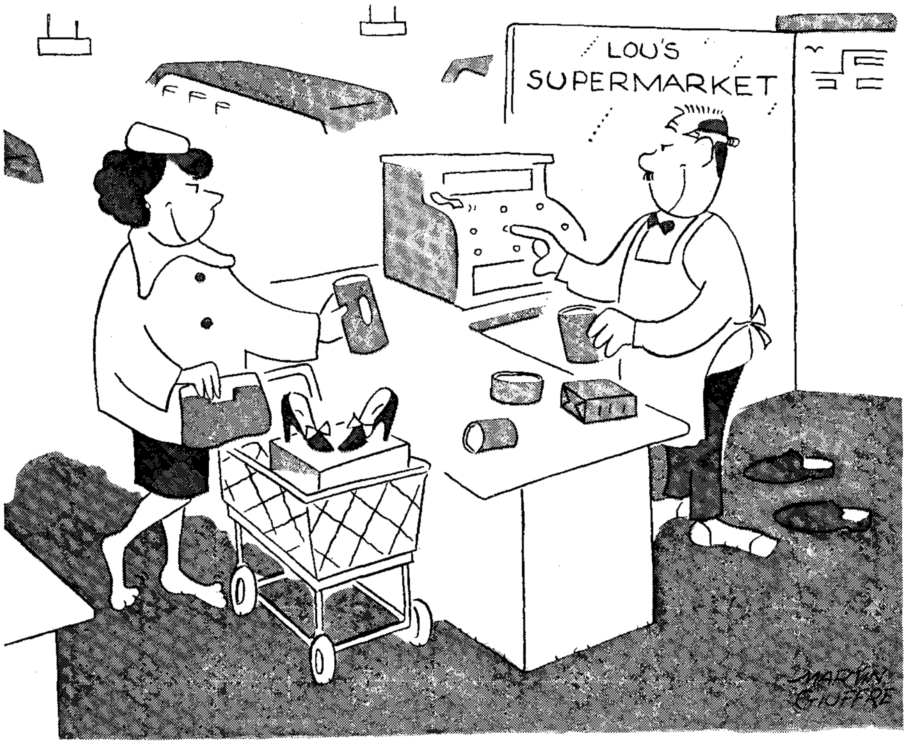
"Those are my opinions. You'll find them in my Private Collection. And if you share my feelings, you may want to share that collection with me."

Polly Bergen

The Private Collection,
Polly Bergen's personal approach
to makeup for dry skin.

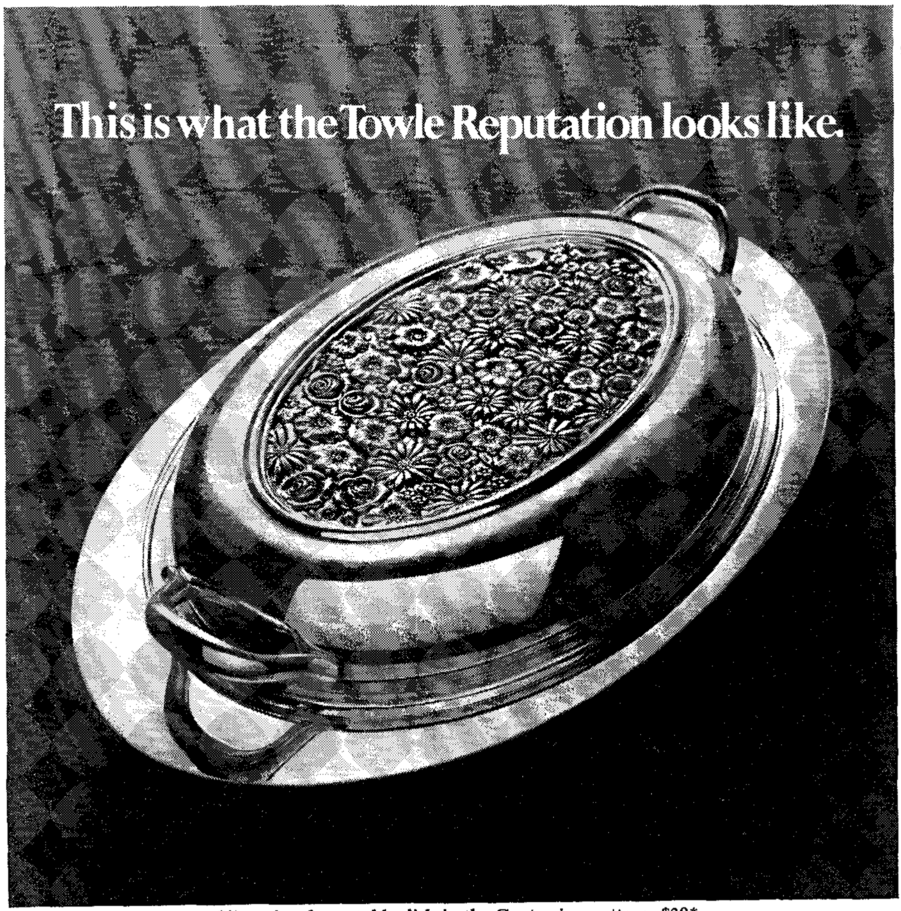


(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

Want people to set great store by you and check out important things? Bigelow carpet will set you up. It's super for marketing yourself with clients, too. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors, and textures. Write for our free brochure on commercial carpets. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. For every place of business, every home, every public building Bigelow has or can create the perfect carpet. We've done it since 1825.



Silverplated vegetable dish in the Contessina pattern, $30*.
Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. Craft traditions since 1690.
TOWLE
*PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

one might find Professor Tomáš Garrigue Masaryk and Karl Kramář, who, as Anton Kuh said, "were manufacturing high treason." (Masaryk eventually became the first President of Czechoslovakia and Kramář its first Prime Minister.) In the chess room, a gloomy Russian conspirator by the name of Bronstein played endless games with local virtuosos. Later, when Bronstein's activities in the Russian Revolution under the name of Leon Trotsky were reported to Count Czernin, the Austrian Foreign Minister, he refused to believe what he heard. "It can't be true," he said. "Who should make the revolution in Russia? Perhaps Herr Bronstein from the Café Zentral?"

The Café Zentral died in 1925, and the Café Herrenhof, just a block down Herrengasse, absorbed much of its clientele. Between the two world wars, the Herrenhof became the refuge of many gifted creators of the cynical *Galgenhumor* (gallows humor) that was typical of the era. It was a strange, unreal time. "The *Schwebezustand* [a feeling of being suspended in space and time] so dear to the heart of the Viennese was here perfected," Hilde Spiel wrote of the Herrenhof. While waiting for the birth of a new political system across the border in Germany, the customers of the Herrenhof escaped into bizarre humor, being, like everybody else, both afraid of the future and unable to think of any way to change it. One day, the regulars noticed that Krzyzanowsky, the *Hungerkünstler*, was no longer with them. He had finally died of starvation, in a small, cold rented room. Coffeehouse life in Vienna ended abruptly in March, 1938, when Vienna was taken over by men who preferred beer gardens. After the war, an effort was made to revive the Café Herrenhof, but it seemed to have lost its will to live.

Nevertheless, the institution of the coffeehouse is certainly far from dead in Vienna, despite such new threats to its existence as the *espresso*, a functional, metallic, and decidedly un-Viennese establishment in which customers drink their coffee in a great hurry, standing up, before they pay and go on their way. In a genuine coffeehouse, no one is ever in a hurry. A ritual must be observed. For instance, only a barbarian orders "coffee" in a Viennese coffeehouse—one must be specific. There are said to be at least twenty-eight different kinds of coffee, of subtle gradations of color, aroma, taste, and strength. The true cognoscenti differentiate carefully among "the small

I DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN

Why the Giant does not choose to run.

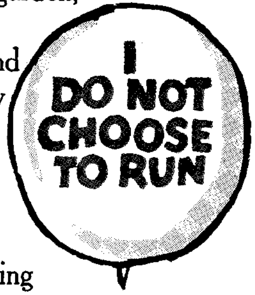
Over the years, the Giant has been the people's choice for the freshest-tasting vegetables on record, frozen in butter sauce and sealed in a cooking pouch.

But this year he's heard so many folks claiming "I do not choose to run," that he started thinking about that butter sauce.

And he came up with a brand-new butter sauce that clings. An improved butter sauce that doesn't choose to run off the vegetables, but stays right where you want it, adding buttery flavor to every bite.

Reaction from folks who've already tried the Giant's vegetables frozen in his new butter sauce that clings makes the Green country boy look like a shoo-in for the freezer cabinet.

If you'd like to join the campaign for butterier peas, corn, and other good things from the garden, just fill out this write-in ballot and send it to Valley Headquarters. In return, the Giant will send you a certificate entitling you to the frozen vegetable of your choice, free. He'll also send you a campaign button so your friends will know you advocate a butter world for all.


I DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN

VALLEY BALLOT

Valley Headquarters
Box 9117
Le Sueur, Minnesota 56058

Sir:

Please tally my vote for the Jolly Green Giant's new clinging butter sauce. Don't forget to send me my free vegetable certificate, and my campaign button.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY________ STATE______ ZIP______

Green Giant
Good things from the garden

JOLLY GREEN GIANT, and GREEN GIANT are trademarks of Green Giant Company © GGCo.

Smirnoff®

80 & 100 PROOF. DIST. FROM GRAIN. STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN) HARTFORD, CONN.

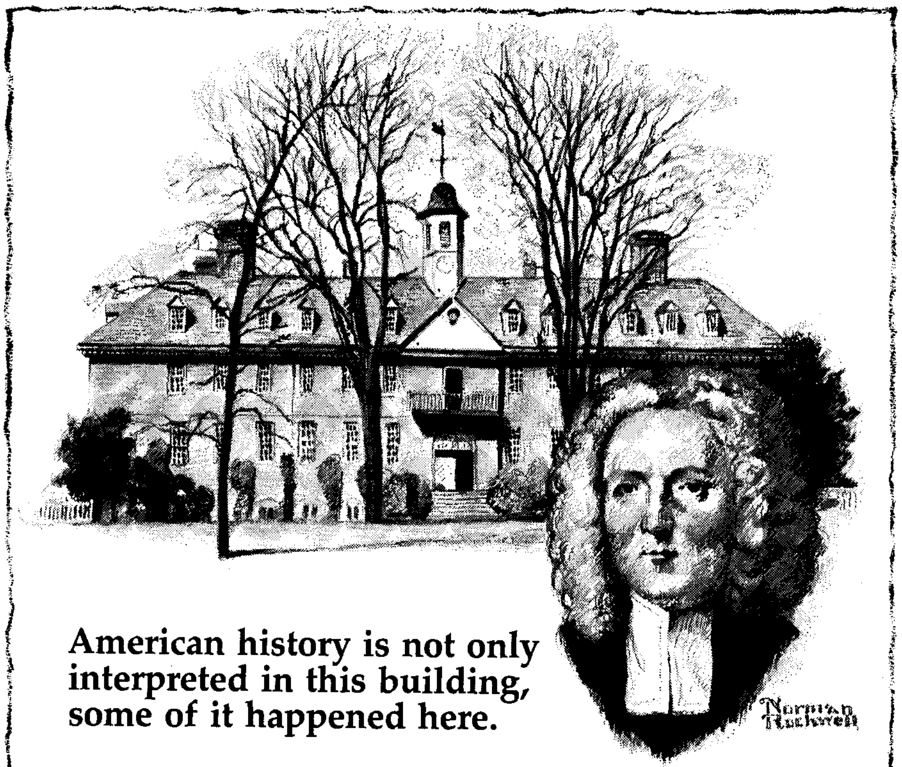
Rudi Gernreich fashions the breathless scene. And women start turning up in colors beautiful enough to drink. Bloody Mary Red. Blizzard Lime. Screwdriver Orange. Mule Copper. And Martini Silver.
Pick your favorite Smirnoff drink. Then pick a woman to match.

SMIRNOFF
VODKA

Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless.

black one," the *Mokka*, the *Kapuziner*, "the small brown one," the *Schale Gold*, and the *Schale Gold passiert*. In some establishments, the regulars refer to black coffee as "*Kaffee mit ohne*"—"coffee with without." Some people observe such nuances as "half dark" and "dark light." A customer has been known to take his coffee to the window and peer at it in the manner of an art dealer examining an old painting, to be sure that the color is just right. There are also *Kaffee verkehrt* (upside-down coffee, four parts milk and one part coffee), *Kaffee mit Doppelschlag* (with especially heavy whipped cream), and *Massacran* (black coffee with crushed ice and rum). Turkish blends are still available, too, for people with Oriental taste and a sense of history.

WHEN the young idealists and reformers of Vienna took up arms in 1848 to end the oppression of Metternich's government, they succeeded in bringing chaos and more oppression to Vienna. Perhaps as a result, youth is generally suspect in Vienna, even today. Youth cannot be trusted; old age means wisdom. Emperor Franz Josef I, who succeeded his feebleminded uncle Ferdinand after the unhappy events of 1848, is still called the Old Gentleman by the old gentlemen in Vienna who remember him. In 1900, when they were young, he was already seventy years old. On the stage, the Emperor still appears occasionally as a beloved character in some Viennese operettas. He is always portrayed as bewhiskered and benevolent; many Viennese believe that the Good Lord in Heaven must look like the Old Gentleman. To this day, audiences are likely to stand up, cheering and applauding, when the actor playing the part of the Emperor makes his entrance—much to the bewilderment of foreigners, who think they are seeing a monarchist demonstration. In the unlikely event of a plebiscite, the Austrians would certainly not vote for a return of the Hapsburgs, but even the staunchest anti-monarchists, who have no use for Otto von Hapsburg, the present head of the family, love Franz Josef I—or, rather, they love the legend of the Old Gentleman. When he was portrayed recently as a remote, tired old man in a realistic television version of Joseph Roth's novel "Radetzkymarsch," hundreds of viewers wrote letters of protest. The Socialist city administration placed the Emperor's monument in an inconspicuous place, near



American history is not only interpreted in this building, some of it happened here.

To James Blair, founder of the College of William and Mary, progress on the school's Wren Building seemed distressingly slow. "...with much ado we have got the roof on," he reported impatiently, "but...The Work is like to meet with a full stop for want of money..."

Three years it took, but finally in 1700 the structure was completed. And a remarkable structure it is, to have been raised in a colony still largely a wilderness. It has survived three fires, two wars and nearly three centuries of use by students. Today the Wren Building stands as a symbol of the 275th Anniversary of the College's founding.

Now, through the generous cooperation of the College, this oldest academic structure in continuous use in British America is being interpreted by Colonial Williamsburg.

Come feel the presence of the past in the old halls and classrooms where so many of our Founding Fathers were educated. We believe it's one history lesson you won't forget.

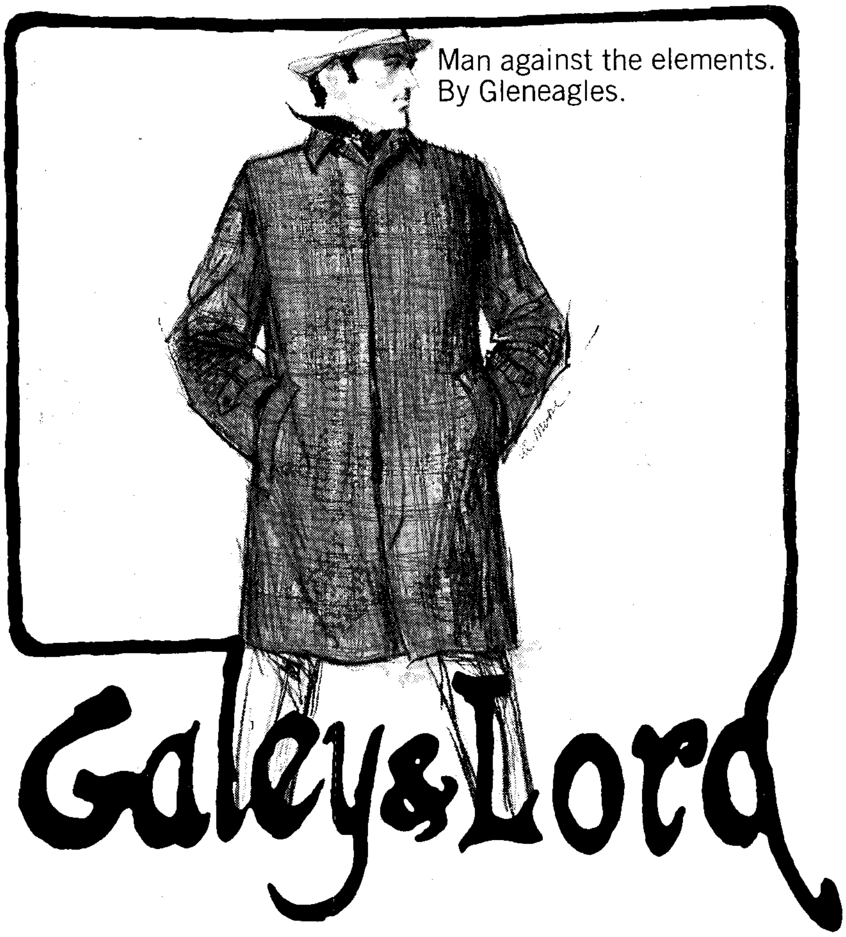
COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $24 double; its Colonial Houses, from $15 double. The Lodge, from $15 double. The Motor House, $19-$21 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write T. N. McCaskey, Box C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

ENGLISH LEATHER LIME
STAYS LIMY LONGER
English Leather
LIME
COLOGNE
English Leather
LIME
AFTER SHAVE
MEM COMPANY INC.
NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY
CONT. 8 FL. OZS. MADE IN U.S.A.

English Leather Lime is made with only the most fragrant limes. You put it on in the morning and it's still there at night. After Shave $2.50, $4.50. Cologne $3, $5. Combination gift sets $3.75 to $9.50. Plus a complete line of men's toiletries.

PRODUCTS OF MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N. J. 07647


Man against the elements.
By Gleneagles.
Galey&Lord

Two-ply polyester/cotton by Galey & Lord,
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

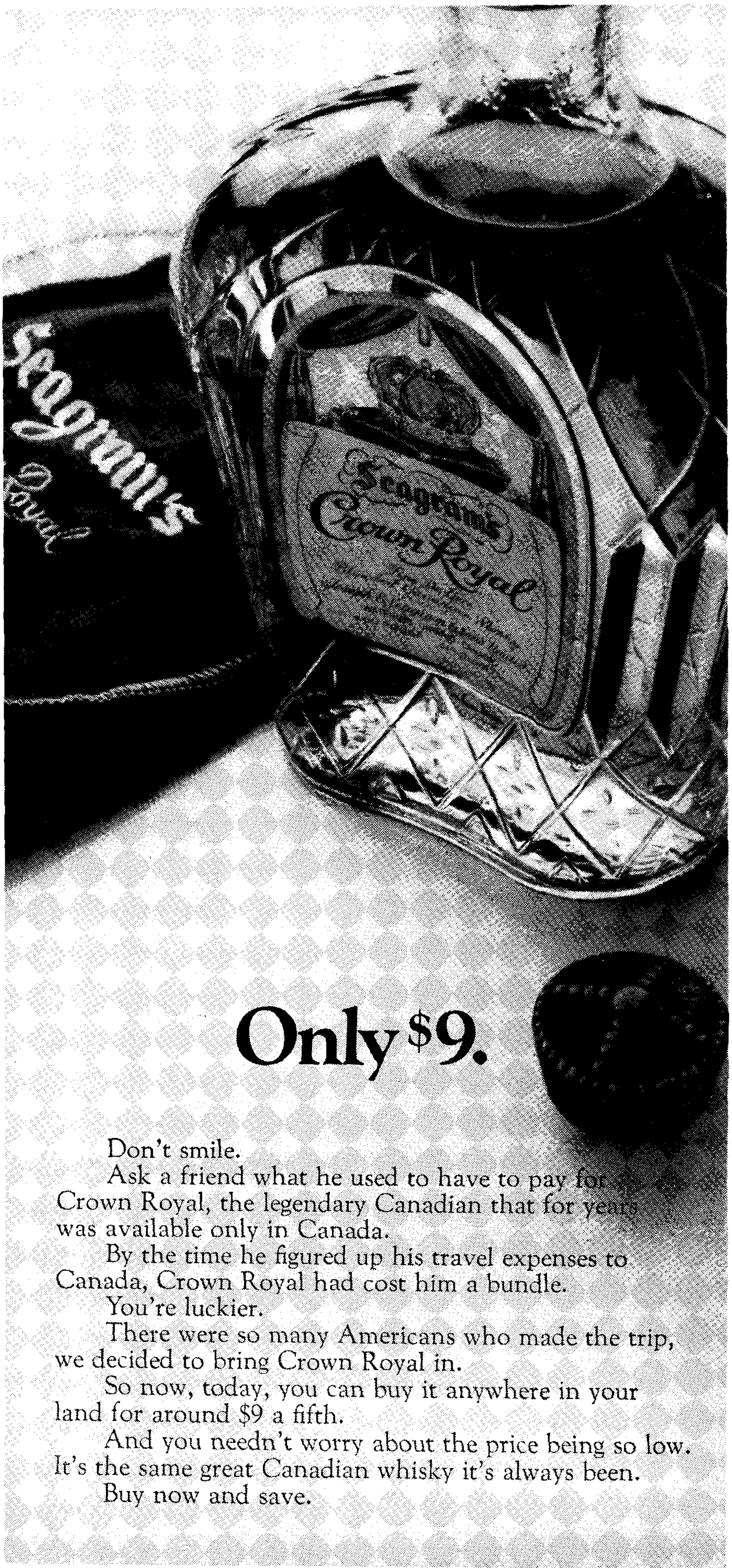
the children's playground in Burggarten, but there are often fresh flowers around its base.

For a long time, the Emperor's image was blurred, oscillating between that of a heroic ruler struggling to prevent the breakup of his empire and that of a rather silly old man who ended all his public appearances with the stereotyped phrase "*Es war sehr schön, es hat mich sehr gefreut*" ("It has been very nice, I've been very pleased"). Now the picture is beginning to come into focus. There is much evidence in Franz Josef's letters—to his wife, to his daughter, to the actress Katharina Schratt—that he bore little resemblance either to the legend created by the operettas and the illustrated weekly papers or to the anti-legend created by critical politicians, writers, and historians. Hermann Broch has called this unhappy man "the abstract monarch . . . the epitome of majesty . . . not because he carried a burden of personal misfortune almost as excessive as in a Greek tragedy . . . but because he had come to be, perhaps through his very weaknesses, capable of taking upon himself the awe-inspiring dignity of absolute loneliness."

In the early-morning hours of January 30, 1889, the Emperor was told that during the preceding night, in the bedroom of a small hunting lodge at Mayerling, in the Vienna Woods, his only son, Crown Prince Rudolf, had shot Marie Vetsera, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a rich and socially ambitious Viennese family, and then had shot himself. As soon as the tragedy was discovered, Baron Krauss, Vienna's Chief of Police, made desperate efforts to conceal the actual circumstances of the deaths. It was announced that Rudolf had suffered a heart attack, and the body of Marie Vetsera was taken away, by night and in the rain, propped up in a carriage to make it look as if she were sitting upright between two of her uncles. The body was furtively buried in the secluded Cistercian Abbey of Heiligenkreuz. Against the wishes of nearly all his court advisers, the Emperor decided to tell the people the truth—or at least part of it. Rudolf was said to have shot the girl and taken his life in a moment of depression, "while of unsound mind." The Church offered no official opposition to his being buried, with sombre pomp, in the Hapsburg vault below the Capuchin church. The court was ordered to observe "one month of deepest mourning, one month of deep mourning, one month of minor mourning" for the Crown Prince. There was, of course, no official mourning for the young girl he had killed. Crown Prince Rudolf remains a romantic legend in Vienna—the dashing young officer who, as a progressive (at least, compared to his father), might, if he had lived, have succeeded in holding back the centrifugal forces of nationalism that eventually broke up the Hapsburg Empire. It seems clear, however, that the centrifugal forces were actually too powerful for any human being to cope with. (By 1913, the slow disintegration of the old order which preceded the ultimate catastrophe had affected even the Kaiser-Königlich, or Imperial-Royal, Army. In May of that year, the whole country was shaken by the *Affäre Redl*. Colonel Alfred Redl, of the General Staff, had given the Russians certain secret plans for the mobilization of the Austrian Army. Apparently, Redl, a homosexual, had been blackmailed into heavy debt, and when his treason was discovered two of his fellow-officers, in the best Austrian officers' tradition—"to save the Army from worse dishonor," in the words of Field Marshal Franz Conrad von Hötzendorf—escorted him to his room, in the Hotel Klomser, left a revolver on the table, and waited downstairs until they heard the shot.)

Nine years after the death of his son, Franz Josef faced tragedy again. In Territet, near Geneva, an anarchist, Luigi Lucchení, fatally stabbed his consort, the Empress Elisabeth. Elisabeth is very much a romantic legend in her own right now. The young Austrian Emperor had been engaged to her older sister, but at his first sight of Elisabeth he fell in love with her, and that was that. Elisabeth was very popular in Vienna when she came there as a bride, in 1854. She was young and lovely, and it was widely known—much to the delight of the populace—that she was on bad terms with the domineering Archduchess Sophie of Bavaria, who was both her aunt and her mother-in-law. But gradually Elisabeth antagonized the Viennese, by showing indifference toward the Emperor ("She should have made him happy," they began saying) and by leading a mysterious "double life." She was often away from the capital, travelling in Hungary or in Greece, or foxhunting in England, and her absences created gossip.

Perhaps manifesting a sense of feminine realism, Elisabeth arranged for her husband to meet Frau Katharina Schratt, an actress at the Burgtheater for whom he had expressed admiration. The story of Katharina Schratt is, of



Only $9.

Don't smile.

Ask a friend what he used to have to pay for Crown Royal, the legendary Canadian that for years was available only in Canada.

By the time he figured up his travel expenses to Canada, Crown Royal had cost him a bundle.

You're luckier.

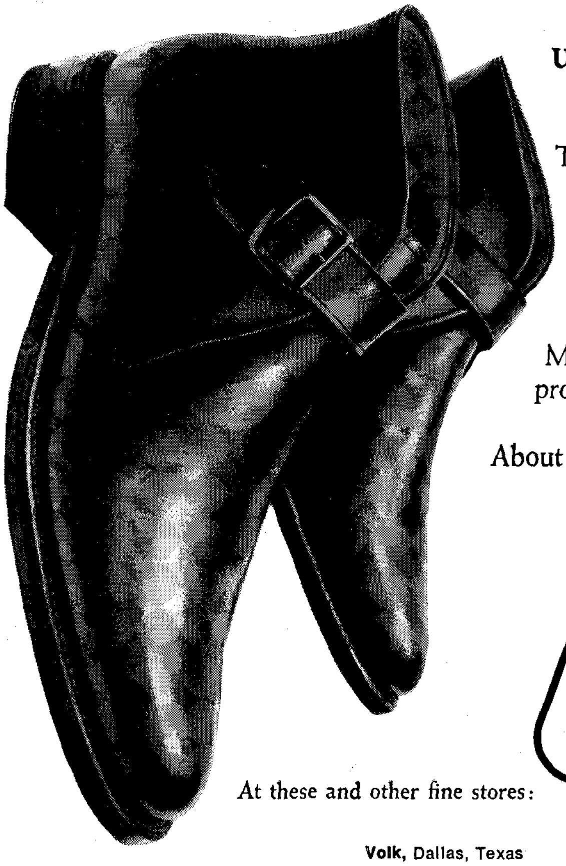
There were so many Americans who made the trip, we decided to bring Crown Royal in.

So now, today, you can buy it anywhere in your land for around $9 a fifth.

And you needn't worry about the price being so low. It's the same great Canadian whisky it's always been.

Buy now and save.

Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack. About $9 a fifth.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.



up to the ankles
in swagger.

The "Yarmouth" strap-and-buckle jodhpur boot. Of glove-soft premium tannages, black or brown, fully leather lined for superlative comfort. Matchless for loafing, prowling, or dress.

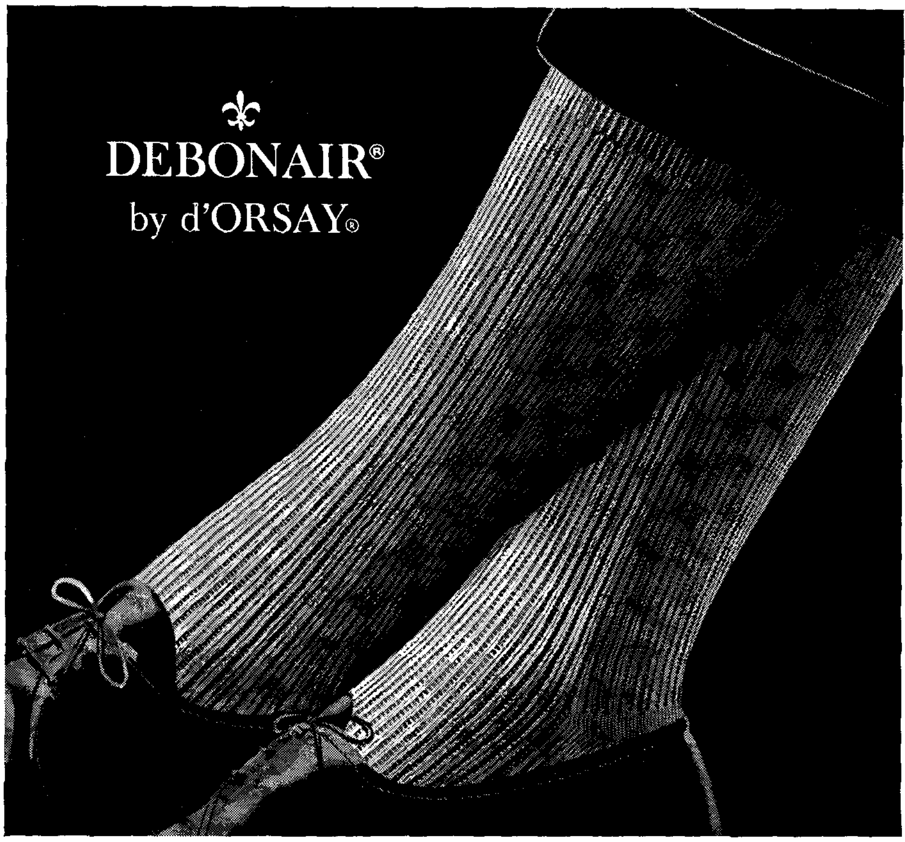
About $35.

BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN U.S.A.

At these and other fine stores:

Volk, Dallas, Texas
Norman's Shoe Center, Omaha, Neb.
C. H. Bear Co., York, Penn.
Ed Helm's, Jackson, Miss.

Division of E. E. Taylor Corporation, Dept. 57, Freeport, Maine 04032



DEBONAIR®
by d'ORSAY®

Born rich . . . to put you on an elegant footing

Debonair by d'Orsay—truly luxurious hose with amazing, new kind of softness called "suede finish". Handsome slimline rib—240 needle fine. 100% Nylon stretches to fit 10 to 13. Smart fashion colors. Extra-Long Anklets $1.50. Executive Length (over-the-calf) $2.00. At FILENE'S, Boston and all branches.

all Viennese legends, the favorite. At seven in the morning, the Emperor would slip out through a narrow door in the garden wall of the Palais Schönbrunn to have an early breakfast with Frau Schratt in her small villa in Gloriette Gasse. (She was married to a Hungarian nobleman, but they were separated.) Frau Schratt baked her own *Guglhupf*—one of the glories of Viennese pastry, inadequately described as "a fine-textured sponge cake with fluted walls"—and it was common knowledge in Vienna before long that Frau Schratt's *Guglhupf* was lighter and fluffier than that made by the *pâtissiers* in the Imperial-Royal kitchen. The Schratt villa is still there, on a charming street corner not far from the house where, in the same era, Johann Strauss the Younger wrote "Die Fledermaus." The Schratt villa is painted egg-yolk yellow, generally called "Schönbrunn yellow," the color of nearly all the houses that once belonged to the Imperial household.

Frau Schratt was thirty-three and the Emperor was in his fifties when they met. He was obviously infatuated with her, although his letters to her would seem to make it clear that they never became lovers. Franz Josef was much in need of companionship, and she was a gay and understanding woman, who entertained him with backstage gossip and was also a good listener. She was handsome in a healthy way, rather than beautiful, and she was a good, not a great, actress. In public, the Empress Elisabeth made a point of treating Frau Schratt as a friend, and the two women seem actually to have taken pleasure in each other's company. Sometimes the Empress and Frau Schratt would go on a diet together, carefully watching the scale from day to day. After Elisabeth's death, Frau Schratt broke off her friendship with the Emperor. In his late years, he was lonelier than ever, and could only be made to appear cheerful, on rare occasions, by his small grandchildren.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

(*This is the second of a series of three articles on Vienna.*)

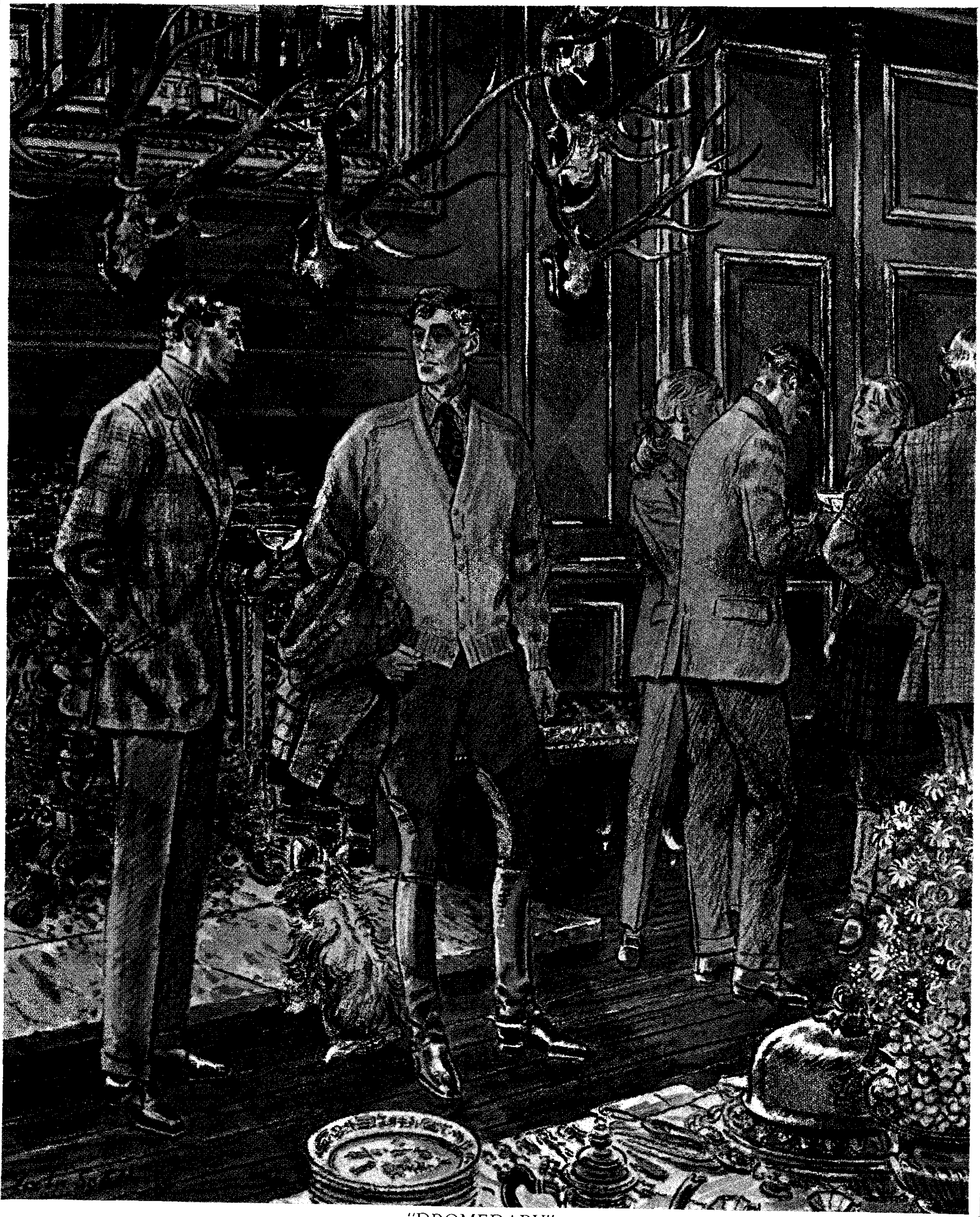
•

MEXICAN FIREWORKS

Often planned at last minute, precluding incl. here, bust always ease sky, particularly on week ends. at 10 p.m. for sockets busting. Then follow then down! NOTHING so tipico and atmosphere, laden as displays of "fuegos artificiales" & crowd watching them. Also music, etc.—*Guadalajara Tourist News.*

How about that! Music, too!

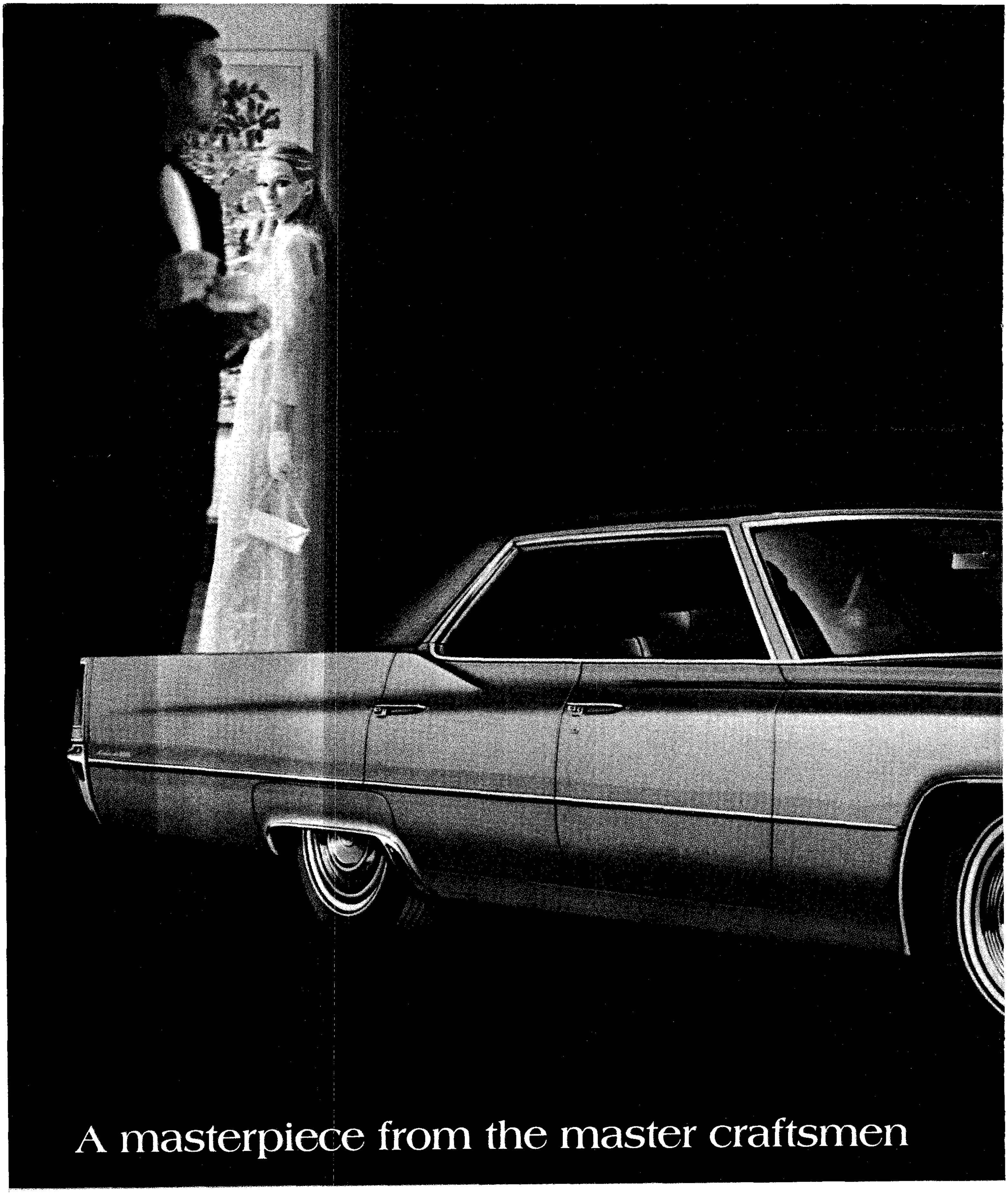
BREAKFAST AT BELVOIR HOUSE AT THE OPENING OF THE BELVOIR HUNT. WRITE BERNHARD ALTMANN, 656 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y., FOR A REPRODUCTION OF THIS PAINTING BY FAMOUS ARTIST LESLIE SAALBURG.



"DROMEDARY"
BY
BERNHARD ALTMANN
THE KNITTING ESTABLISHMENT

Dromedary and Dune are dark and light shades of the camel's own colors, intricately worked into a striking glen plaid 100% camel hair sportcoat, about $100. Solid color Dromedary three-button model, $100. Matched camel hair sweaters, about $30, and coordinated spun hopsack traditional trousers, about $25.

Bernhard Altmann



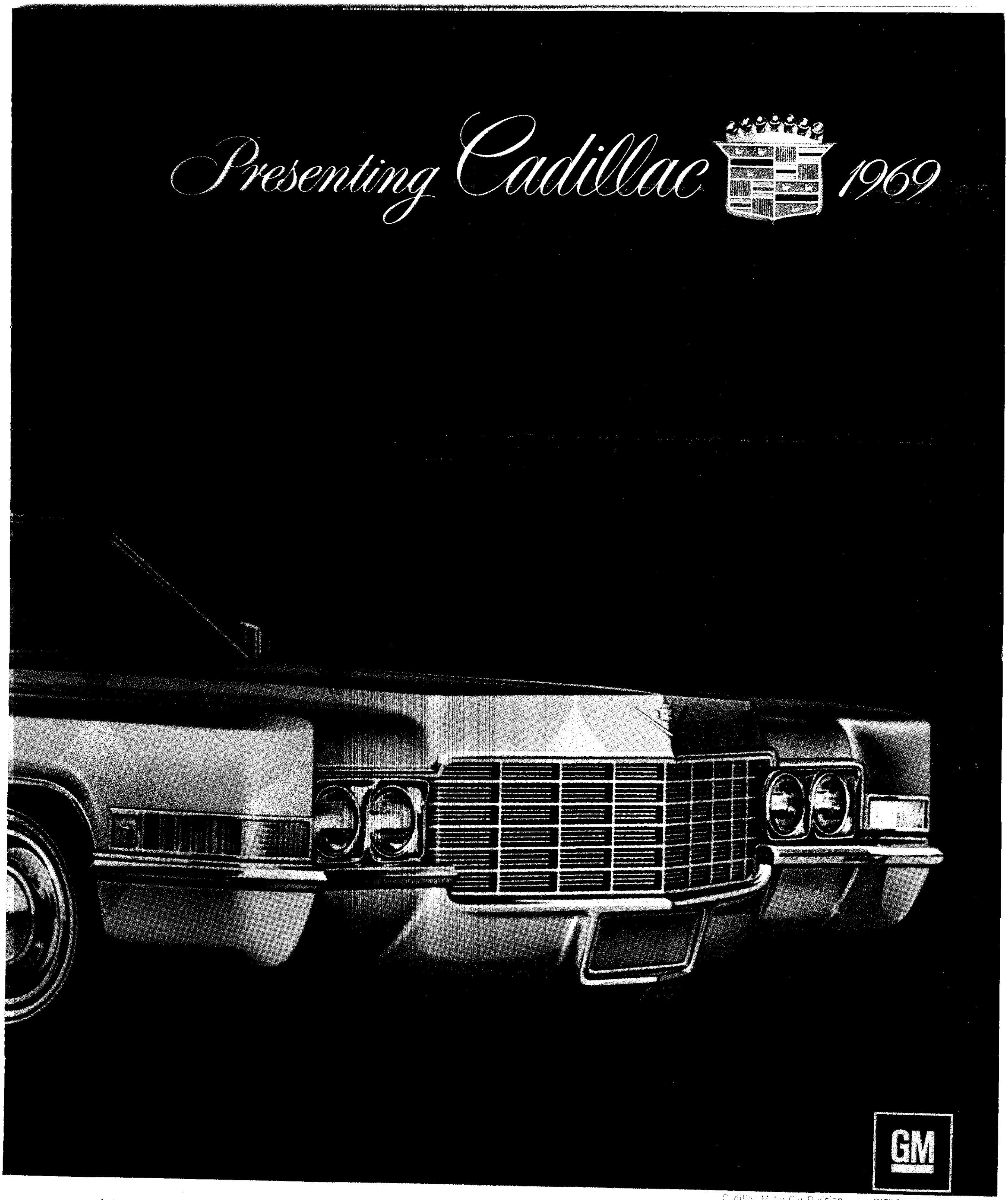
Beautifully new, distinctively Cadillac.

Cadillac craftsmen are accustomed to building the finest of cars, but they have never built one like this!

The 1969 Cadillac is completely new in styling—with major innovations in design, conveniences and interior decor.

A glance at the front or back of this automotive masterpiece reveals striking new poise and beauty. Tasteful new fabrics adorn the spacious interiors, and the long list of thoughtful Cadillac conveniences is even more remarkable.

There is a newly contoured exclusive "control center" instrument panel and a unique Dual Comfort front seat, available on most models, that permits


Presenting Cadillac 1969
GM
Cadillac Motor Car Division
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

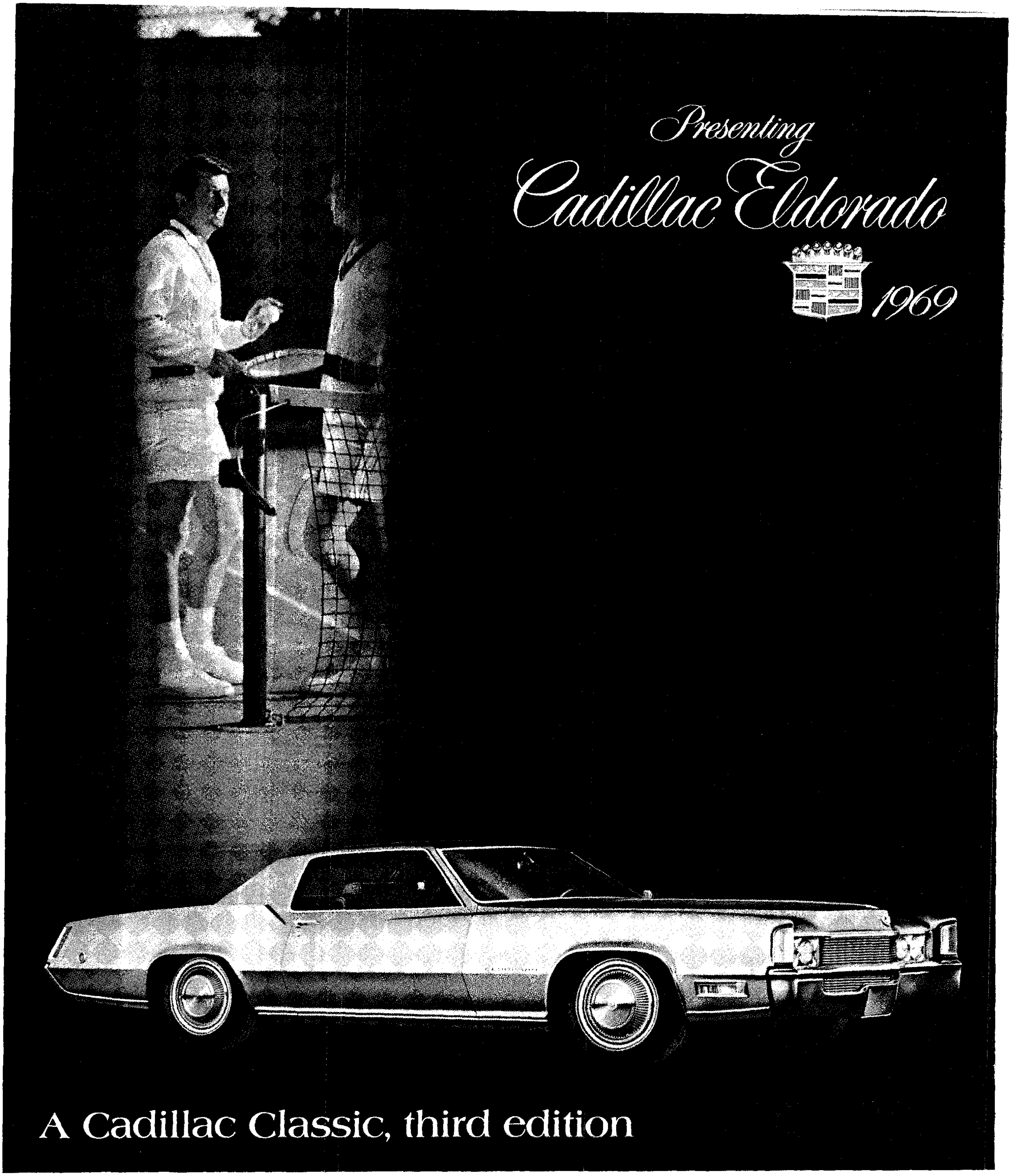
separate driver and passenger seat adjustment.

An improved 472 V-8 engine makes Cadillac performance truly exciting. Never before has so much power been employed so smoothly and efficiently in the operation of car and equipment.

Numerous mechanical refinements, and front disc brakes on all models make driving a sheer delight. An improved Climate Control air conditioning system is available.

There are eleven different models, each a masterpiece from the master craftsmen of automobiles.

Your most critical judgment of this once-in-a-lifetime motor car is welcome. Why not see your Cadillac dealer this week?



Rarely does an automobile become a classic in its own time. Cadillac's Fleetwood Eldorado has been accorded this status both by automotive critics and by the affection and respect of the motoring public.

Only Eldorado combines the precision of front-wheel drive with the performance of the largest production V-8 engine in any passenger car.

In fact, motoring's newest advances are standard, including variable-ratio power steering, front disc brakes and automatic level control.

Eldorado has been subtly restyled for 1969. Its marvelous new interiors, including a dramatic new "control center" instrument panel, make driving an even more delightful experience.

See your Cadillac dealer for a test drive of the "World's Finest Personal Car."

THE THEATRE

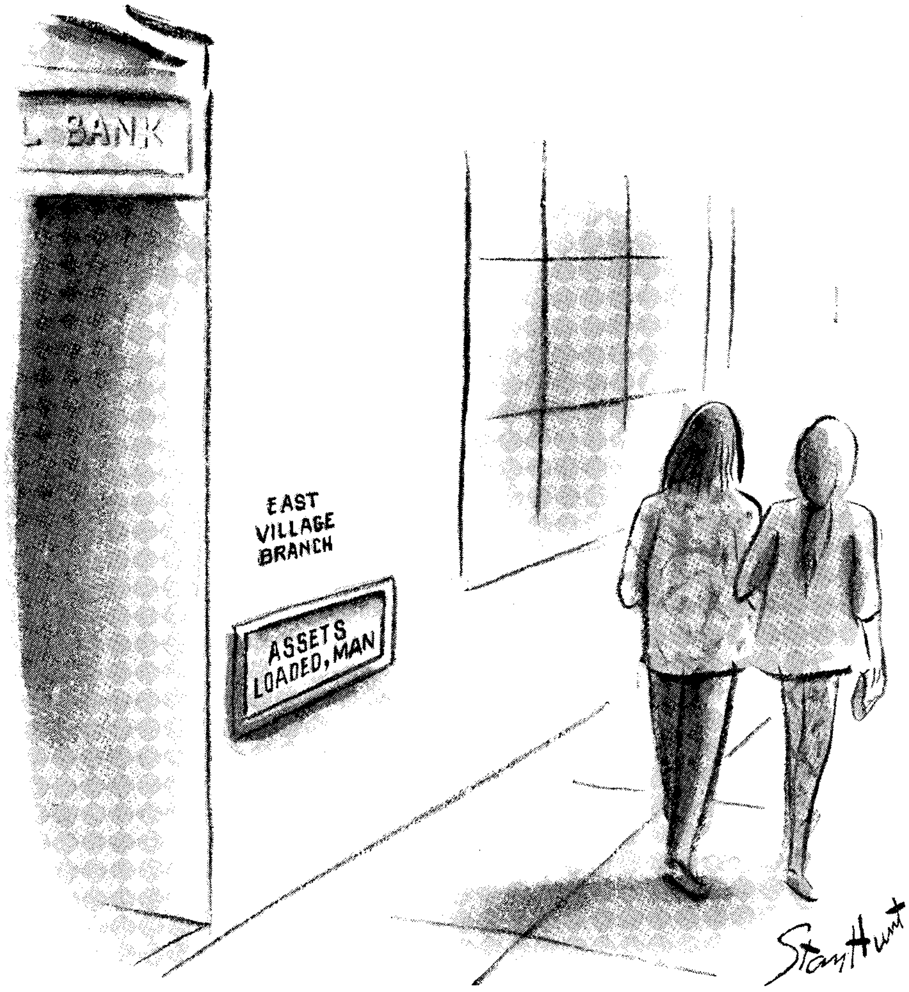
MAKE-BELIEVE

IN "The Man in the Glass Booth," at the Royale, we behold the gifted actor-novelist-playwright Robert Shaw engaged in the unlikely task of having some fun with the Eichmann case. Mr. Shaw would probably object to my use of the word "fun," on the ground that he has several grave moral points to make in his play, but the sheer pleasurableness of the theatrical tricks he brings off in the course of the evening causes his points, such as they are, and to the extent that we can distinguish them, to twinkle rather dimly in the middle distance, through a scrim of unabashable make-believe. Having lifted the episode of Eichmann's capture and trial out of history and shuffled its bleak bones into the arabesques of melodrama, Mr. Shaw has ended up at the farthest possible remove from Hannah Arendt and her celebrated notion of Eichmann as the embodiment of the banality of evil. Closely examined, Mr. Shaw's play appears to contain almost no evil, banal or otherwise. His hero, an ersatz Eichmann named Albert Goldman, is a Jew suffering from delusions of grandeur. He longs to be Christ (though he is quick to point out that no Jew would ever believe in the divinity of another Jew), and he also longs to be Hitler. It appears that one of the qualities Goldman admires equally in the two men is their ability to achieve a following. He himself has many paid sycophants but only a single apostle—a mealymouthed young lackey whom he has made his heir but who is not man enough to be his Judas. Goldman seeks to become a redeemer, turning his life into a commodity that can be bargained over and made precious by being cast away; thanks to an ill chance, his plans miscarry, and as the play ends he sits slumped and immobile in the glass booth of the courtroom in Israel, neither an impenitent Nazi sadist nor a Christ-like scapegoat but simply, and pitiably, a schnook.

What keeps us from taking "The Man in the Glass Booth" as seriously as its author may have intended is that Goldman's delusions of grandeur really *are* delusions—the classic symptoms of a malady that used to bear the lyrical name of dementia praecox. He is presented to us as a fantastically successful New York real-estate tycoon, but the most notable fact about him is that he is mad, and madness is the grand abrogator, reducing questions of good and evil to nullity. Moreover, Donald Pleasence, hugging to himself with obvious relish one of the show-off roles of the decade, plays Goldman as even madder than his lines require him to be. (I happen to know some real-estate tycoons here—a couple of them were in the audience on opening night—and if they carried on for two minutes as dottily as Mr. Pleasence does for two hours they would not have a friend at Chase Manhattan, or, indeed, at any other bank.) Occupying an apartment of superlative bad taste high above Manhattan, Goldman sniggers, giggles, coughs, barks, whimpers, croons, prays to an urn containing the ashes of his late wife, pulls a gun on his private physician, has his lackey take a vitamin injection for him where a lackey should, and burns the flesh of his own armpit with a lighted cigar—all this in the opening portion of the first act. It is, of course, fustian, but fustian of exceptional quality; it will certainly satisfy for this season the needs of all those thousands of theatregoers who protest that most contemporary plays fail to be entertaining enough. In the line of entertainment, Mr. Shaw's play lacks only a woman being sawed in two and a Hindu fakir swallowing fire.

The sole character of importance in "The Man in the Glass Booth" is its hero; the rest of the cast gives capable support to Mr. Pleasence but necessarily reflects its author's lack of interest in the other characters. The sets are by Ed Wittstein, who adapted them from the London production, designed by Voytek. Harold Pinter has directed the play, with a practiced eye for what brings down the house; it is worth noting that he has been unable to impose on his colleague's handiwork the air of primordial malevolence by which his own plays nearly always escape the taint of melodrama. Perhaps Mr. Shaw, unlike Mr. Pinter, and despite his present grim subject matter, has a sunny mind. For an artist, this is sometimes a heavy cross to bear.

THE opening performance of Jack Gelber's "The Cuban Thing," at the Henry Miller, turned out to be the



MATEUS rosé

the delightful
wine
from Portugal

From Portugal comes this palate-pleasing distinctive rosé wine, winning new friends from coast to coast. A perfect accompaniment to any meal. Try it soon.

ANOTHER FINE IMPORT OF Dreyfus, Ashby & Co. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Where in the world can you find crystal like this?
In the very best homes. And at fine stores everywhere.
Paul A. Straub & Co., Inc., 19 East 26th St., New York, New York 10010

PASCO CRYSTAL IS HAND BLOWN, HAND CUT, HAND POLISHED BY THE FOREMOST CRYSTAL MAKERS IN THE WORLD. ASK FOR PASCO CRYSTAL. PATTERN BROCHURE AND PRICES ON REQUEST.

closing one as well, and this act of corporal mercy on the part of the producer not only is praiseworthy in itself but is to be commended for setting an ideal of celerity for other terrible plays. Mr. Justice Holmes long ago formulated a rough eugenic rule of thumb to the effect that three generations of imbeciles are enough, and, in something like the same fashion, one night of mind-numbing boredom is enough to inflict upon any Broadway audience. It is curious that Mr. Gelber should be the instigator of such boredom. I am at a loss to understand how the corrosive young innovator of a few years back, author of that odd and unnerving work "The Connection," could have retrogressed to the point of writing a play as barren of ideas, as old-fashioned in form, and as dishwater dull in language as "The Cuban Thing." Not a single word in its whole dreary length was worth paying attention to; none of its fairly large cast had a single meaningful act to perform in our presence. The play opens with a handsome, upper-class Cuban father showing blue movies to his wife and grown-up children. It appears that this is the household's usual after-dinner amusement; it also appears (as it used to appear in the nineteen-thirties) that such amusements symbolize capitalist decadence. From that low point, the play proceeds slowly downhill, symbol by symbol (broken china, mended china, happy sex, miserable sex), and although on opening night the anti-Castro agitators uttering their mindless imprecations inside and outside the theatre appeared to be under the impression that Mr. Gelber had written a pro-Castro polemic, as far as I could discover, the only moral of the play was that all men are beasts—in Yeats's succinct statement of the proposition, "A beggar on horseback lashes a beggar on foot." Everything else being equal, it is wiser to say this in nine words than in nine thousand.

Rip Torn, Jane White, Maria Tucci, Harold Scott, and the others hurled themselves with exemplary courage into their paper-thin roles. Their difficulties were considerably increased by Robin Wagner, the designer of the single set, who provided them with a stage so steeply raked that, even sitting down, they looked sorely in need of alpenstocks to keep from tumbling headlong into the laps of the audience.

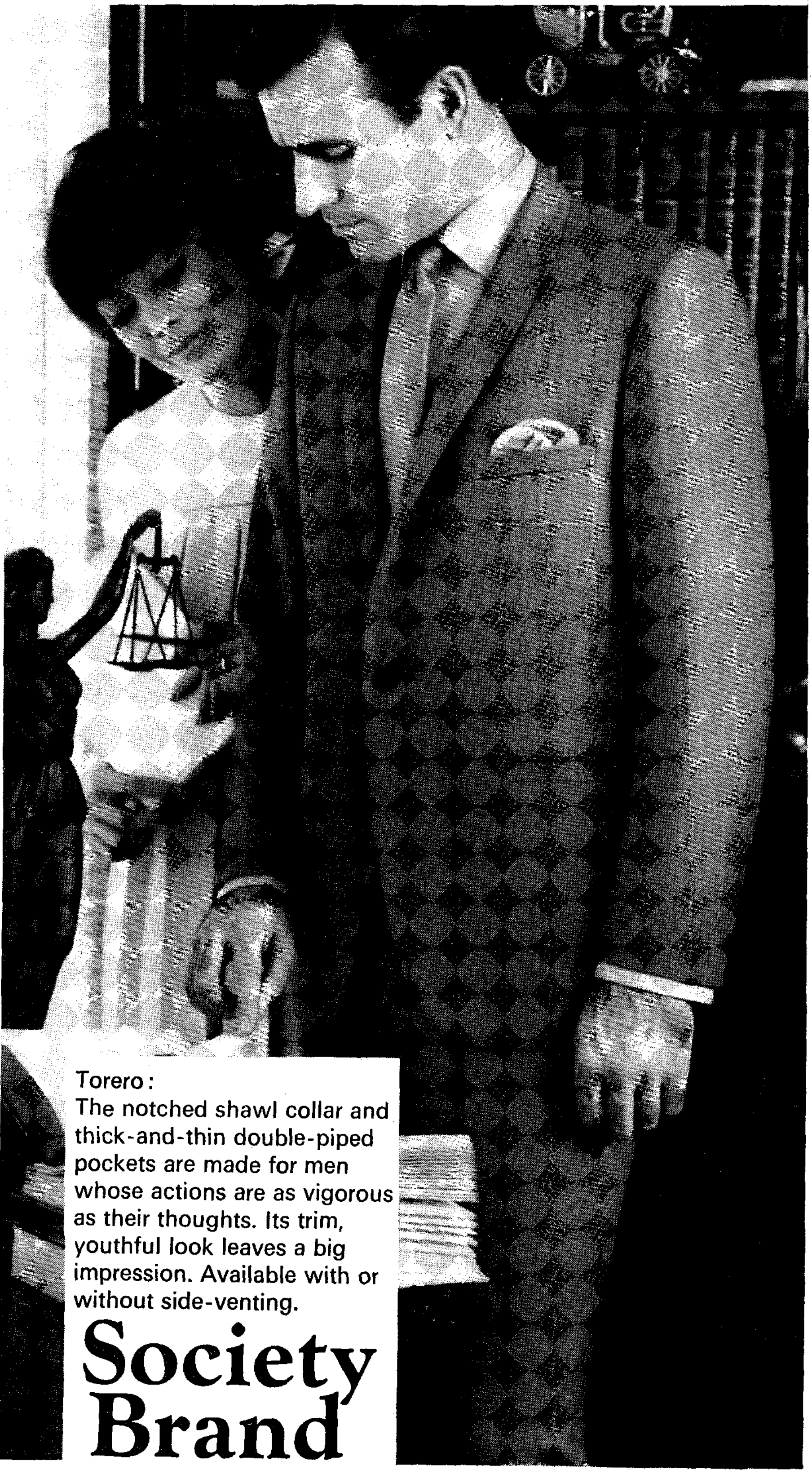
"WOMAN IS MY IDEA," at the Belasco, lasted five performances, but that does not mean that it was five times as good as "The Cuban

Thing"—only that its management was either wantonly optimistic or wantonly torpid, and I incline to suspect the latter, as being more in character with the play. "Woman Is My Idea" purported to be a comedy about Mormons (as if there were anything comic about Mormons!), and it was laid in the eighteen-seventies, when polygamy was making trouble between Washington and Salt Lake City. You can be sure that there were innumerable tiresome jokes about the advantages and disadvantages of multiple wives; you can be sure that the hero was a bachelor and wished to remain one, and you can be sure he was tricked into matrimony by a saucy blond virgin, aided by no less a person than Brigham Young. That remarkable man was made to look a fool in "Woman Is My Idea," and if the play had had the impudence to continue its run, perhaps one or another of his three thousand and two direct descendants would have taken steps to protect his memory.

The author of "Woman Is My Idea" is Don C. Liljenquist, who also dared to serve as its director. On the strength of the novelty and liveliness of the play, I assumed that Mr. Liljenquist was a man in his late eighties; picture my astonishment when I learned that he is a young sprout of forty-seven. According to a program note on Mr. Liljenquist, he did not wish to come to Broadway "until he could write and direct both comedy and tragedy." Well, he has jumped the gun.

"NOËL COWARD'S SWEET POTATO," at the Ethel Barrymore, is a revue that consists of a mélange of thirty-odd snippets from the Master's vast *œuvre*—songs, dances and pantomimes invented to accompany songs, and even a brief excerpt from the first act of "Private Lives." It is pleasant enough, but the fatal unnecessariness of the enterprise is quick to reveal itself. Why has somebody taken the trouble to put together this assortment of slightly tarnished trifles? Is it the result of anything more than the now habitual frantic exhumation of old properties that, tarted up, may pass for new? The cast includes Dorothy Loudon, George Grizzard, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell; they are delightful, hard-working people, but only Miss Shelley is able to assume an appropriately uptight, ever-so-British air. Mr. Coward's ghost hovers over the evening without blessing it. I seem to hear his fastidiously mocking voice pro-

A lawyer we know claims he never loses a case when he wears his Society Brand Torero. A clear indication that justice isn't blind after all.

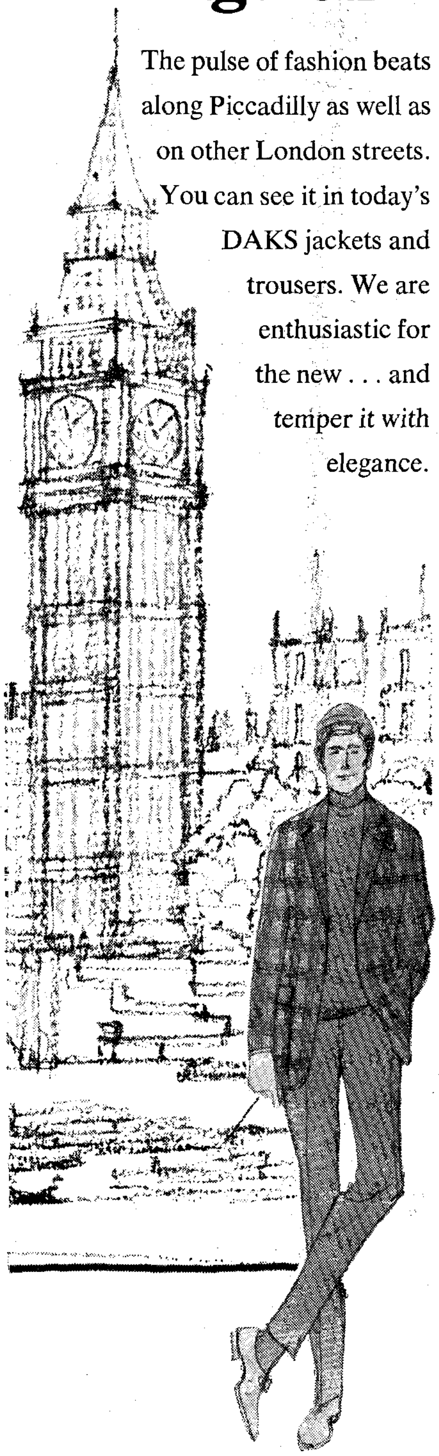


Torero:
The notched shawl collar and thick-and-thin double-piped pockets are made for men whose actions are as vigorous as their thoughts. Its trim, youthful look leaves a big impression. Available with or without side-venting.

Society Brand

DAKS Jackets and Trousers - British as Big Ben

The pulse of fashion beats along Piccadilly as well as on other London streets. You can see it in today's DAKS jackets and trousers. We are enthusiastic for the new . . . and temper it with elegance.



DAKS®

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

nounce the words "sweet potato" in such a way that they will perhaps never be uttered in polite society again.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Forty-Five Minutes from Off Broadway

THE opening of "Our Town" at the Plumstead Playhouse in Mineola was a revolutionary step. A group of first-rate actors, headed by Henry Fonda, Robert Ryan, Estelle Parsons, John McGiver, Jo Van Fleet, and John Beal, who were tired of waiting around for real parts in new plays on Broadway, decided to do stock in a suburb and to revive, for a run of two weeks apiece, some good American plays of the past. Herewith, then, a mixture of reporting, opinions, and impressions of the current production. Thornton Wilder, the great prestidigitator! It struck me, not for the first time, that in "Our Town" he accomplished everything he set out to do by appearing, in each instance, to be doing its opposite. He achieved what the seminars now call "alienation of the audience" not by devious, gleeful pranks but by creating believable, touching characters—among them the Stage Manager, who functions as intermediary between the other characters and the audience—and by being utterly candid. (The Stage Manager says, "So I'm going to have a copy of this play put in the cornerstone and the people a thousand years from now'll know a few simple facts about us.") He achieved universality by being specific about places and times, and achieved depth and sophistication by dealing with the details of daily living and the feelings of people so plain that they can foolishly be mistaken for "folksy." He also achieved poetry by way of the clearest prose, complexity by apparent simplicity, and art by apparent artlessness. These considerations aside, "Our Town" is a play one can love. This love by everyone in it is the overriding impression one gets of the current revival—a loyalty so intense that the stars of the company seem at times to be deliberately dimming their own lustre lest they distort the mood or intrude on the characters. Some of them are right for their roles and some not, but the play is there, which is what matters.

This production, although it lacks the requisite New England astringency, is one of the best productions of "Our Town" I've seen—since the original production, that is, which was so indelible that it still tends to double my vision (and hearing) of all subsequent ones. But not for long, when things go well, as they mostly do at the Plumstead. Henry Fonda is a native Midwesterner, and for the first minute or so his New Hampshire accent sounded acquired to me, but soon he just became the Stage Manager, unassuming in manner but always in charge. His playing of the drugstore proprietor is perfect, and so is his wedding sermon. There is true Yankee humor and fibre in Robert Ryan's fine Editor Webb—no matter where Mr. Ryan was born—and Estelle Parsons is on the right track, too, as Mrs. Webb. The triumph of the evening is the performance—a début for New York (and its suburbs)—of Mark Bramhall, as George Gibbs. His strength and his sensitivity to everybody around him, his dismayed attentiveness when Emily points out his shortcomings, his metamorphosis from boy to man in that wonderful drugstore scene, his snapping out of his pre-marriage funk at the line "Why, I'm ashamed of you," and his control of the audience—all the laughs in the right places and never a laugh in the wrong one—are remarkable. Audiences at "Our Town" are especially prone to laugh in the wrong places. There are many good moments scattered throughout: the convivial grin of Thomas Coley, as the milkman, at the end of the wedding scene; the open anguish of John Beal, as the tragic choirmaster, in the graveyard scene; and the malicious, indignant nattering about his drunkenness by Bette Henritze, as one of the members of his choir, in the street scene after choir practice. I had never before noticed Mr. Wilder's own strong feeling—which turns up in line after line—against gossip and meddling and invading other people's privacy. I don't think I'll waste your time with my reservations about the show; there isn't much time left to see it.

Martha Scott, who was the first Emily Webb, is, along with Alfred de Liagre, Jr., and Clifford Stevens, behind the Mineola venture—a venture that all concerned hope will grow into a national theatre for the United States. "The Front Page," with many of the same actors, will open on October 9th.

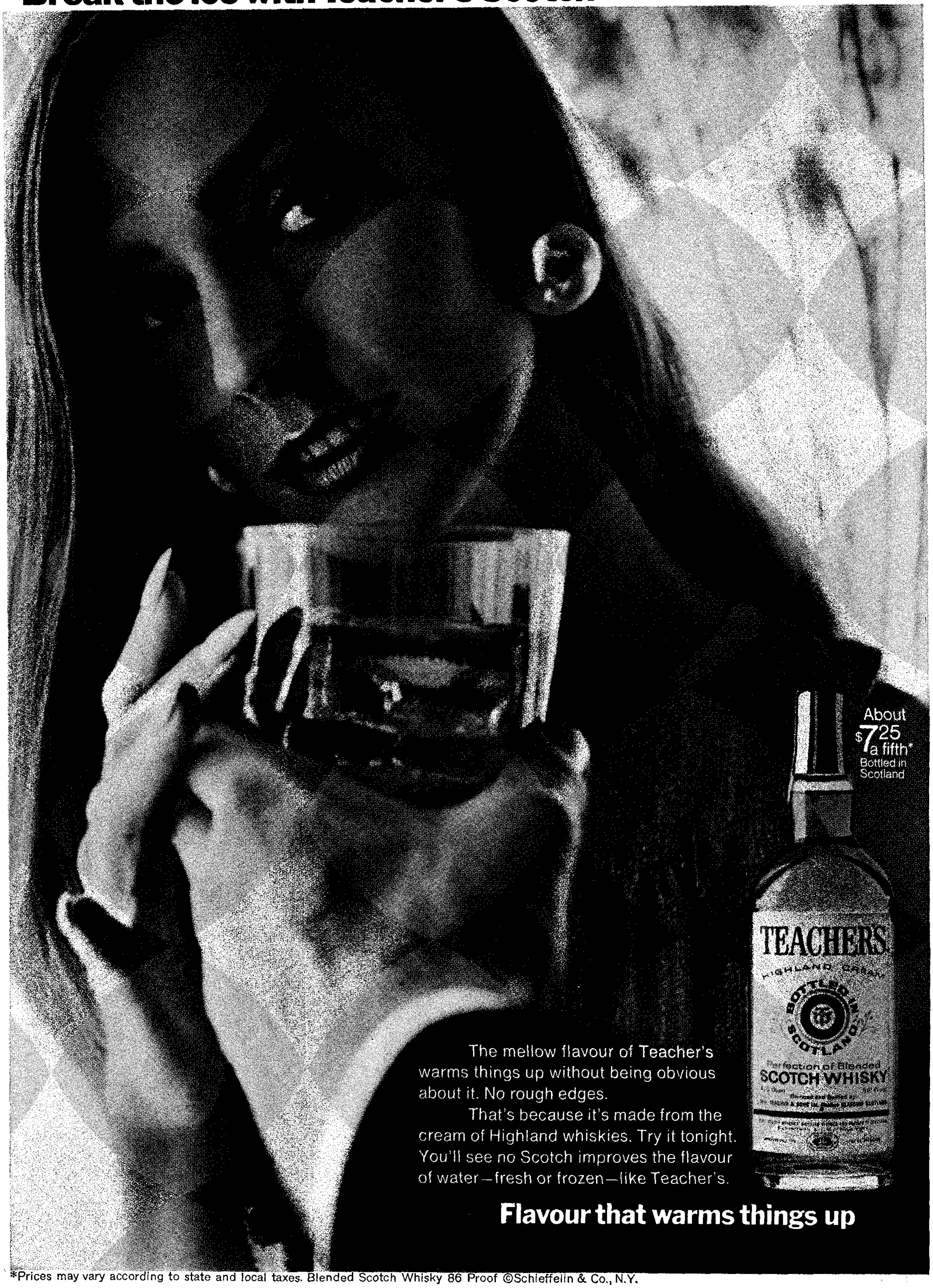
—EDITH OLIVER

•

Nobody but Marylanders know this little woman with bright brown eyes—and comparatively few of those.—*Albuquerque (N.M.) Tribune.*

Two?

Break the ice with Teacher's Scotch


About
$7.25
a fifth*
Bottled in
Scotland
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

The mellow flavour of Teacher's warms things up without being obvious about it. No rough edges.

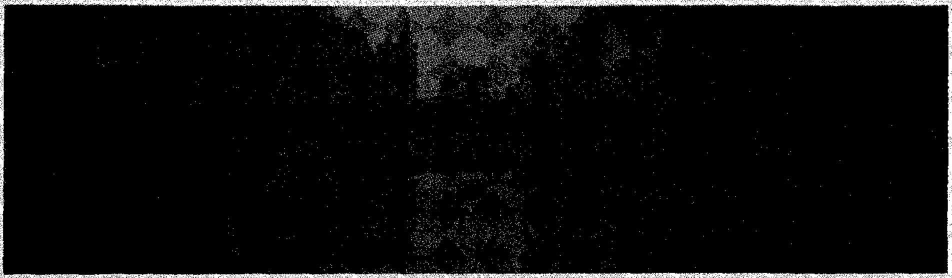
That's because it's made from the cream of Highland whiskies. Try it tonight. You'll see no Scotch improves the flavour of water—fresh or frozen—like Teacher's.

Flavour that warms things up

*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.



Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

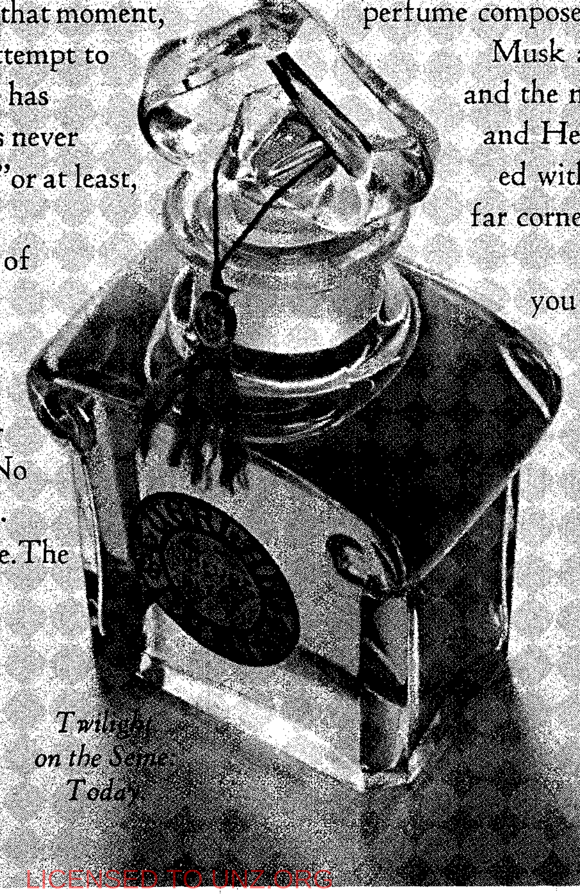
Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

The following morning M. Guerlain returned to his laboratory and began work. For almost a year he struggled to capture that vibrant hush, the beguiling sweetness of closing flowers, the tender, infinite something that had overwhelmed him.

The result was L'Heure Bleue, a finely balanced perfume composed with the passion of Musk and Rose de Bulgarie, and the naive loveliness of Iris and Heliotrope, subtly blended with fragrances from the far corners of the earth.

What happens when you apply L'Heure Bleue to your pulse points, and its delicate scent starts to permeate the air around you? Ah . . .

That's another story.



Twilight on the Seine: Today.

GASTRONOMY RECALLED

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PICKLING

AMONG my tried-and-trues are some recipes that seem to have outlived the nineteenth century, our Golden Age of Pickling. Like most family jewels, they are called Sarah's this and Aunt Maggie's that, and because, in one way or another, all of these people were witches, I have carefully tested their brews, and often, to prove them honest. I can vouch for the following ones, which in slightly different forms are surely in any standard American cookbook, if not in the tattered blotchy notes still pushed to the back of a few old kitchen cupboards. There are shades of exotic and ethnic backgrounds in them, but basically they are still-living proofs of the passionate romance between Midwestern housewives and the Mason jar, which filled shelves with gleaming, beautiful vessels of cooked fruits and vegetables, all dirt cheap in season and rare as toad gems in the long winters fed on potatoes, cabbages, and parsnips, with fresh crisp celery such an honored treat at Christmas that cut-glass vases were specially designed and named for it.

"Canned" fruit was very different from the jams and preserves that women also "put up," and so were canned vegetables and even meats: lightly cooked in thin sugar or brine liquids, according to their natures, and packed into sterilized jars, to supplement the tedious meals of winter and help hold at bay the rickets, diarrheas, and suchlike that haunted prairie mothers. Preserves were in turn different from conserves, and both were different from jams. And pickles were not relishes!

Here are some proofs of this mysterious and ritualistic protocol:

ANNE LODGE'S STRAWBERRY PRESERVES
(DELAWARE)

1 cup firm strawberries, slightly crushed or left whole.
1¾ cups sugar.

Cook together on slow fire until sugar dissolves. After boiling point is reached, boil slowly 8 minutes for 1 quart, 10 minutes for 2 quarts, taking care never to cook more than 2 quarts at a time. Pour into large bowl, and stir or push down now and then until cold. Let stand overnight. Put in jars, and seal well with wax or paraffin. Extra syrup may be kept for desserts.

EDITH'S PLUM CONSERVE
(IOWA VIA PENNSYLVANIA)

5 pounds plums or fresh prunes, stoned and sliced.
5 pounds sugar.
3 oranges, sliced very thin.
1 pound black seeded raisins or currants.
1 cup slivered almonds or broken walnuts.

Boil plums and sugar slowly until thick, stirring. Add oranges and raisins, and cook until tender. Add nuts at last. The conserve should be thick.

In other words, preserves are kept whole, and cooked gently in heavy syrup. A conserve, however, is made from cut-up fruit, sometimes of two or three kinds, with raisins and nuts in it—a more exotic mishmash, often served with meats, as would be a chutney made hotter with spices, garlic, chilis, and so on.

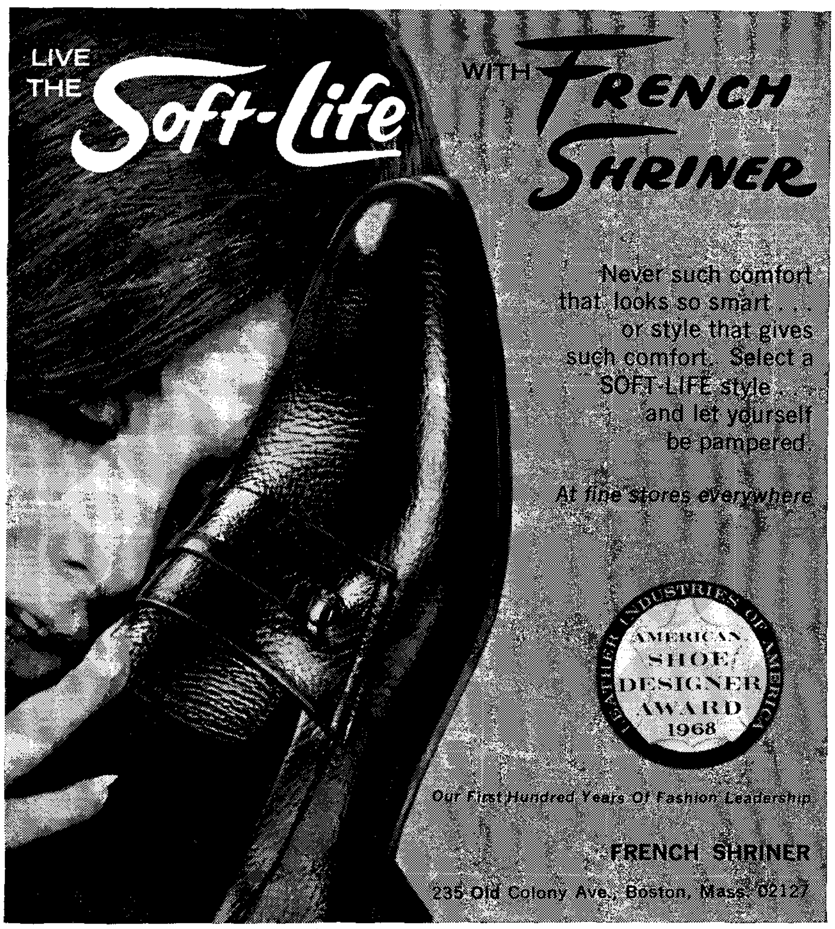
Jams are thicker than preserves, with one or occasionally more than one fruit in bits and pieces, and honeys are even thicker, and very smooth. (The prime one at home on the Ranch in California was Grandmother's Quince Honey, which took days to make, involving tedious grating of the fruit and long, slow stirrings. It was finally one of the most beautiful colors I have ever seen, of a deep, subtle orange, like stained glass, in constant danger of sugaring in its little jars, and so sweet that even thinking of it makes my teeth shudder.) Jellies are, of course, the clear juices strained from fruit, and they depend upon natural or added pectin, or a judicious dosing with fresh lemon juice if they are too bland in taste, to attain and keep a delicate stiffness.

Marmalades, most often made with citrus fruits, are a skillful compromise between jellies and jams, and when at their best are six of one and half a dozen of the other. A thick, stodgy orange marmalade bound with added pectin is barely palatable if one is used to a product made with time and patience, as was my mother's. We accepted it without question as the best on earth, even though it appeared as regularly as hot toast on our breakfast table every morning of the year except Christmas. It was, that is to say, and it still is, a normal part of our family life, now largely nostalgic. It took three days to make. The first day, the fruit was quartered and cut into very thin strips—a juicy, odorous task that puckered the fingertips. If the cook was one of our happier ones, in a long string ranging from euphoric to deeply misanthropic, the seeds were

bleyle
PARIS · STUTTGART · MILANO

The great put-together in fine wool double-knit. Boldly striped turtle top; beautifully tailored pants. In a whole gamut of fashion colors. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.
1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036



LIVE THE Soft-Life WITH FRENCH SHRINER

Never such comfort that looks so smart . . . or style that gives such comfort. Select a SOFT-LIFE style . . . and let yourself be pampered.

At fine stores everywhere

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA
AMERICAN SHOE DESIGNER AWARD
1968

Our First Hundred Years Of Fashion Leadership

FRENCH SHRINER
235 Old Colony Ave., Boston, Mass. 02127

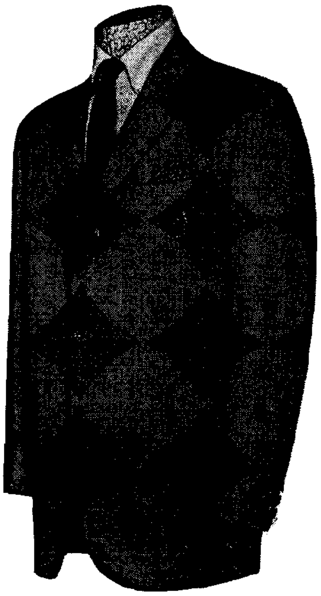
THE J. PRESS
READY TO WEAR SUIT

The Definitive Prototype For Authentic Conservative Clothing

SOLD ONLY AT J. PRESS Stores, Travel Exhibits or by Mail Order to us and not obtainable elsewhere — some of our new Fall & Winter suiting groups are featured below.

- Cheviot & Saxony Herringbones $115 & $120
- Cavalry Twills ....$135 & $155
- Flannel Finish Worsted $140
- Plain Sharkskins $145
- Herringbone Worsteds $145
- Presstwist Tri-Ply Worsteds ...$145 & $150
- Striped Wool Worsteds ......$145 & $155
- Superspun Glens $155
- Steep Twist Twills $155
- Milled Worsted Glens $160

Sample Swatches & New Brochure Sent Upon Request.



SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN ● CAMBRIDGE ● NEW YORK ● SAN FRANCISCO
262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
233 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

OUR NEW STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO will open in October at 233 Post Street in the premises formerly occupied by Tiffany & Co. Every effort has been made to stock J. PRESS productions completely in an ideal setting with the support of an eminently superior staff.

pushed to the side and tied into a little cloth bag to soak and simmer in the brew and lend their gentle, bitter flavor until just before the final boiling. The whole sloppy mess was soaked overnight in exactly three times its bulk of water, and then cooked fast for twenty minutes and allowed to cool again for twenty-four hours. The third day, it was carefully measured, one cup of juice and fruit to three-quarters cup of sugar, and was cooked about a quart at a time, quickly, until it passed the classical test for jellying, as given in any kitchen manual. This was a tedious but pleasant-smelling chore, as indeed was the whole process, and we all knew how to lend a hand.

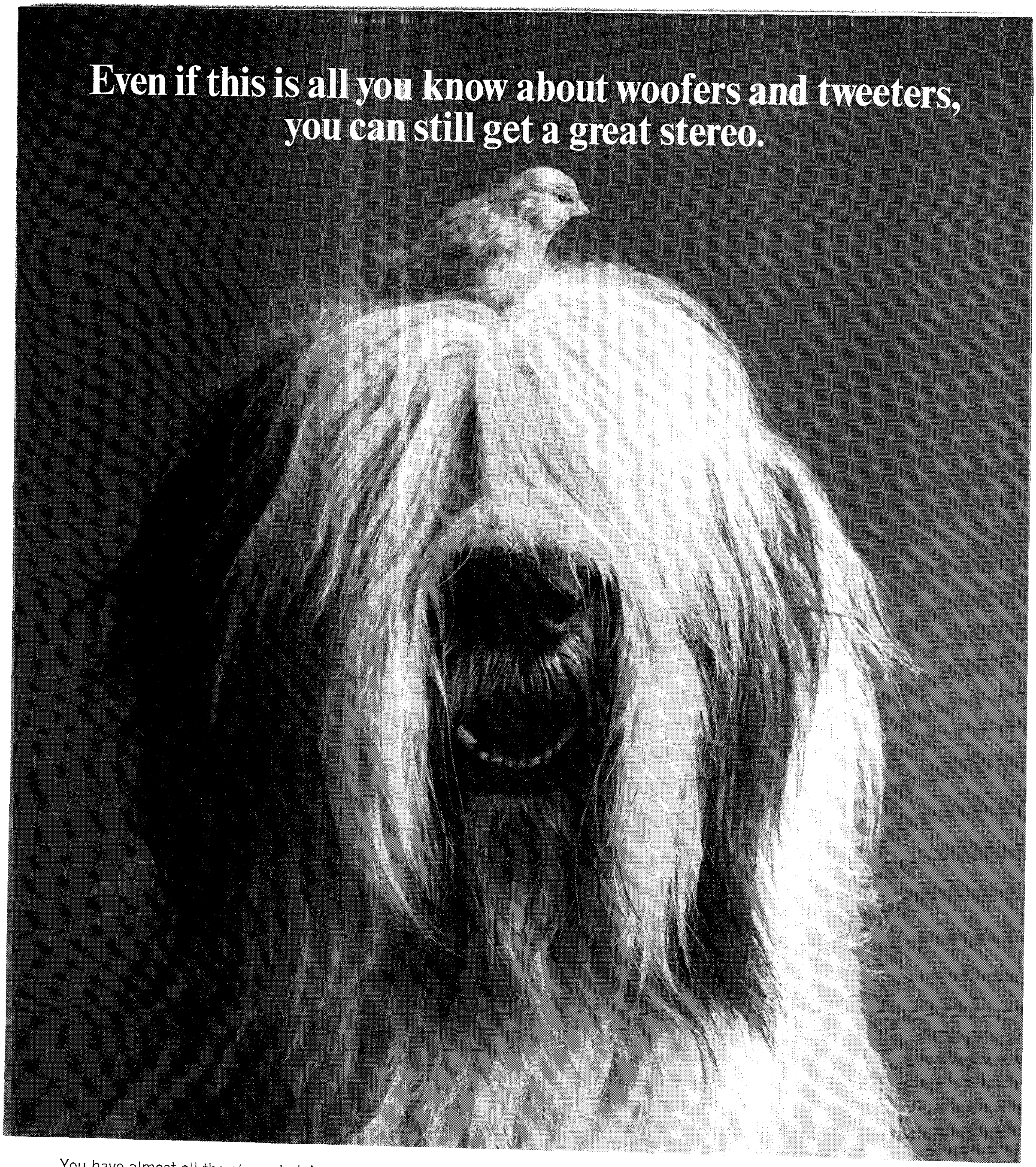
The marmalade was put into pint jars for family use, with prettier, smaller ones for giving to its admirers. (People seldom left the Ranch without something in their hands, and seemed to shun us only during the green-bean season, when they got tired of the large baskets of excess produce they had to smile at and accept. There were temptingly long rows between the orange trees in those days, and my father and the hired-man-of-the-moment thought nothing of planting beans a hundred yards at a time.)

The whole marmalade ritual took place several times a year, thanks to our having rotated crops of Valencias and navels, and in off-seasons, when the fruit was sweet and soft, a final addition to the pot would be some fresh lemon juice, to pick up the flavor and help the jellying—or perhaps a few lemons or grapefruits sliced into the stuff at the start. This last trick we accepted with adequate grace, but we felt that it was not quite kosher.

THE basic difference between a conserve and a relish, or a preserve and a pickle, is that the first must be made with sugar and the second with varying amounts of sugar, vinegar, and perhaps spices. Relishes are usually chopped or ground vegetables, and pickles are either whole or sliced. Both can have sugar *and* vinegar in them, of course.

The "Relishes" section of almost any decent cookbook of the last century will make one think that our grandmothers could and did bottle anything that stood still, and many of the receipts are best left to armchair speculation, or at least a detached scientific reorganizing. Perhaps that is why a file like mine is relatively safe to work from, for it holds nothing but my own tried-and-trues, like this

Even if this is all you know about woofers and tweeters, you can still get a great stereo.



You have almost all the stereo-judging equipment you need right on *your head*. (*Your ears.*) Armed with your ears, you'll probably end up with a good stereo. Unfortunately, it won't be a great stereo. Because there are certain things *your ears can't tell you*. (Like what kind of equipment you'll need, etc.)

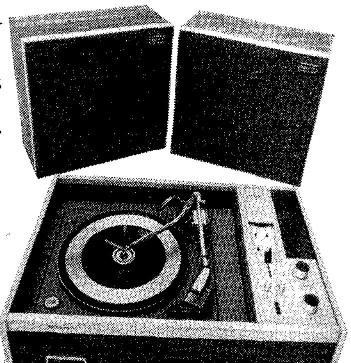
But now you can get a great stereo, no matter how little you know. With the Sony HP-550 Compact Stereo System.

It has a Garrard turntable. A 13-transistor FM/AM tuner. Dual airtight speakers with 10″ woofers and 4″ tweeters. (A woofer transmits bass and a tweeter transmits treble.)

It also has a 23 all-silicon *transistor amplifier* with a full 66 watts of music power for each channel.

Unfortunately, you can't read how good a *stereo sounds*. So bring your head to your nearest Sony dealer. And let your ears do their stuff.

The Sony HP-550 Compact Stereo System.



© 1968 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON
MASSACHUSETTS 02116

When in New England
you are cordially invited to visit
Boston's Museum of Science, Science Park,
to see
"The Gem World"
a multi-million dollar display of rare and
precious jewels, the world's great treasures, assembled
by Shreve, Crump & Low Company, of Boston
October 3 through October 9, 10 AM to 5 PM
(Friday, October 4 until 10 PM)

The better halfs by Olga...her body-fit camisole with **Lycra*** spandex lace stretch straps and trim 4.50...matched in classic and fashion shades to the famous Panti-slip, a divided tribute to freedom in fashion 6.50. Both in nylon tricot and lace, P to XL. At stores with fashion spirit. *DuPont's Reg. T.M.

behind every
OLGA®
there really is an Olga

somewhat odd variation on a familiar theme:

LERA'S BAKED FIG PICKLES (MISSOURI)

10 pounds firm figs, white or black.
Whole cloves.
5 pounds sugar.
2 cups cider or wine vinegar.

Wash figs, and stick 1 clove in each. Make thick syrup of sugar and vinegar. Pour while hot over figs in uncovered roasting pan, and leave in very slow oven (225°) for 2 hours. Let stand overnight, without touching. Repeat baking. Put into jars, and pour syrup to top of each jar.

These succulent and heady figs are delicious with cold meats or baked ham, and they taste almost Near Eastern in what I assume is an American custom of putting one or two side dishes of sweet and sour relishes upon the dining table, at least for Sunday and "company" meals.

Green beans, ripe and green tomatoes, eggplant, cucumbers . . . cherries, and green and ripe peaches and grapes and melons—they can all be treated by soaking them in brine and then covering them, lightly cooked, with plain or seasoned vinegars in jars and crocks. They are fun to play with, even if they are of largely clinical interest to people like me, who find that the acidity quarrels with the enjoyment of a glass of wine alongside the dishes they usually accompany. Pickles can be crisp and refreshing, admittedly, and they war less pugnaciously with a good pint of ale or beer than with wine, great or small. They are, I think, pure poison with milk, tea, coffee.

Here is an easy compromise between the unadorned sour cucumber flavored with dill, which I acknowledge can be delicious on a hot day and preferably on a picnic, and the fancier mixtures called names like Bread and Butter, Luncheon, and so on. Once more, it comes from a favorite witch:

LERA'S SWEET PICKLES

4 large dill pickles (not kosher style).
2 cups sugar.
½ cup strong vinegar.

Slice pickles thin, put half of them in large jar or crock, and add 1 cup sugar. Add rest of pickles and sugar, and let stand overnight. Add vinegar and stir up. Good any time. Eat fast or put in jars.

It is perhaps rash of me to imply, and even state, that every recipe in my card file has been tried and found true. A few are there because they are forever mysterious and tantalizing. They act as a catalyst, to test my wits. Here is one I cannot recommend, therefore, for anything but its evocative rhythm. It is from a long-gone friend raised near an Arkansas crossroads. I have often

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH

[illegible]bräu costs more than beer.

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383, BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK. THE HAND-BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $2.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO CLASSIC IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, N.Y. 11590. PLEASE ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

THE TREVIRA ERA

The beginning
of something
extraordinary
in America.

STANLEY BLACKER stands for
classically tailored sports jackets in
impeccable fabrics. And now it is
an improvement in fabrics that brings
him into The Trevira Era.
For Trevira not only improves
the behavior of the superb plaids
and checks he traditionally
uses but perfects their look, their feel
as well. Brings the perfect balance
of esthetics and performance to
fabrics of superb quality.
Exemplified here by the stalwart
plaid and country check
from a collection of Stanley Blacker
jackets of 55% Trevira® polyester,
45% wool. Regular, Short and Long.
About $60.
At Macy's, Herald Square, New York;
Benson Rixon, Chicago;
Bon Marche, Seattle.
And at fine stores everywhere.

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

©HYSTRON FIBERS INCORPORATED, LICENSEE OF THE INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED TRADEMARK

IMPORTED
BENGAL
Distilled London Dry
GIN
PRODUCT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM
BENGAL
GIN

If you think our label is wild

try our gin.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated). Try a Maneater Martini. Grrrr! 94 Proof.

IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

eaten this tart crisp relish and admired it, and here is the way the recipe was written for my future pondering:

ADDIES SISTERS PICKELS

Soak pickels 6 or 7 days in Salt Brine Strong enough to hold up an Egg or 1 lb Salt in a Galon pump Water take out of Brine & Wash in Cold Water (drain) than soak pickels in Alium water 3 days 2 Tabelspoon full to a Galon water and drain. Start with 3 cups of Suggar covering Pickels with Vinegar Simmer 3 mornings (Not boil) Keep adding Suggar each morning.

Lera's easygoing recipe is a far cry from the classical soakings and simmerings of a backwoods cook, but comparatively plain when one reads some of the ways American housewives managed to circumvent decay and death during the rich summer canning seasons, not many decades ago. There were standard formulas, of course, but each family had its own tricks, even with such an Eastern and Midwestern favorite as Corn Relish (mostly vegetables of several kinds, with fresh kernels of corn predominating, and a sweeter taste as it went into the hotter regions, where it would spoil more quickly), and Governor's Mixture, traditionally made of green tomatoes and onions and spices instead of the onions and cucumbers of a banal Bread and Butter. Chowchow was a crude shadow of my mother's own mustard pickle, and piccalilli, which is somewhat like India Relish, was country cousin to Mother's elegant

BALTIMORE RELISH
(MICHIGAN?)

2 quarts tomatoes, ripe but firm.
2 quarts green tomatoes.
1 large cabbage.
12 large onions.
2–3 cloves garlic (optional).
4 green peppers.
½ cup salt.
2 quarts good white vinegar.
1½ pounds sugar.
½ cup white mustard seed.
½ cup grated horseradish.
1 tablespoon celery seed.

Grind vegetables coarsely, add salt, and let stand overnight. Drain. Add rest of ingredients and boil until thick, stirring now and then.

Like most such concoctions, this seems better after a few weeks, and in my own home the cook kept a sharp eye on the jam cupboard on the back porch, and saw to it that there was enough of last year's supply of full jars of our favorites to last until new ones had ripened. We did not have a cool dark cellar at the Ranch; it was a wooden house built during the Gold Rush, flat on the ground, to last a dozen years or so until a proper adobe structure could be made, which it nev-

The pure silk luxury topcoat.

The whole world looks to London for leadership in men's clothes and London looks to Aquascutum. This coat is a magnificent expression of the best in British craftsmanship. Silk has always defeated the tailors who tried to make good looking coats of it. Now Aquascutum alone have triumphed with their new own-weave cloth and special tailoring. The result is the ultimate in luxury lightweight topcoats. About $125. You can see it at 100 Regent Street, London and fine stores throughout the world. For the name of your nearest, write or phone, Aquascutum, 2 East 37 Street, New York 16, MU 5-9570.

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

er was. So we never could use the common big stoneware crocks, which, if kept cool and dark enough, would hold a winter's supply of some of the Midwestern standbys that my grandmother and mother were accustomed to. We kept everything from "canned" peaches to chili sauce in Mason jars on the back porch—cool enough in winter, and we trusted to luck and artful dodges in the summer, when a lot of reinforcements were on the way from the garden anyway.

A DIRECT opposite of this somewhat haphazard ritual of using acid and heat and spices to preserve food (actually a form of embalming) is the agreeable and perhaps alien method of serving fresh fruits and vegetables in a raw chilled hash, which, if cooked, would be like a chutney or relish. It is often found in homes that have been swayed by British colonials reliving their pukka-sahib days, even unto the third and fourth generations. I have inherited several recipes from them. Here are a couple, historically pungent and socially proven of worth:

HARVY-SCARVY
(NORFOLK, ENGLAND)

2 cups crisp celery.
2 cups apples, cored but not peeled.
2 cups onion.
Salt, freshly ground pepper to taste.
½ cup vinegar.
½ cup salad oil.

Chop apples and vegetables very fine, season, add vinegar and oil, and stir well. Chill for 1 or 2 hours, and stir again just before serving. Good with any cold meats, but preferably pork chops.

Some outlanders may not relish the idea of a cold pork chop, but I can say that one that has been properly cooked and drained and chilled, and then married with a generous serving of this fresh bright relish, makes a fine meal indeed. In the same way, Puchidee, served as amply as a vegetable, is a tantalizing companion to almost any cold meat or fish or poultry. It is somewhat more complex than a Harvy-Scarvy, but it can be made in the same way, using a modified vinaigrette instead of sour cream.

INDIAN PUCHIDEE

6 large sour apples, cored and peeled.
1 large red sweet pepper.
 (Or 1 cup canned pimentos.)
1 large green pepper.
1 large onion.
2 cloves garlic (optional—not with poultry or fish).
Salt, pepper, curry powder to taste.
Sour cream.
 (Or unflavored yogurt.)

Put apples and vegetables through coarse food grinder, season to taste (re-

Christmas cards
in the Tiffany tradition.

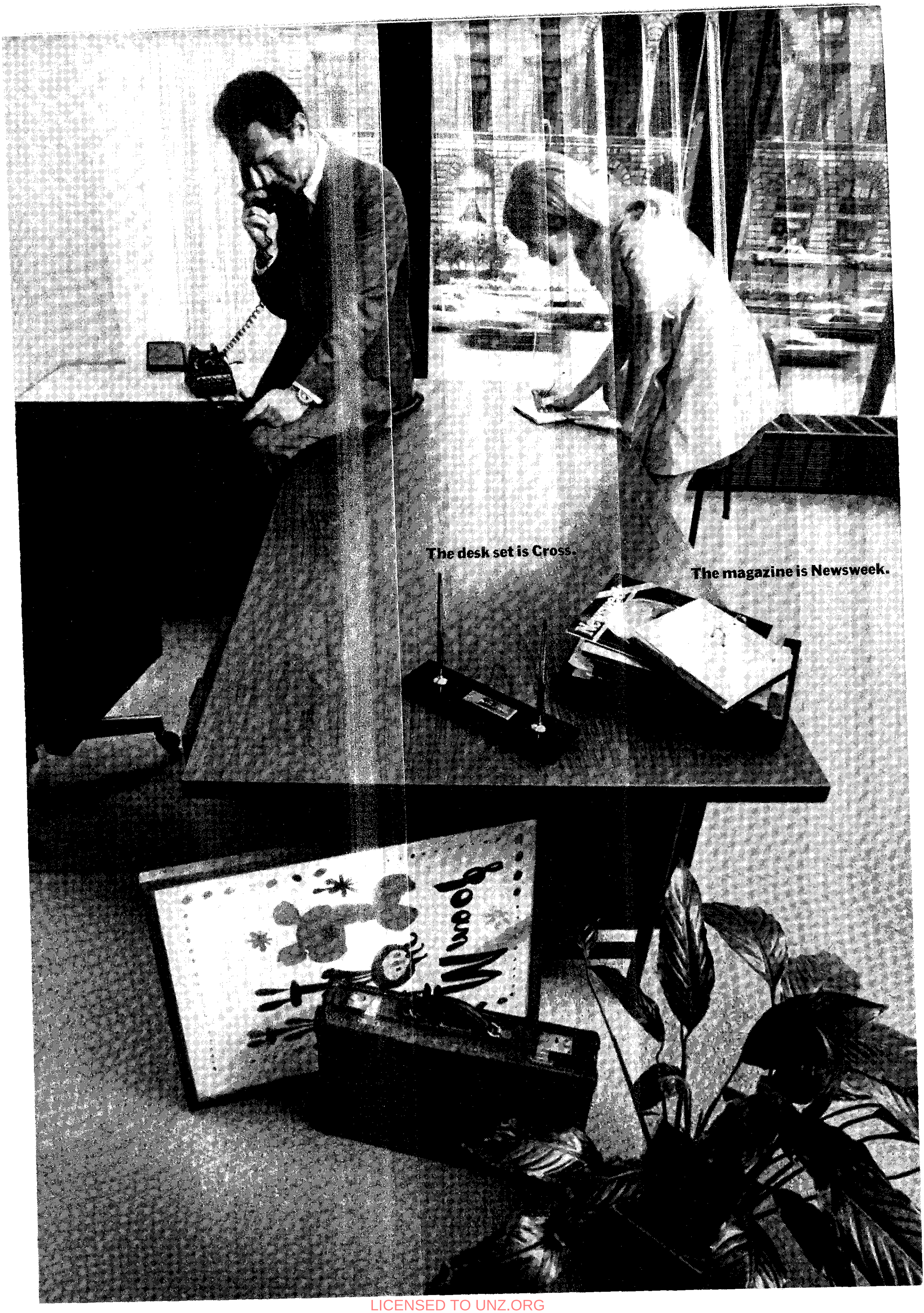
Full-color reproductions from the works of
old masters and our own engraved designs.
All skillfully executed on fine Tiffany paper.
Our entire collection is now available
in the Stationery Department.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 252 GRANT AVENUE • **BEVERLY HILLS** 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NATIONAL BANK BLDG. • **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

An invitation to writing pleasure...
CROSS®
SINCE 1846
Cross

From four-fifty to fifty dollars each at better stores everywhere in Lustrous Chrome, 12 Kt. and 14 Kt. Gold Filled, Sterling and Solid 14 Kt. Gold.

AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1846
A.T. CROSS Company
LINCOLN, RHODE ISLAND, 02865



The desk set is Cross.

The magazine is Newsweek.

To insure domestic tranquility.

The Victor Tallymaster adds a certain balance to your marriage. And your joint checkbook.

It straightens out monthly bills, tax records, budgets, office and school homework. And ends all guesswork.

All three Tallymasters are a soothing wedgwood blue, and agreeably priced. Even the electric model.

The Tallymaster could save as much as it costs on your drugstore bill alone. By eliminating errors. And tranquilizers.

It is insufferably correct. Arbitrarily right. That's why the Tallymaster takes so much pressure off husband and wife.

To help you form a more perfect union.

Tallymaster®
by
VICTOR

Prices start at less than sixty dollars.
For more information, and where to buy Tallymasters, please write:

Victor Comptometer Corporation,
Dept. N, 3900 N. Rockwell, Chicago, Ill. 60618

membering that a good curry powder will increase in flavor), and chill well. Mix lightly with sour cream before serving. (A few chopped mint leaves can be added with the cream—good with poultry and especially with cold lamb.)

An ancient friend of mine who had spent perhaps sixty years in Injah used to serve a wild-eyed relish at her Sunday-night suppers. I cannot find the recipe, which is perhaps as well, although I have followed it many times with awed success. It is never served with anything but cold rare roast beef, as far as I know, or, oddly enough, fuming Boston baked beans in winter. It is hot as the hinges of Hell's front door, with real chili chopped into it, and is made of coarsely ground apples and onions bound with *finely* chopped orange, peel and all. It is further confounded by a generous dousing of Scotch whiskey instead of the more conservative and economical vinaigrette. It sounds like gastronomical mayhem, but I can recommend it as something to be considered and even toyed with in the kitchen. Perhaps it is a fair antic for the occasional warlock who must survive any covey of witches!

—M. F. K. FISHER

•

OH, IT'S OFF TO THE BEACH WITH NELSON DOUBLEDAY!

[*Directions received with a letter from the president of* Nelson Doubleday, Inc.]

HOW TO CORRECT YOUR SHELLS BOOK

If you still have your Nature Program book on Shells, here's how you can help us and yourself by acting as editor. There are a number of mistakes. See how many you can find without help; then follow the instructions below. You will need a red or blue pencil, and you will also need a mirror. If you haven't pasted in the stamps, do so first.

Now turn to the first page. The spelling of the author's name should be corrected by adding another T to the last name. Dr. R. Tucker Abbott of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is the scientist who wrote this book, but he did not make any of these errors.

p. 6. Cross out the words under the stamp and cross out the paragraph to the right, "Carrier shells . . . concealment."
Write a new caption under the stamp: "Slipper shells sit on black rocks."

p. 7. Parts of Univalve. In the labels on the snail shell on the left, switch the words "operculum" and "umbilicus." The trapdoor in the mouth of the shell is the operculum. The umbilicus is that small hole in the underside of the shell. On the long shell on the right, one word is misspelled. "Body whirl" should be changed to "body whorl."

p. 10. Stamp 1. This is not a living nau-

"CHIT CHECKS"
ANOTHER EDDIE JACOBS ORIGINAL

For sport or with a tie. Choose from a group of three checks . . . diminutive, small or houndstooth . . . in a series of four colours: antique gold, barn red, Baltic blue, grass green. Durable press of Dacron (Polyester) and cotton. Tailored in our own button-down collar with flapped top pocket and contoured body. Sizes 14½-32 to 16½-35. $9.50 ppd. Please address mail orders to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., 4 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Eddie Jacobs LTD.

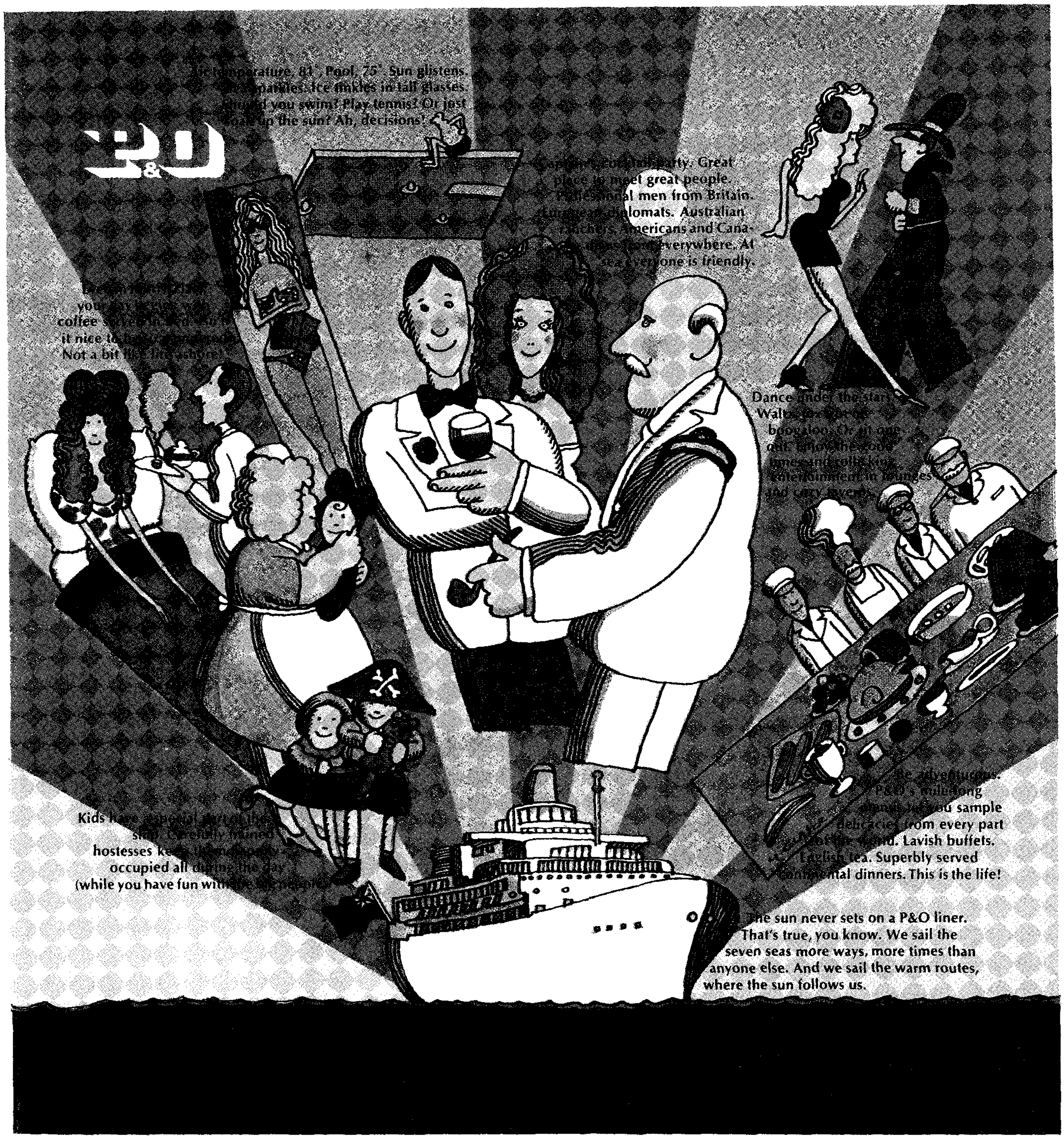
You have
a standing invitation
to Harry M's Bar
at the new
Madison Square Garden
(alongside the HMS Restaurant)
9 Penn Plaza on West 33rd St.
Furthermore:
You'll want to give
a standing ovation
to the food you sit down to
in the new
Harry M. Stevens Restaurant
9 Penn Plaza on West 33rd St.
(alongside Harry M's Bar)

HMS

food and drink
for people who know the score

Reservations 947-0222
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner • Supper
Open 7 days a week

Life at sea is like nothing on earth!



Air temperature, 81°. Pool, 75°. Sun glistens. [illegible]sparkles. Ice tinkles in tall glasses. Should you swim? Play tennis? Or just soak up the sun? Ah, decisions!

Captain's cocktail party. Great place to meet great people. Professional men from Britain. [illegible] diplomats. Australian ranchers. Americans and Canadians from everywhere. At sea everyone is friendly.

[illegible] you [illegible] coffee [illegible] it nice to [illegible] Not a bit like life ashore.

Dance under the stars. Waltz. [illegible] boogaloo. Or sit one out. Enjoy the good [illegible] entertainment in lounges and cozy taverns.

Be adventurous. P&O's worldlong menus let you sample delicacies from every part of the world. Lavish buffets. English tea. Superbly served continental dinners. This is the life!

Kids have special [illegible] ship. Specially trained hostesses keep [illegible] occupied all during the day (while you have fun with [illegible]).

The sun never sets on a P&O liner. That's true, you know. We sail the seven seas more ways, more times than anyone else. And we sail the warm routes, where the sun follows us.

What on earth are you waiting for? Come throw off the shackles of land and join the sun-filled, fun-filled life aboard P&O's great white liners.

We're ready to leave when you are. Ninety-six P&O vacations depart this year to all kinds of delicious places: The Six Worlds of P&O. Europe. The Caribbean. The South Pacific. The Orient. Around the Pacific. And all the way around the world.

Take as little as two weeks. Take as long as four months. Travel in posh first class or thrifty tourist class. What does it cost? Less than you dared dream: as little as $20 a day on many voyages. Quite a bargain, when you consider that it includes everything.

The coupon will speed complete information your way. And so will your travel agent.

P&O Lines, Dept. H-2
155 Post Street
San Francisco, CA 94108

Gentlemen: Please tell me more about life at sea with P&O. I'm especially interested in the Worlds I've checked below.

☐ Europe
☐ Caribbean
☐ The Orient
☐ Circle Pacific
☐ South Pacific
☐ Around The World

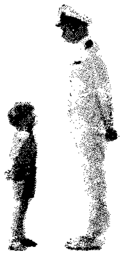
Name________________________

Address________________________

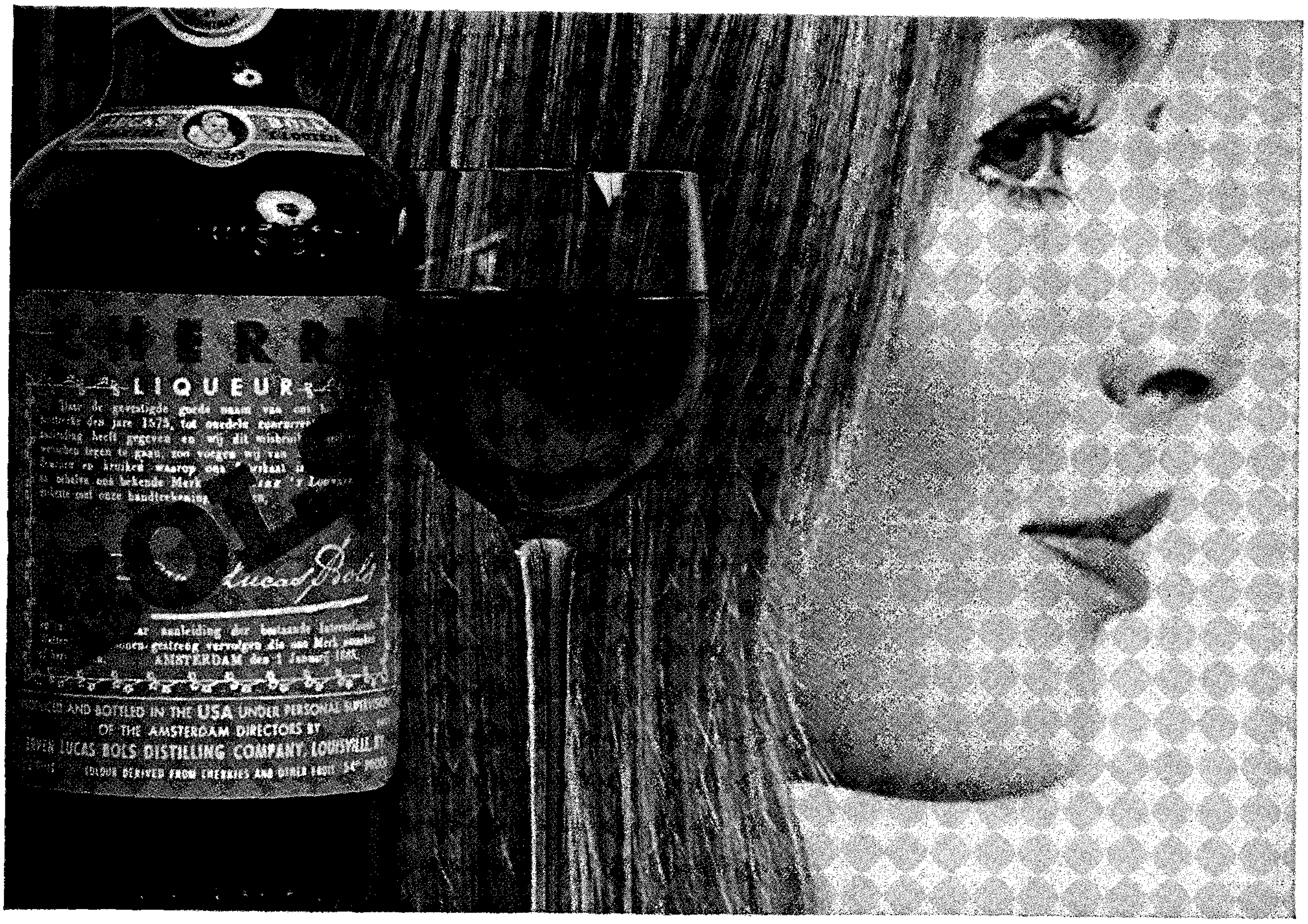
City__________ State__________ Zip__________

My travel agent is________________________

Sailing the seven seas under the British flag since 1837.



"Run Away to Sea with P&O"


CHERRY
LIQUEUR
Lucas Bols
AMSTERDAM
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN THE USA UNDER PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE AMSTERDAM DIRECTORS BY
ERVEN LUCAS BOLS DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

let's go Dutch

The way the Dutch do. With world-famous Bols® Liqueurs. 29 flavors, one to suit every need. Sizes? Regular, and the neat new 8-oz. Host Size. Get several. The price won't pinch your purse. How about a Dutch treat?

APRICOT
BOLS
COFFEE LIQUEUR
BOLS
CREME DE BANANA
BOLS
CURACAO
BOLS
CREME DE CACAO
BOLS
BLACKBERRY
BOLS
MARASCHINO
BOLS
ORANGE CURACAO
BOLS
BLUE CURACAO
BOLS
BOLSBERRY
CREME DE MENTHE
BOLS
ANISETTE
BOLS
CREME DE CACAO
BOLS
BOLS
PARFAIT AMOUR
BOLS

Product of U.S.A. Bols Liqueurs, 40-78 Proof, Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky. ©1965 tilus. It is a dead shell sawed in half to show you the inside chambers. It is on beach sand.

p. 21. Here's a case of a mix-up. The caption to the picture of snail's teeth belongs at the bottom of page 25, and the cone snail caption on page 25 belongs here.

p. 22. The artist forgot to label a part. Look for a black line and call it "snout."

p. 23. The word "Acnaea" should be spelled "Acmaea."

p. 24. A word is misspelled in the caption. It should be "cyphoma," not "cyshoma."

pp. 28-29. The pictures are not very correct. Most of the kinds of shells shown do not live near each other.

p. 30. The stamp was printed backwards. Hold the book up to a mirror and you will see how the shell really looks.

p. 34. Cross out the caption to stamp 16 and write "Cowries have glossy, china-like shells." Then correct the caption, crossing out "this New Zealand" and writing in the margin, "the tiger cowrie from the Indian Ocean and East Indies."

p. 36. Cross out the caption to stamp 24 and write "Helmet shells eat sea urchins."
Look for the sentence which begins, "The cowrie makes room . . ." Cross it out, because this is not true.

p. 37. On the fourth line, add the word "once" after East Asia, because the precious wentletrap is now known to be fairly common.

p. 38. The scientific name on the third line should be crossed out. In the margin (with an arrow going to the mistake), write "Syrinx aruanus." Be sure not to write "auruanus."

p. 39. On the second line, cross out "five" and in the margin write "three."

p. 45. Cross out the untrue words on line five: "enlarge it and."

p. 46. On lines 10 and 11 cross out "three times as large as the last," and add in the margin "about one third larger than the previous one."

p. 47. The drawings are backwards. Hold the book up to a mirror in order to see the correct direction in which these snail shells coil.

p. 50. Cross out the caption, since it has false information, misspells ovalis, and because the snail on the stamp is a polygyrid snail (not a Succinea, for which see p. 53) and is two inches long.

p. 51. The photograph has been reversed. Hold the book up to a mirror to see how the shell really looks. Notice, now, how the mouth of the shell is on the right side.

p. 59. Correct the misspelling in the caption of "cyshoma" to "cyphoma."

p. 62. Do you think the long tube coming out of the front end of the giant tun is the snout? Sorry, it's the siphon.

This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park.

The Regency Hotel

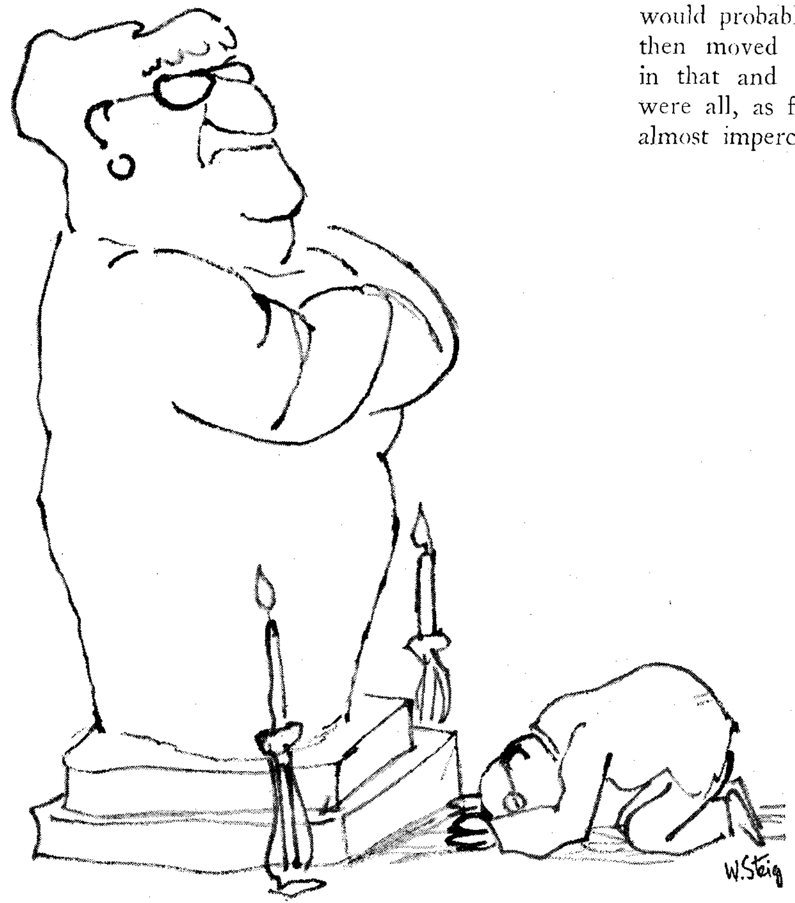
PARK AVENUE AT 61ST STREET, NEW YORK 21, PLAZA 9-4100. A LOEW'S HOTEL.

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

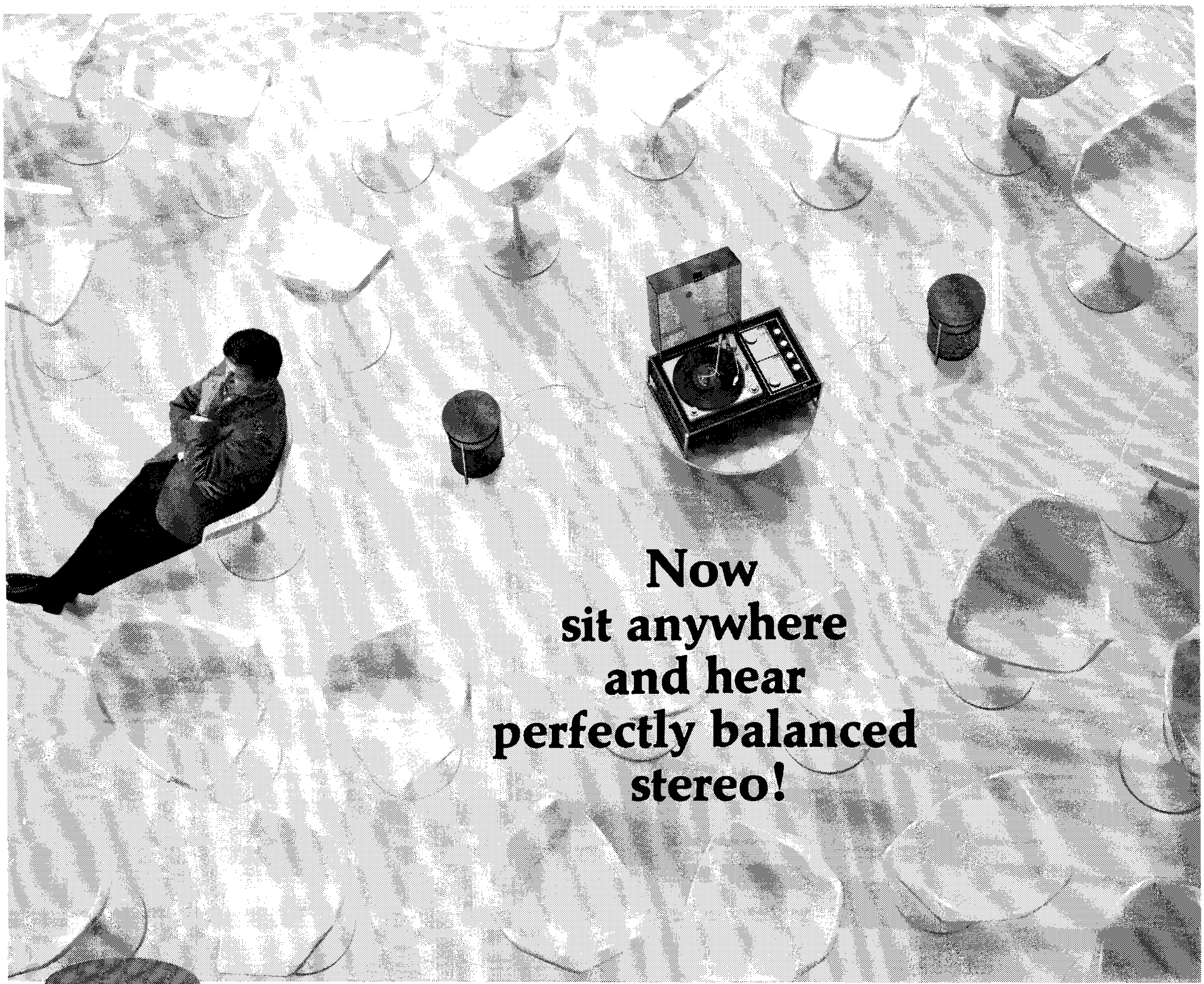
THREE SICK BABIES

Dr. Paul M. Taylor, an assistant professor of pediatrics at the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, left his office on the first floor of Magee-Womens Hospital, an affiliate of the medical school, and climbed the stairs to the premature-baby nursery, on the second floor. It was twenty minutes to eleven on the morning of July 12, 1965, a Monday, and this was his regular weekday round. He was, in a way, attending physician to all the babies in the nursery. Two pediatric residents were waiting for him in the gown room. That, too, was as usual, and while Dr. Taylor scrubbed and disinfected his hands and got into a freshly laundered gown, they gave him the customary nursery news report. The weekend had been generally uneventful. All but one of the twenty-six babies in the nursery were progressing satisfactorily. The exception was one of the smallest—a twenty-five-day-old two-and-a-half-pound boy. He was in Room 227. Dr. Taylor nodded. He knew the one they meant. Well, early that morning, just after midnight, a nurse had noted that his breathing was unusually slow and his behavior somewhat apathetic. The resident on duty, seeing these signs as suggestive of septicemia, had treated the baby with penicillin and kanamycin, but he still looked and acted sick. It was probable that he would soon need artificial respiration. Meanwhile, the usual samples (blood, stool, mucus, spinal fluid) had been taken and sent along to the laboratory for culture and analysis.

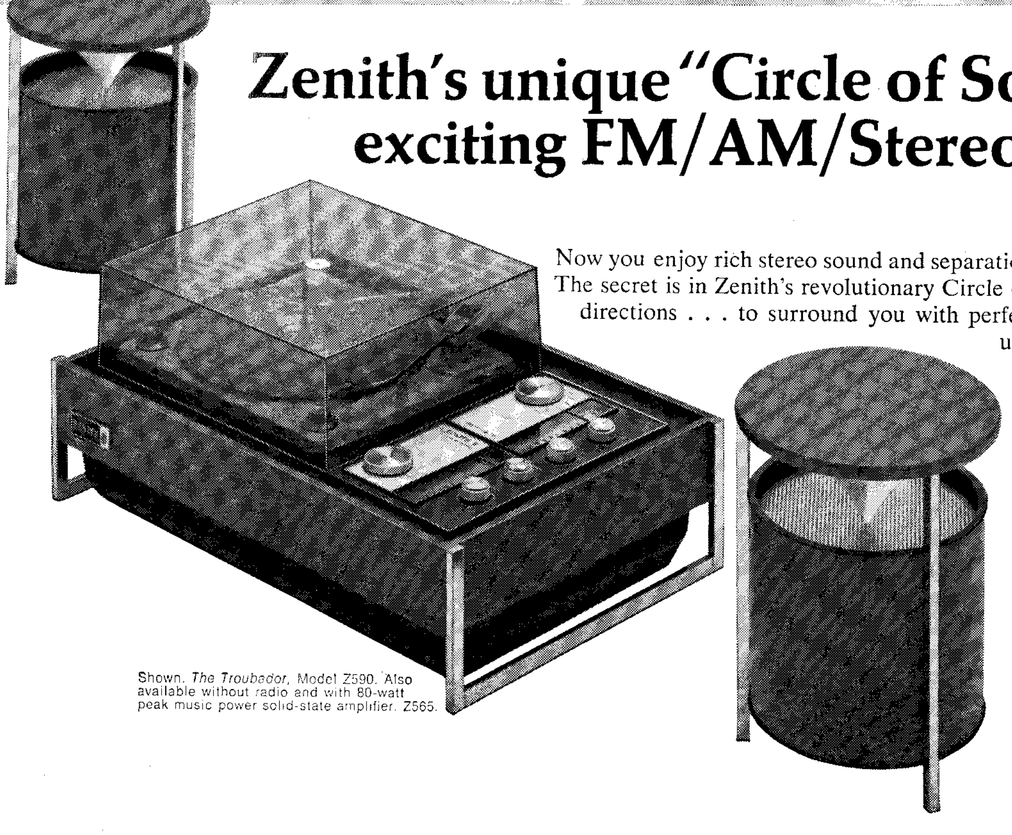
Dr. Taylor heard his residents' review with no more than natural interest. Serious illness in a premature nursery is not an unusual occurrence, and a blood infection is only one of the many diseases that may afflict a premature baby during its first days of life. Trouble is inherent in the phenomenon of prematurity. For the truth of the matter is that premature birth is itself a serious affliction. A premature baby is a baby born in the seventh or eighth month of pregnancy. Its birth weight is largely determined by its relative prematurity, ranging from around two to five and a half pounds. The average term (or nine-month) baby weighs around seven pounds at birth, and it generally comes into the world alive and kicking. Premature babies begin life almost incapable of living. There is nothing more frail and fragile. Many of them are too meagrely developed to maintain normal body temperature. One in three requires immediate, and often prolonged, resuscitation, and about the same number are unable to nurse, or even to swallow. Some of them are even unable to cry. All of them are exquisitely susceptible to infection. Mental and neurological defects are also common in premature babies. One of the commonest of these is cerebral palsy. About half of all victims of the affliction are of premature birth. As recently as twenty-five years ago, most premature babies died. The technological innovations of the postwar era have greatly improved that record, but the mortality rate among newborn premature babies is still high. In even the best hospitals, some ninety per cent of all two-pound babies die. So do about fifty per cent of those weighing two to three pounds, around ten per cent of those weighing three to four pounds, and between five and eight per cent of those weighing four to five pounds. Such babies are simply too fetal to survive outside the womb. There are many causes of premature birth (including falls and blows), but most current investigators think that malnutrition is perhaps the most important cause. Prematurity would thus seem to be a socioeconomic problem, and this supposition is confirmed by statistics. The great majority of premature babies are born to women too poor to buy the nutritious food they need.



Dr. Taylor tied up the back of his gown and led the way through an inner door to the central nursing station of the nursery. Room 227 was the second room on the right. The sick baby was one of five babies being cared for there. He lay on his side in his incubator bassinet with a stomach feeding tube in his mouth, and he looked even sicker than the resident had said. There was nothing, however, that Dr. Taylor could do that hadn't already been done. He confirmed the resident's course of treatment and agreed that a respirator would probably soon be required, and then moved on to the other babies in that and the other rooms. They were all, as far as he could read the almost imperceptible manifestations of the premature, in their usual precarious but normal condition. At the end of his rounds, Dr. Taylor had lunch, and after lunch he occupied himself with his other professorial duties. Before leaving for home, he put in a call to the nursery for a report on the sick baby. The report was not comforting. The baby's condition had continued to worsen, and he had been moved to Room 229, which is reserved for babies needing constant scrupulous care. Later that evening, on his way to bed, he called the nursery again. The nurse who



Zenith's unique "Circle of Sound" now with exciting FM/AM/Stereo FM radio!



Shown. *The Troubador*, Model Z590. Also available without radio and with 80-watt peak music power solid-state amplifier. Z565.

Now you enjoy rich stereo sound and separation . . . no matter where you sit in the room. The secret is in Zenith's revolutionary Circle of Sound speakers that fire sound in all directions . . . to surround you with perfectly balanced stereo. And now . . . this unique concept is available with exciting Stereo FM radio . . . plus standard FM and AM broadcasts. It also features Zenith's famous Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm. And, a new 100-watt peak music power solid-state amplifier. See and hear the greatest experience in stereo . . . Zenith Circle of Sound, at your Zenith dealer's.

BEST YEAR YET TO GET THE BEST

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY 1918 1968 50 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP THROUGH QUALITY

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

Real Happiness is

the tingling world of surf and pool,

the throbbing world of the Zanzibar Lounge

...at the puerto rico Sheraton SAN JUAN

FROM $11 50 PER PERSON PER DAY TWO IN A ROOM THRU DEC. 14

Be vivacious. Our golden beach is just a splash away from our sparkling pool. Surfcasting, snorkeling, water-skiing.

Be gregarious. Join San Juan's most sophisticated night life in our Zanzibar Lounge. Feel the rhythm of excitement.

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Offices: In New York—244-0700, Chicago—787-4585, Los Angeles—382-8408, San Francisco—392-8600.

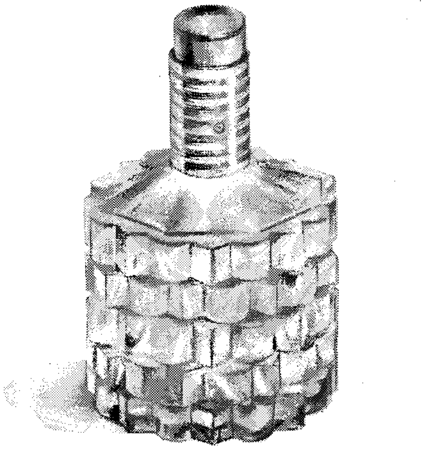
Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities.
A Worldwide Service of ITT

picked up the telephone was able to answer his question. The sick baby from Room 227 was dead.

Dr. Taylor's Tuesday-morning round was much like that of Monday. The residents' gown-room report included another sick baby. It also contained a post-mortem note on the baby from Room 227. The hospital laboratory had confirmed the general diagnosis of septicemia. A microbial culture had been grown from a sample of the baby's blood and identified as bacteria of the gram-negative type. It was one of some twenty-five species of bacteria (among them the causative organisms of typhoid fever, brucellosis, whooping cough, plague, and gonorrhea) that react negatively to the standard staining test devised in 1884 by the Danish bacteriologist Hans Christian Joachim Gram. A more specific identification was promised for the next day. Meanwhile, of course, the laboratory had been supplied with diagnostic samples from the second sick baby. This baby, also a boy, was one of the babies in Room 229. He was a term baby, three days old, but had been assigned to the premature nursery directly from the delivery room because he required artificial respiration and other intensive care. Dr. Taylor remembered the baby when he saw him. He had begun life with a severe aspiration pneumonia, stemming from an original inability to breathe, but that had been quickly controlled with penicillin, kanamycin, and dexamethasone. His trouble now was diarrhea. Diarrhea in a newborn baby is not a common complaint, and Dr. Taylor wondered if this attack might be a septic aftermath of the earlier pneumonia. But that was a question that only the laboratory could readily answer. There was no doubt about the treatment the baby was receiving. That seemed to be entirely satisfactory.

The Wednesday-morning gown-room news review contained three major items. One was that still another baby boy had become seriously ill overnight. The next item was a preliminary laboratory report on the second sick baby, which identified the cause of his diarrhea as a gram-negative bacillus. The third item was a more or less definitive laboratory report on the dead baby. After forty-eight hours of growth, the gram-negative bacteria cultured from his blood presented the colonial configuration, the fluorescent yellow-green pigmentation, and the spearmint odor generally characteristic of the type known as Pseudomonas aeruginosa.

Dr. Taylor went to Room 229 for a look at the new sick baby. He was



STEP PERFUME DISPENSERS GIVE YOU MORE FRAGRANCE FROM YOUR PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. The "Delphic", as shown for the dressing table (3¾" high) $5.00. Others from $3.50—$35.

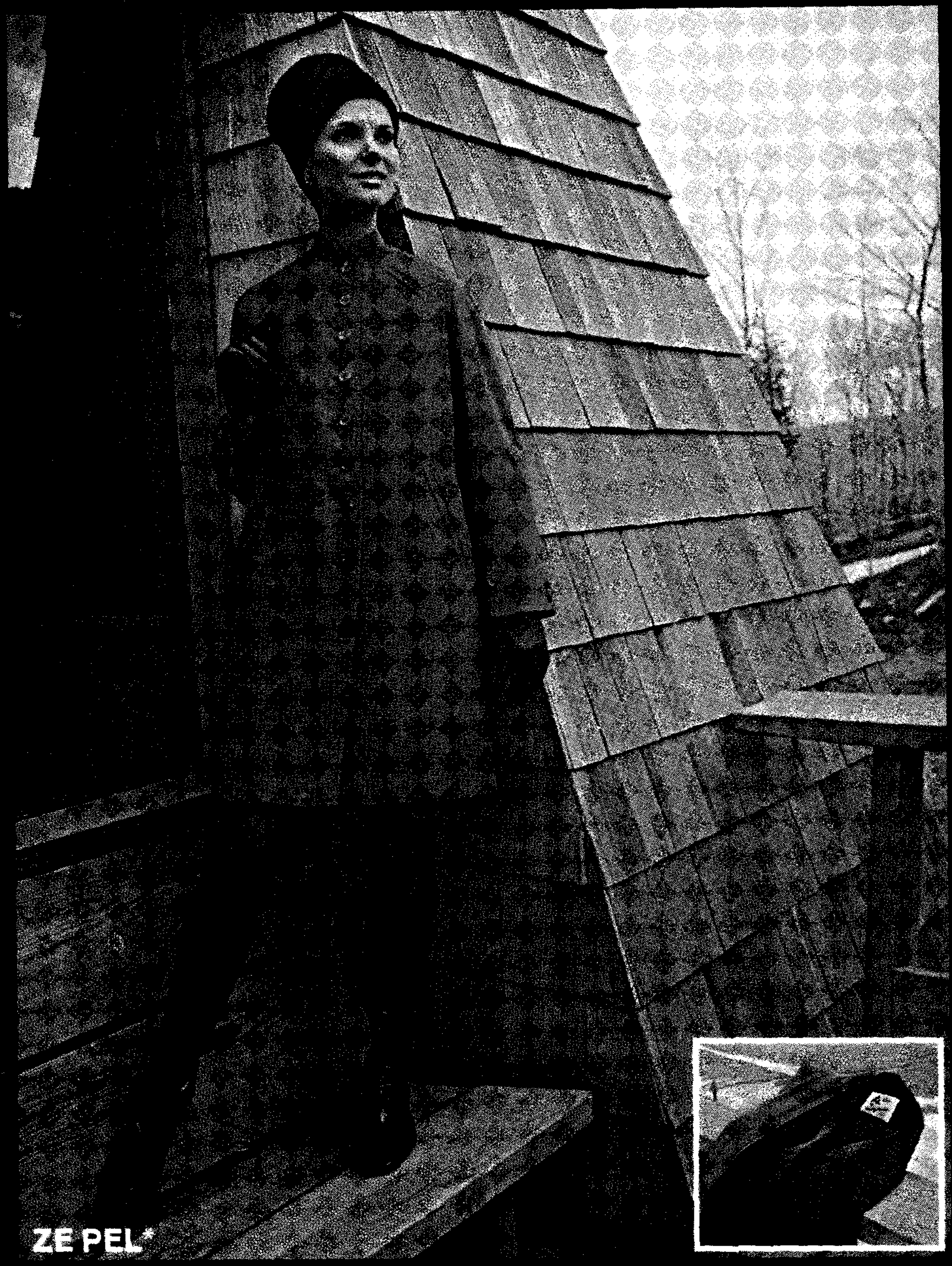
Step
5 E. 57th St., N.Y. | At fine stores

C'EST LES BERNARD

FLYAWAY CHIC: Of beautiful 14-carat gold-plated sterling we call diamond-point. Outsized, exquisitely wrought, to pin in pairs. $30.00 the pair, $15.00 each. For these original loves, buzz off to Rich's, Atlanta; Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.; Bonwit Teller, Phila. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

C'EST LES BERNARD

THE KATRINA, any-weather coat with our exclusive posh pile zip-out liner. Apple green (shown), plus seven spectacular colors. About $60.

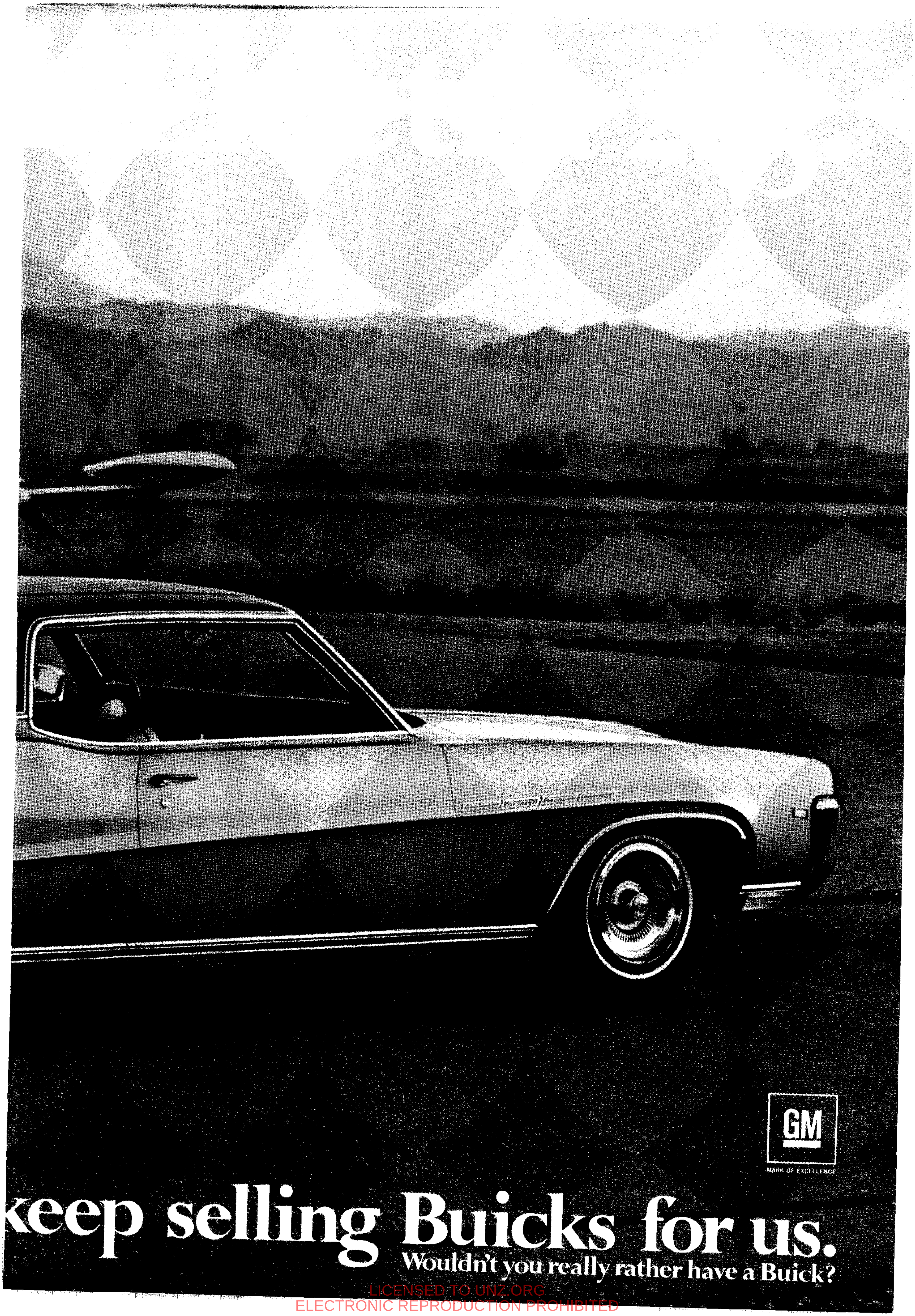


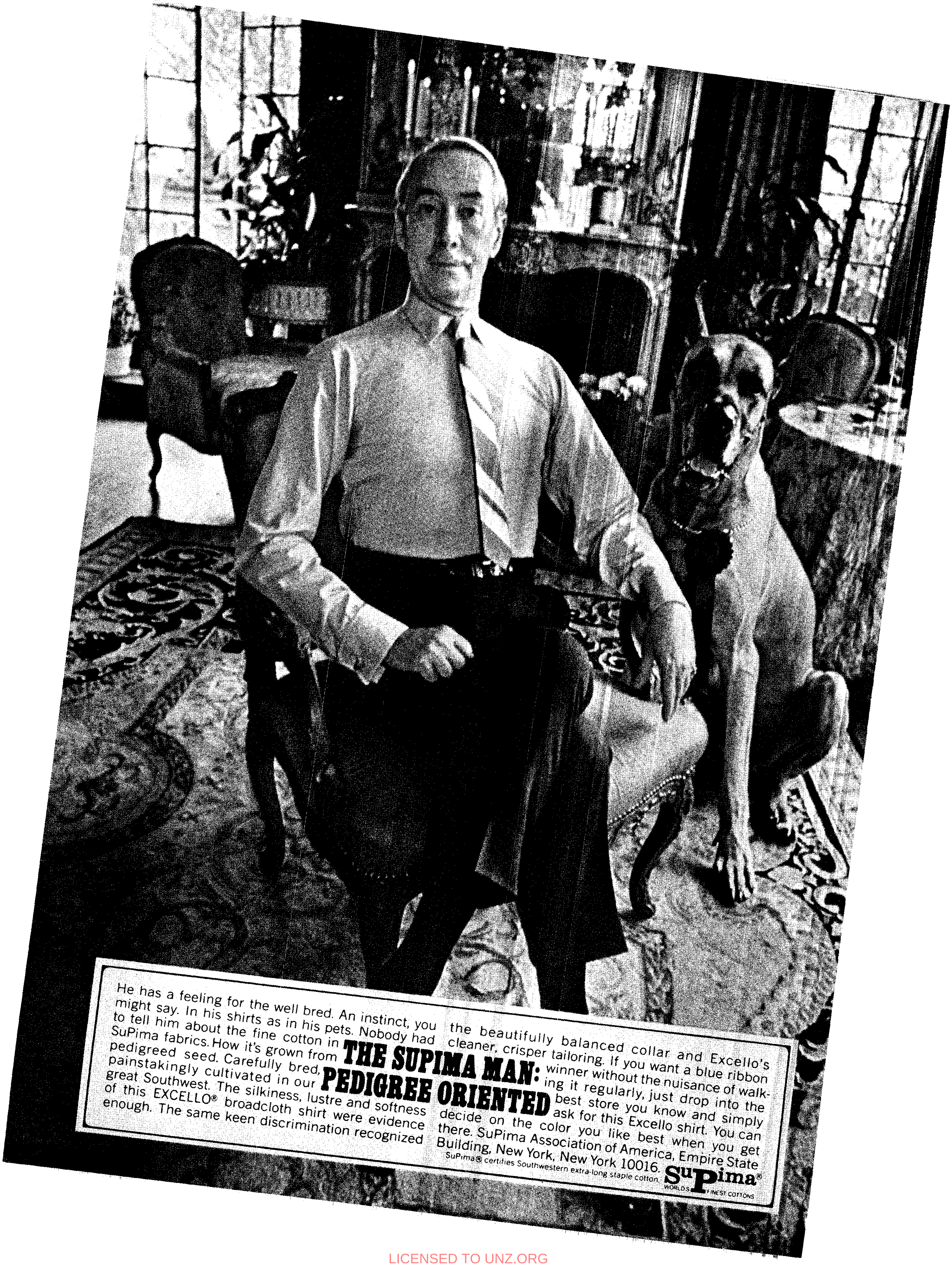
Misty Harbor® LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

B. ALTMAN & CO., New York; GERTZ, Long Island; TWEED SHOP, Baltimore & Pittsburgh; THE HECHT CO., Washington, D. C.; G. FOX, Hartford; and discerning stores everywhere or write Misty Harbor, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018

65% DACRON® POLYESTER-35% COTTON *DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

The 1969 Buic
No wonder Buick owners
BUICK MOTOR DIVISION


GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
keep selling Buicks for us.
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



THE SUPIMA MAN: PEDIGREE ORIENTED

He has a feeling for the well bred. An instinct, you might say. In his shirts as in his pets. Nobody had to tell him about the fine cotton in SuPima fabrics. How it's grown from pedigreed seed. Carefully bred, painstakingly cultivated in our great Southwest. The silkiness, lustre and softness of this EXCELLO® broadcloth shirt were evidence enough. The same keen discrimination recognized the beautifully balanced collar and Excello's cleaner, crisper tailoring. If you want a blue ribbon winner without the nuisance of walking it regularly, just drop into the best store you know and simply ask for this Excello shirt. You can decide on the color you like best when you get there. SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York, New York 10016.

SuPima® certifies Southwestern extra-long staple cotton.

SuPima®
WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS

nine days old and weighed about three pounds. His illness appeared to be a pneumonia. This illness had come on abruptly, but, like so many other premature babies, he had never been really well. He had been unable at birth to breathe spontaneously and had spent the first five or six days of his life in a respirator. It was obvious to Dr. Taylor that the baby's condition was grave. It seemed equally clear, however, that he was receiving the best of care, and a conventional course of penicillin and kanamycin had been started. Dr. Taylor left the nursery in an uneasy state of mind. His uneasiness had to do with Room 229 and the sudden string of serious illnesses there. He was afraid that they might be more than merely coincidental.

Dr. Taylor was not kept in suspense for long. One of his fears was confirmed that afternoon by a call from the resident then on duty in the nursery. He called to report that the new sick baby—the three-pound nine-day-old—was dead. His illness had lasted a scant eight hours. The next morning brought another confirmation. There was a final laboratory report on the first sick baby: the cause of his death was definitely a Pseudomonas infection. There was a forty-eight-hour report on the second sick baby: the gram-negative bacteria grown from his blood had all the important characteristics of Pseudomonas aeruginosa. There was a twenty-four-hour report on the third sick baby: cultures grown from his blood had been identified as gram-negative bacteria. And that was too much for coincidence. It meant—it could almost certainly only mean—that a Pseudomonas epidemic had struck the premature nursery.

PSEUDOMONAS AERUGINOSA is one of a group of gram-negative pathogens that have only recently come to be seriously pathogenic. Other members of this group include Escherichia coli and the several species of the Proteus and the Enterobacter-Klebsiella genera. Their rise to eminent virulence is a curious phenomenon. These microorganisms regularly reside in soil and water, and in the gastro-intestinal tracts of most (if not all) human beings. Their presence in that part of the body is normally innocuous. Healthy adults are impervious to the thrust of such bacteria. The victims of Pseudomonas (and E. coli and Proteus and Enterobacter) infections are the very old, the very young, and the very debilitated (the badly burned, the postoperative, the cancerous), and in almost every

There are over 600,000 words in the English language. But not one can really describe just how good J&B is. So when it comes to *anyone's* word on J&B—don't take it.

Take a drink of J&B instead.

Savor its special taste for yourself. You'll discover the flavor of J&B is unique. Far better than any words can convey. Far better than the scotch you used to think was great.

And you'll be anxious to pass the good word along. When you do, do it right. Forget all the superlatives; all the glorious adjectives. And simply insist they taste J&B for themselves.

Because now you know that only tasting is truly believing.

no man can really tell a woman about it

The unique flavor of J&B Rare Scotch

pennies more in cost
worlds apart in quality
the premium product of
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
founded 1749

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky · The Paddington Corporation, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

Sunny and Spectacular
PORTUGAL

Three Deluxe Hotels

...in Lisbon for Golf and the Beach

ESTORIL

Hotel Palácio—Estoril

ESTORIL .... twenty minutes from the center of Lisbon ... magnificent beach ... international championship golf, tennis and gambling casino ... thermal swimming pool .... 200 rooms and suites of quiet elegance, all with private bath ...., conference and meeting rooms available ...

New York Office Hotel Representative Inc.
660 Madison Avenue

...in the Algarve for the Beach

Hotel Alvor Praia

ALVOR ... a luxury resort ... beautiful beach .... 215 air conditioned and sound proofed rooms and suites, all with private bath and balcony .... three restaurants featuring international regional specialities ... large, heated swimming pool.

New York Office Hotel Representative Inc.
660 Madison Avenue

...in the Algarve for Golf

PENINA

Penina Golf Hotel

MONTES DE ALVOR ... 4 kms west of Portimão ...... every room with private bathroom .... grill, restaurants, bars .... conference rooms ... private golf course ... 18 holes — par 73 ...... Championship length up to 7480 yards ...... tennis courts ... heated swimming pools ... riding.

New York Office Robert F. Warner Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue

case they have been receiving vigorous sulfonamide or antibiotic or adrenal-steroid therapy. Most antimicrobial drugs have little destructive effect on bacteria of the Pseudomonas group. Just the reverse, in fact. Their action, in essence, is tonic. In people rendered susceptible to the gram-negative pathogens by age or illness, the result of chemotherapy is the elimination not only of the immediately threatening pathogens but also of the natural resident bacteria that normally hold further incursions of Pseudomonas (or E. coli or Proteus or Enterobacter) in check. The virulence of Pseudomonas and its kind is thus a wry expression of perhaps the most beneficent accomplishment of twentieth-century medicine.

It is also cause for some alarm. "One of the great changes wrought by the widespread use of antibacterial agents has been the radical shift in the ecologic relations among the pathogenic bacteria that are responsible for the most serious and fatal infections," the *New England Journal of Medicine* noted editorially in July of 1967. "Whereas John Bunyan could properly refer to consumption as 'Captain of the Men of Death,' this title, according to Osler, was taken over by pneumonia in the first quarter of this century. During the last two decades, it has again shifted, at least in hospital populations, first to the staphylococcal diseases and more recently to infections caused by gram-negative bacilli. Most of the gram-negative organisms that have given rise to these serious and highly fatal infections are among the normal flora of the bowel and have sometimes been referred to as 'opportunistic pathogens.' ... Before the present antibiotic era, some of them, like Escherichia coli, although they frequently caused simple urinary-tract infections, only occasionally gave rise to serious sepsis. ... Strains of Proteus or Pseudomonas did so very rarely, and those of Enterobacter were not even *known to produce infections in human* beings before the introduction of sulfonamide drugs. Of great importance are the facts that most of these opportunistic pathogens are resistant to the antibiotics that have been most widely used, and that the infections they produce are associated with a high mortality." This mortality is anachronistically high. It is roughly that resulting from the common run of pathogenic bacteria some thirty years ago—in the days when the best defense against the many Men of Death was a strong constitution.

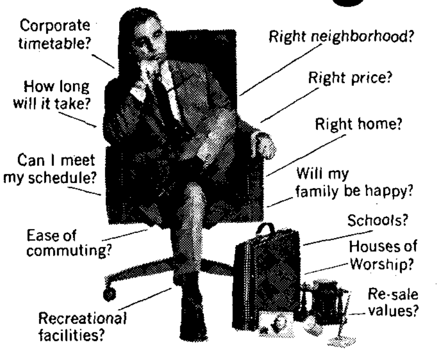
The most conspicuously troublesome

Ideale prima del pranzo...un
PUNT E MES
The Italian Apéritif
PUNT E MES
CARPANO

Start your meals with Punt e Mes, *the* gourmet favorite in 82 countries around the world. Punt e Mes is the dry and tangy apéritif that lets you taste more of the meal—and makes any food taste better. Isn't that a great thing for an apéritif to do?

IMPORTED BRANDS, INC., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

EXECUTIVES...
Relocating?


Corporate timetable?
How long will it take?
Can I meet my schedule?
Ease of commuting?
Recreational facilities?
Right neighborhood?
Right price?
Right home?
Will my family be happy?
Schools?
Houses of Worship?
Re-sale values?

Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems...WITHOUT CHARGE ...quickly...easily...efficiently

Through eight branch offices and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the problems of the homebuyer. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem ... backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request. Write or call (212) PL 8-2630.

Previews Executive Homesearch™
A MEMBER OF THE REEVES BROADCASTING GROUP
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D.C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco

Some People don't buy a Hasselblad because they think they know a camera that's almost as good. And so on.

"Almost as good" can mean anything you want it to. Mostly it means "half the price."

If you want the very best camera you can afford, and you can't afford a Hasselblad, we understand. But don't read any further, because we're going to explain why there's no other camera in the world almost as good as the Hasselblad, and we don't want you to feel badly.

Let us begin with the idea of a system. Hasselblad is surely not the only "system" camera, but The Hasselblad System has major features that other systems lack.

Most significantly, it is a 2¼ system, which offers you the speed and mobility of 35mm equipment plus the superior image quality of a larger format camera. With the Hasselblad, you can view your image better while you're shooting, after you develop your slides and contacts, and when you enlarge your pictures.

Another major difference between the Hasselblad and any camera you might want to compare it to is our five interchangeable magazines, which allow you to make 12 or 16 exposures on 120 film, 24 exposures on 220 film, and 70 exposures on 70mm film, as well as permitting a choice of three different formats (2¼ square, 2¼ X 1⅝, 1⅝ X 1⅝). You can also load one magazine with color film, one with black and white, and then switch back and forth between them without losing time or film.

Every system offers lenses, but it is the range and quality of Hasselblad lenses which sets them apart from lenses in other systems. Ours are made by Carl Zeiss and there are 8 of them – 40, 50, 80, 120, 135, 150, 250, and 500mm. Each lens has a built-in Synchro Compur shutter, with automatic stopping down at the moment of exposure, and manual preview for depth of field checks. Every lens has both M and X synchronization, allowing the use of flash and strobe up to speeds of 1/500th of a second.

The System not only offers multiple lenses and magazines, it offers multiple Hasselblads. First, the standard 500C, a 2¼ square format single lens reflex viewing camera which lets you see your three dimensional picture on the ground glass screen in two dimensions, the same way a view camera does. The reflex viewing on an enlarged screen allows you to compose and frame your shot more accurately, with no fear of parallax error. The large 2¼ format also lets you be a better judge of your focusing, so that you may increase the sharpness of each individual shot. And since your contacts and slides will also be larger in proportion to the camera, you can more easily select the ones you want to enlarge. You will also benefit from the superior image quality of 2¼ over 35mm when it is enlarged to any degree.

Second, we have the Hasselblad Super Wide C. Equipped with a 38mm, 90° angle of view Zeiss Biogon f/4.5 lens, this camera allows you to take pictures previously considered impossible. The superb optics of the lens assures perfect distortion-free horizontal and vertical delineation, with sharpness of image from corner to corner of the negative area, even at full aperture. (Depth of field at f/22 is from 12 inches to infinity.)

Third, there is the electrically driven Hasselblad 500EL. This camera automatically advances the film and cocks the shutter, permitting you to make a rapid series of exposures, either by use of the camera release or long release cords, timer, or remote radio control.

Last, there is the 70mm Hasselblad, which is electrically driven like the Hasselblad EL, with a 70mm film magazine allowing 70 exposures on cassette loaded 70mm film. This camera gives you total freedom from mechanical necessities when a job requires a large number of exposures.

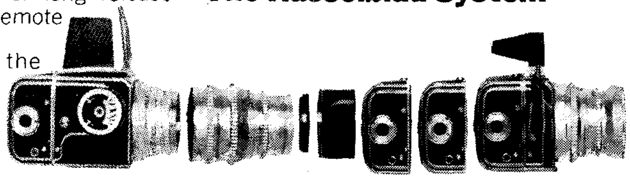
The Hasselblad System also offers a huge range of accessories. Proxars. Extension tubes. Bellows extension for close-up work. Filters. Transparency copy holder. Cut film back. Eye level prism finders. Sports view finders. Sun shades. A rapid winding crank. Quick focusing handles. Grips. Underwater housing. Ring light. Microscope attachments. Carrying cases.

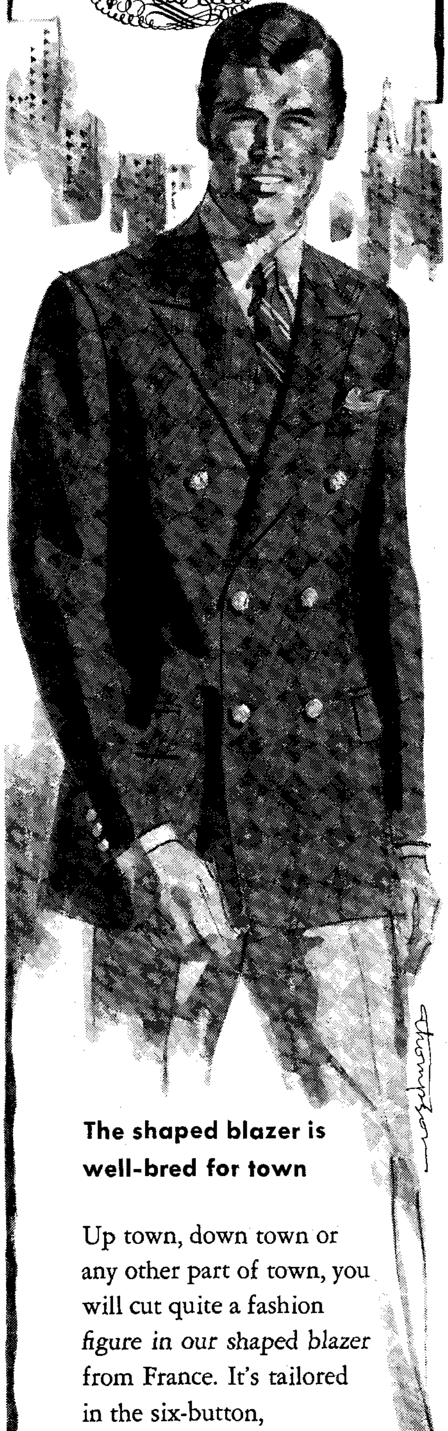
We would be the last ones to say that there are no other fine cameras available to you. We only want you to realize the error of comparing any of them to Hasselblad.

The Hasselblad System is a system unto itself.

For more information and a free 40 page catalogue, write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036.

The Hasselblad System




Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

The shaped blazer is well-bred for town

Up town, down town or any other part of town, you will cut quite a fashion figure in our shaped blazer from France. It's tailored in the six-button, double-breasted style with newly widened lapels, great shape and high center vent. Navy wool twill in regular, short and long sizes. $95. Men's Store, Street Floor and all branches.

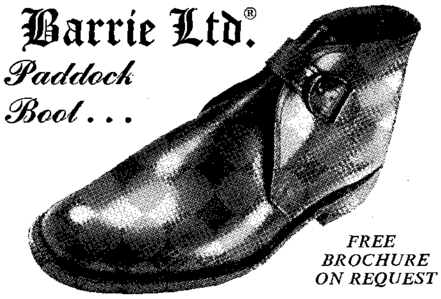
Third Avenue at 59th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022, EL 5-5900

of these ordinarily unaggressive pathogens is E. coli. It has been implicated in some ninety per cent of the urinary-tract infections caused by members of this group, and it is responsible for many of the more serious cases of bacteremia, gastroenteritis, and pneumonia. It is not, however, the most opportunistic. The organism best equipped to take advantage of almost any chemotherapeutic opportunity is the Pseudomonas bacillus. Pseudomonas aeruginosa is all but invulnerable to the present pharmacopoeia. Only two antibiotics—polymyxin B and colistin—are generally effective against most Pseudomonas strains. Moreover, both must be used with great discretion to prevent severe kidney side reactions. Ps. aeruginosa is also distinctively lethal. Its mortality rate, as numerous recent outbreaks (including that in Pittsburgh in 1965) have shown, may run as high as seventy-five per cent.

AN investigation into the source of the Pseudomonas infections in the premature nursery at Magee-Womens Hospital was started by Dr. Taylor on Friday morning, July 16th. A forty-eight-hour report from the laboratory had by then established as Ps. aeruginosa the gram-negative bacteria that had been cultured from the blood of the third sick baby, and the presence of an epidemic was now beyond dispute. The investigation began with a survey to determine the scope of the trouble. There were at that time, in addition to the surviving (or diarrheal) sick baby, twenty-eight babies in the nursery. Samples of nose, throat, and stool material were taken from each, to be dispatched to the laboratory for culture and analysis. Dr. Taylor saw this work well under way, and then walked down to his office and put in a call to a colleague named Horace M. Gezon, at the Graduate School of Public Health. Dr. Gezon (at the time professor of epidemiology and microbiology at the University of Pittsburgh Graduate School of Public Health and now chairman of the Department of Pediatrics at the Boston University School of Medicine) is an authority on hospital infections, and Dr. Taylor wanted his help. Dr. Gezon had two immediate suggestions. One was that the investigators meet at the hospital the following morning for an exchange of information and ideas. The other was that Joshua Fierer, of the Allegheny County Health Department, be invited to join the investigation. Dr. Fierer (now a postdoctoral fellow in infectious diseases at the University of Pittsburgh

CANOE

DANA's Canoe Shaving Foam... designed to make your razor glide. Tingling aroma... luxurious lather. Holds its rich moisture shave after shave. $1.50
Follow with Canoe After Shave Treatment... to brace and firm the skin. $5


Barrie Ltd.®
Paddock Boot...

FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

..an English classic pattern with strap and stirrup buckle • Premium quality selected aniline calfskin • Completely leather lined • Hand-flexed single leather sole and heel. In black ☐ or brown ☐ $32.95 postpaid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C.

Tony Bennett
JOHN BUNCH, MUSICAL CONDUCTOR
OCT. 4 THRU OCT. 19
EMPIRE ROOM
Twice nightly (except Sundays)
Continuous Dancing • Res.: 355-3000
The Waldorf-Astoria
Ed Ames Oct. 21—Nov. 2

Take 300 men and women.
Strand them on an exotic island.
Strip them of social pressure.

Introducing The Club Méditerranée Vacation.

It's more than a vacation, it's dropping out of society.

A Club Méditerranée village is isolated in a far-off land, with neither newspapers nor radios. But more important, it is philosophically remote.

The social pressures that inhibit an individual in the modern world do not exist in this one. There are no rules, no status, no social games. You feel free to act as you'd like to, not as you think you're supposed to.

Club Méditerranée's vacation concept has really caught on in Europe. In the last few years, over half a million Europeans have indulged themselves at our 34 villages around the world.

Money is a string of beads.

Even money, as you know it, is dispensed with. Instead you wear a necklace of pop-out beads. Which is only shortened for a drink at the bar. Everything else is free.

A bathing suit is your wardrobe.

Nowhere at the club is a bathing suit inappropriate. The bar, breakfast, even dinner if you like.

In this society, you can't tell what a man does for a living—if he has a lot of money, or a little. He's just a human being.

It's not a bad way of looking at people.

Food fit for a Roman orgy.

There is fish of every description, à la Parisienne or au Beurre. (Each village boasts a master French chef.) There are rare delicacies stuffed with other rare delicacies. Trays loaded with camembert, port-de-salut, brie. Armies of napoleons, éclairs, flambées. Mountains of freshly picked fruit.

Talk and laughter are in abundance, too. Eight people sit at each table. And since there's no permanent seating arrangement, you're always meeting someone new.

All the wine you can drink.

Food is never served without great pitchers of wine. In this carefree society it flows as freely as water. Perhaps because it's free.

No hand-clapping, whistle-blowing social directors.

No one at the club will try to push a good time down your throat. The G.O.'s ("gentils organisateurs") are there with expert instruction, if and when the spirit moves you.

Another pressure is alleviated because there is no social distinction made between the G.O.'s and the G.M.'s ("gentils membres"). Everyone eats, drinks, and dances together. It's one big happy family.

A tip is an insult.

It would be like trying to tip a friend for doing you a favor. So on this vacation, you won't have to spend time figuring out how much to tip who and when.

Free activities.

The activities include tennis, skiing (both kinds) sailing, swimming, deep-sea fishing, scuba diving, spear fishing, judo, yoga, bridge, volley ball. And every night there's dancing to live music under a billion stars.

You notice there are no asterisks lurking around. None of the "minimal charges" that you usually have to contend with on a vacation. Instruction is also free.

Our first club in the Caribbean.

It's on the beautiful island of Guadeloupe It's our newest club and our very first in this part of the world. So Americans will now be able to drop out of society in just 4 hours.

Of course, our clubs everywhere are available to you. From lush Tahiti to sun-drenched Morocco to the snow-capped Alps (14 ski villages in all).

The incredibly low price.

Our prices include everything from the time you go to the time you get back.

Guadeloupe, 1 week for $310. 2 weeks for $459. (Includes round-trip jet economy fare from New York.)

Michele,
Club Méditerranée Service Center
P.O. Box 188
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

Please send me further information on Club Méditerranée.

I am especially interested in vacations to: ☐ Caribbean, ☐ Morocco, ☐ Tahiti, ☐ Ski villages.

NAME

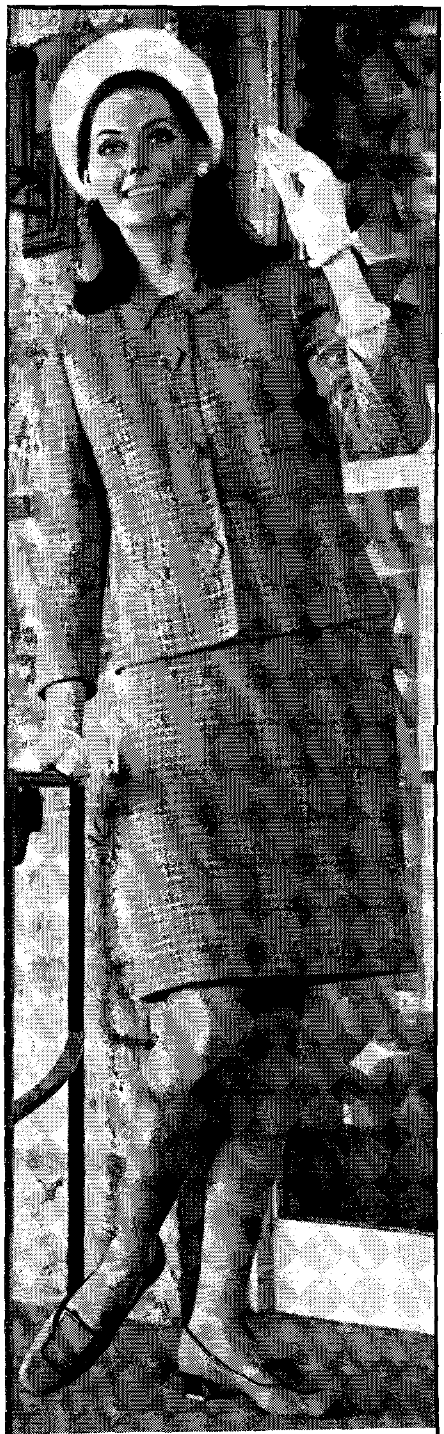
ADDRESS

CITY STATE CODE

MY TRAVEL AGENT IS NY-105

Club Méditerranée/American Express.

American Express Company is the general sales agent for the Club Méditerranée in the U.S. and Canada. Club Méditerranée vacations can be booked through your travel agent or any American Express Company or subsidiary office in the U.S. and Canada.



This autumn—the suit!

A superb British tweed—representative of Tailorbrooke's avant-garde classics priced from $65 to $140 at fine stores including:

Best & Co., New York
Hutzler's, Baltimore
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh
Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago
Bullock's, Southern California

Impeccably

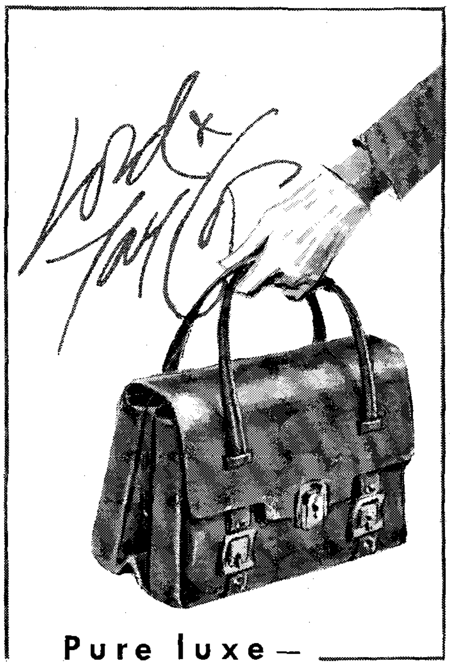
Tailorbrooke

Tailorbrooke Clothes, Inc.
533 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Department of Medicine) was an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer assigned to Allegheny County by the National Communicable Disease Center, in Atlanta.

"Dr. Taylor called me on Friday afternoon," Dr. Fierer says. "I know it was Friday, because that's when all investigations seem to begin—at the start of the weekend. I knew Dr. Taylor. I had met him with Dr. Gezon back in March—on a Friday in March. There had been an outbreak of diarrhea in the premature nursery that they thought might be a viral disease, and they called the county because we had the only virus-diagnostic laboratory in the area. That case turned out to be nothing to worry about. It got the three of us together, though, and I guess that was what brought me to mind when this new problem came up. I was delighted to be asked to participate. Pseudomonas is a very interesting organism these days. But I had to tell Dr. Taylor that I couldn't make the Saturday-morning meeting. Or, if I could, I'd be late. I had a firm commitment at the Pittsburgh Children's Zoo on Saturday morning. They had a chimpanzee out there with hepatitis.

"I got to the hospital, but I was more than late. It was after lunch, and the meeting was over and everybody had gone. I looked around the nursery, feeling kind of foolish, and said hello to the nurses, and they told me who had been at the meeting. There were six in the group, including Dr. Taylor and Dr. Gezon. The others were the two residents, a study nurse of Dr. Gezon's, and an assistant professor of epidemiology at the School of Public Health named Russell Rycheck. Dr. Rycheck was a particular friend of mine. I went over to the school and looked him up, and he gave me a good report. The meeting had naturally concentrated on the nursery. The big question, of course, was: Where had the infection come from? How had Pseudomonas been introduced into the nursery? Well, Pseudomonas is a water-dwelling organism. It can live on practically nothing in the merest drop of water. That suggested water as the probable source of the trouble, and the nursery had plenty of such sources. There were thirty incubator bassinets equipped with humidifiers drawing on water reservoirs, and there were fourteen sinks—one in each of the ten baby rooms, three in the central nursing station, and one in the gown room. And then there were the usual jugs of sterile water for



Pure luxe—

handsome buckled bag on a handsome scale, in the softest, butteriest French calf. Black, tan or navy, from Coblentz, 50.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.

For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine

Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities

- **IMPERIAL,** 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- **GOURMET,** 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- **EAST,** 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930

- **QUEENS,** 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- **SUNNYSIDE,** 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
- **FLUSHING,** 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

JAMAICA
MEANS MORE AT

Half Moon

HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director

Glamorous Montego Bay's **only** complete resort. Our own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. One of the world's most beautiful beaches. 11 swimming pools, 4 tennis courts, sailing. Luxury accommodations, all beachfront, include 17 private cottages.

See your travel agent.

Represented by
Hetland & Stevens Inc.,
211 E. 43rd St.,
New York, TN 7-1450;
Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Toronto.

George R. Smith Co.:
Beverly Hills, Seattle, San Francisco, Sydney.

Kahlúa.
Before sporting engagements.
Or after.

This authentic Pre-Columbian figure is from the famed Kahlua collection of authentic Pre-Columbian figures.

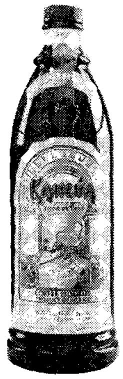
A beverage of Olympian stature with the heart for round the clock performance.

Brilliantly creative with crepes.

Fresh in tall afternoon coolers, charming in cocktails, witty in Irish Coffee, welcome magnificently alone or in favorite after dinner concoctions and more than complimentary in highly festive desserts.

Kahlúa. The great competitor. The coffee liqueur that handles at least a dozen events, and admirably.

To kindle interest in your entertaining, write for Kahlúa's challenging recipe book. Free!



KAHLÚA
53 Proof
Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico

JULES BERMAN & ASSOCIATES, INC., 116 N. ROBERTSON BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90048

See South America on Lufthansa.

Lufthansa?

Sure, Lufthansa German Airlines. We've been flying to South America for years. To South American places like European-flavored Buenos Aires, and Portuguese-speaking Rio. To Inca ruins and Argentine pampas. To the staggering Andes. The Brazilian jungles. The gambling casinos on the Chilean Riviera. To the Amazon and the coffee plantations. And we'll show you more when you take a Lufthansa Golden Continent tour. Pick one. They're described below. For the details, send the coupon.

LATIN ESCAPADE TOUR

20 days touring Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil. We'll provide transportation, accommodations, most meals, taxes and tips.

LATIN INTERLUDE TOUR

20 days in Peru, Chile, Argentina, Bolivia, Ecuador. Accommodations, transportation, tips, taxes and many meals provided.

INCA HIGHLANDS TOUR

15 days in Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador. Including all ground transportation, accommodations, most meals, tips and taxes.

Lufthansa also has direct service from New York to Guayaquil, Lima, La Paz and Santiago.

Lufthansa German Airlines S-105
410 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

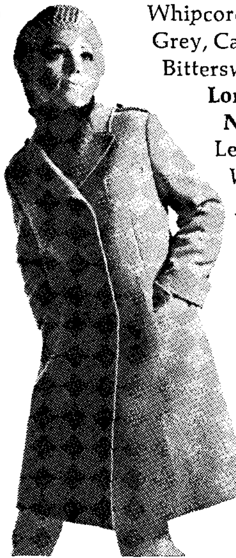
Please send me the Golden Continent Tour folder.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________
Zip__________ Phone__________
My travel agent is____________________

Lufthansa

washing the babies' eyes and for other medicative purposes. Dr. Gezon arranged for water samples from every possible source. That included two samples from each sink—one from the drain and one from the aerator on the faucet. The screens that diffuse the water in an aerator can provide a water bug like Pseudomonas with an excellent breeding place. For good measure, he took a swab of the respirator used in the ward. Also, Dr. Rycheck said, Dr. Gezon arranged for throat and stool samples from the two residents and from all the nurses working in the premature nursery. And he had called another meeting for Monday morning. The laboratory findings would be ready for evaluation by then.

"I made the Monday meeting. The laboratory reports were presented, and then we tried to decide what they meant. The human studies made pretty plain reading. There were two sets—the nurses and residents, and the twenty-eight seemingly well babies in the nursery. The laboratory eliminated the nurses and residents as possible carriers. Their cultured specimens were all negative for Pseudomonas. The reports on the babies confirmed what I think most of us had already suspected. This was a real epidemic. Twenty-two of the babies were negative for Pseudomonas, but six were positive. They weren't clinically sick. They didn't show any symptoms. They were, however, infected with Ps. aeruginosa. Why they weren't sick is hard to say. There were several possible explanations. The best one was that their exposure was relatively slight and their natural defenses were strong—they hadn't been weakened by antibiotics. The results of the environmental studies were very interesting. But they were also rather confusing. They showed five sink drains and three of the bassinet reservoirs to be contaminated. Everything else was negative for Pseudomonas—the water jugs, the respirator, the faucet aerators, and the other drains and bassinets. The contaminated drains were in Room 207, Room 209, Room 227, an unoccupied room, and the gown room. The contaminated bassinets were in 224, 227, and 229. All the infected babies were associated with just two rooms. They were, or had been, in either Room 227—the room where the first baby took sick—or Room 229, where he died and where the two other babies became sick. There was a contaminated sink in Room 227, but the sink in 229 was clean. There was a contaminated bassinet reservoir in each room, but



The original imported Teller Coat made in Austria.
The woman with that certain Teller look; unmistakable in "My Brother's Coat" (he'll never forgive me). Whipcord in Independence Grey, Camel or Bittersweet. $75. At **Lord & Taylor, N.Y. & Branches;** Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh. Halle Bros., Cleveland; Shillito's, Cincinnati
B. Teller of Vienna, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018

CHANDLER'S 49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

ABBE LANE
sets the world on desire
from October 2-October 22
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA

Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

Save The Children Federation—
Founded in 1932
National Sponsors (partial list):
Andy Griffith, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly,
Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney,
Frank Sinatra, Mrs. Earl Warren

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD

☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE ☐ VIETNAM ☐ LATIN AMERICA ☐ AFRICA

☐ WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST.

ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT

☐ $15 MONTHLY ☐ $45 QUARTERLY

☐ $90 SEMI-ANNUALLY ☐ $180 ANNUALLY

☐ SEND ME MORE INFORMATION

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $______

NAME________________

ADDRESS________________

CITY________ STATE________ ZIP________

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE NY 10/5/8 only one of the bassinets was, or had been, occupied by an infected baby. There were no infected babies in two rooms—Room 209 and Room 207—that had contaminated sinks, and none in Room 224, which had a contaminated bassinet. It was all very peculiar. We had a lot of contamination and we had a lot of infected babies, but there didn't seem to be any connection between the two. The only link we could think of was the nurses. The babies had no contact with each other. The bassinets were self-contained, and none of the babies shared any equipment or medication. The nurses might have carried the infection on their hands. They could do that without becoming infected themselves. Healthy adults don't succumb to Pseudomonas. But why did they carry it only to the babies in 227 and 229?

"The meeting ended on that unsatisfactory note. Dr. Gezon was as puzzled as the rest of us. But, of course, this puzzling point was only part of the investigation. We still had an epidemic to contain. We didn't understand the mechanics of its spread, but we did know what it was, and we thought we had enough information to bring it under control. We knew who was sick and we knew that the nursery was contaminated at eight specific sites. By Monday night, the nursery was as clean as Dr. Gezon and the nursery staff knew how to make it. All the sinks were scrubbed with sodium-hypochlorite disinfectant. The bassinet reservoirs were emptied and disinfected with an iodophor, and only those in use were refilled. As a further precaution, that water was to be changed every day. Certain nurses were assigned to take exclusive care of the infected babies. Also, in the hope of dislodging their infection, all the infected babies were placed on a five-day course of colistimethate given intramuscularly, and colistin sulphate by mouth. It wasn't necessary to isolate the infected babies. They were already isolated. And it was arranged that specimens be taken every day from all the babies in the nursery, and from all the sinks and bassinets and so on. That would give us a constant focus on the course of the epidemic.

"I didn't participate in the sanitation program. They didn't need me. I would have been an extra thumb. I went back to my office and back to the regular Health Department routine, but part of my mind was still out there at the nursery, and I got to thinking about something I'd read a few months before. It was a report in the *Lancet*

JAMAICA

Run
Runaway
Runaway Bay

Runaway for a sporting Jamaican adventure. Championship golf on an 18-hole course as tricky as it is lovely. Surf casting from a powdery white sand beach that stretches a full half mile. Exploring the graceful, green mountains above. Dining deliciously, living luxuriously. Pack your gear. Runaway. Today.

Jamaica's
Runaway Bay
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB AN ISSA HOTEL
Nick Brimo, V.P.• Josef Berger, Gen. Mgr.
Runaway Bay Post Office, Jamaica, W.I.
Phone your Travel Agent or local
Leonard Hicks Office

TOWER ISLE IS JAMAICA

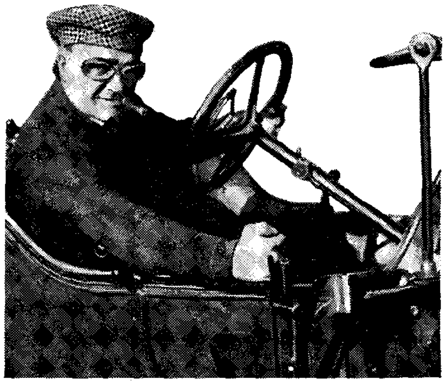
More than a place, Tower Isle is a romance . . . set like a precious diamond, amid the exotic colour of twelve flowering acres, in fashionable Ocho Rios. The complete, self-contained beach resort . . . where service is an honoured tradition and food preparation a fine art.

Tower Isle
AN ISSA HOTEL
Nick Brimo, V.P. and Gen. Mgr.
Tower Isle Post Office, Jamaica, W.I.
Phone your Travel Agent
or local Leonard Hicks Office

Every time Fred goes "shun piking" he stops at the Colonial Inn.

Fred unwinds in our easy and casual atmosphere, away from the fast pace of today. Our brand of hospitality never becomes obsolete: and our 60 modern rooms and public rooms are geared to your need for relaxation. Maybe we're blowing our own horn, but when you leave you'll feel in vintage condition.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200



If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing, boating and tennis. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

George Feyer at the piano

His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.
For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.

THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

about an outbreak of Pseudomonas in an English nursery that was traced to a catheter used to relieve throat congestion in the babies. The source of the trouble eluded detection for almost a year. What I particularly remembered about the report was a description of a new system of microbial identification. There are several different types of Ps. aeruginosa, and this report told how they could be differentiated by a laboratory procedure called pyocine typing. Pyocine typing makes use of the fact that certain strains of Pseudomonas will kill or inhibit the growth of other Pseudomonas strains, and it's a complicated procedure. Well, it occurred to me that pyocine typing might help to clarify our problem. It could at least tell us if all the sinks and all the bassinets and all the infected babies were infected with the same strain of Pseudomonas. I thought about it, and finally I called up Dr. Gezon. He saw the point at once. But, as I say, pyocine typing was then very new, and we didn't know where to turn for help. It could be that the system was being used only in England. We talked it over and decided that the best place to begin was at the Communicable Disease Center, in Atlanta. If anybody was doing pyocine typing in this country, the people there would certainly know. That was Monday evening. On Tuesday morning, I got on the phone to Atlanta and talked to one of my friends at C.D.C. and asked him what he knew about something called pyocine typing. 'Pyocine typing?' he said. 'Why, Shulman is working on that right now. I'll switch you over to him.' Shulman was Dr. Jonas A. Shulman, and a fellow Epidemic Intelligence Service officer. He's now assistant professor of preventive medicine at Emory University. I described the case to him and asked him if he could help us out, and he was more than willing. He was eager. He wanted all the work he could get. So as soon as we finished talking I arranged for specimens of all our isolates to be airmailed down to Atlanta. Pyocine typing takes about two days. Shulman might have something for us by Thursday.

"Before I left the hospital, I went around to the premature nursery. That *Lancet* paper was still on my mind. Not pyocine typing. What interested me now was the source of the outbreak it described—that contaminated catheter. I looked up one of the pediatric residents and asked him what went on in the delivery rooms. I was thinking about contaminated equipment that the babies might have shared. For ex-

GGG. The Image Maker.
GGG
CLOTHES
Write for free style booklet. Wm. P. Goldman & Bros. Inc. Dept. M, 12 E. 14th St. N.Y. 10003

from Denmark, little land of good living

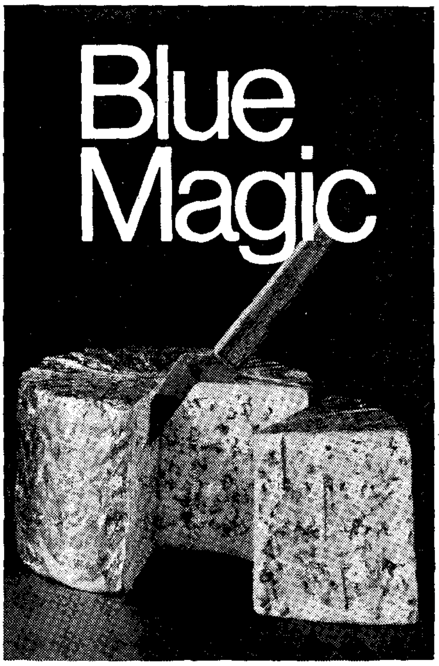
Savoy

It's here — a unique sterling pattern to complement your role as a gracious hostess. SAVOY combines striking modern design with traditional craftsmanship. Designed by Danish sculptor Henning Seidelin exclusively for Frigast of Copenhagen. Six-piece handcrafted place setting: $95.00. Other outstanding patterns from $78.00. For catalogue and name of store near you, write:

DANISH SILVERSMITHS, INC.
573 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

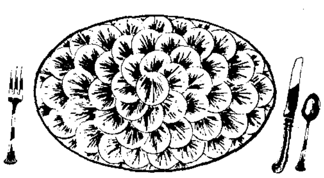
ample, did they use a regular aspirator? The resident said no. The aspirators they used were all disposable and were discarded after each use. What about the resuscitators? Did they have humidifying attachments? A humidifier would mean water, and a possible breeding place for Pseudomonas. Another no. The resuscitators used in the delivery rooms were simply bags and masks attached to an oxygen line from the wall. I asked a few more questions along those lines and got the same kind of answers, and gave up. This wasn't a case like the *Lancet* case. So I was back in the nursery again. But the more I thought about those contaminated sinks and bassinets the less convinced I was that they were the source of our trouble. I just couldn't see any plausible link between those particular sites and those nine particular babies. But if the answer wasn't a piece of contaminated equipment, what else could it be? A contaminated person? And then I got a thought—maybe a contaminated mother. It sounded only too possible. A contaminated mother could very easily transmit an infection to her baby in the course of its birth. Childbirth is not a very tidy process.

"The next question was: Which mother? I thought I could answer that. It had to be the mother of the second sick baby. Not the baby in whom the infection was first diagnosed. The significant case was the second Pseudomonas baby—the term baby who came into the nursery with pneumonia and then developed diarrhea. The first sick baby had been healthy until the day before his death. He had been healthy for over three weeks. So he was actually No. 2. It wasn't hard to reconstruct the possible course of events. The infection was introduced into the nursery by the term baby and then spread to the other babies by the nurses. Pseudomonas is a difficult organism. You can't wash it off your hands with a little soap and water, the way you can the staphylococcus bug. To get Pseudomonas off, you have to scrub and scrub and scrub. And it's also extremely resistant to most disinfectants. But what made the infected-mother theory really attractive was that it seemed to explain what the environmental theory left unexplained. It explained why the infected babies were concentrated in Room 227 and Room 229. Both of those rooms were intensive-care rooms, and there was very little traffic between them and the other rooms. However, it was just a theory. It was based on the supposition that the diarrheal baby's mother was a Pseudo-



So incredibly delicious, you won't believe it's real. Till you have another nibble. Then a good big bite. *Mmm! Sheer magic, right out of the* blue: delectable Danish Blue. Absolute wizardry, all by itself. But please don't underestimate the enchanting tang it gives hamburgers, snacks or steak. Live a little: conjure up your own mealtime magic with Danish Blue cheese. Try the other Danish cheeses, too.

Imported
DANISH BLUE CHEESE
Cheeses from the Fairyland Dairyland of Denmark



TRULY ELEGANT PEARL SHELL MATS

Genuine Capiz ocean pearl shells with polyester surface. Cork backing, solid brass edging. Heat, stain, alcohol resistant. Large, 13" x 19". $6.00 each. Coasters, set of 8 — $3.50. Add 25¢ per mat for delivery. Add 5% sales tax in Calif.

Geary's 351 No. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Cal. 90210

"EN CASSEROLE"

The secret of a superb cuisine is its ability to retain the natural aroma and flavor of any cooked food plus a few seasoning ingredients. A metallic utensil gives your food an unnatural metal flavor, *but our Vallauris earthenware is guaranteed not to* affect its contents. Discover the natural flavor of cooking by using Vallauris earthenware.

No. 10NY5 2 qt. cap. $5.95 3 qt. cap. $7.95

Postpaid in U.S.A.

No C.O.D.'s, Please!
Write for
complete catalog.

Bazar Français
EST 1877
21 ST 6 AVE
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

monas carrier. So the next thing to do was find out. The first thing I found was that the baby had been discharged on Saturday, and that he and his mother were now at home. I got the address, and Dr. Taylor and the baby's pediatrician gave me the necessary permission. I went out to the house and introduced myself, and the mother was nice and coöperative, and I got the specimens I needed and took them back to the Health Department lab.

"She wasn't a carrier. The preliminary laboratory report on my specimens was negative for Pseudomonas. That was the following day—Wednesday afternoon. But by then it didn't matter. We had something much more interesting to think about. The way it happened was this. I was in the nursery that afternoon, and one of the residents came over and told me they had another infected baby. New babies had been coming along every day, of course, and this one was a term baby born on Monday and sent up to the premature nursery for special care. He had had trouble breathing at birth, and had required extensive resuscitation in the delivery room. Well, a routine nasopharyngeal culture taken when he was admitted to the nursery had just been found to be positive for Pseudomonas. I looked at the resident and the resident looked at me. This was real news. That baby could not possibly have been infected in the nursery. The laboratory samples had been taken before he was even settled there. He could have been infected only in the delivery room. And there were just two possible sources of infection there. His mother was one, and the other was some piece of contaminated equipment. My guess was naturally the mother. I found out what room the new baby's mother was in, and made the necessary arrangements, and went up and took the standard nose, throat, and stool samples, and arranged for the hospital laboratory to culture them. When I got back to the nursery, Dr. Gezon was there talking to the resident, and I could tell from the look on his face that he had heard the news.

"The three of us went down to the delivery suite. We found the nurse in charge and told her what we were doing. She was terribly upset. It was most distressing to her to have us arrive in her domain on such a mission. But she was a good nurse and she cooperated perfectly. The room where the baby had been born was not in use, and she took us in and showed us around. There was a delivery table in

ENTER Mister Mustard's
"LIVE A LITTLE
IN THE CARIBBEAN"
SWEEPSTAKES
Enjoy a COOKS TOUR* of the American Caribbean on the new cruising liner M/V IZARRA
mister mustard

This year's Mister Mustard Sweepstakes winner cruises the Spanish Main. Exciting stop-overs in San Juan and St. Thomas are preceded by three days in Miami Beach! A heady mixture of old world and new for two. Alive with the same exotic spirit that makes the gusty continental flavor of Dijon-style Mister Mustard such a keen eating adventure.

mister mustard

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES · IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE, REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER ·

Enter now

100 OTHER PRIZES

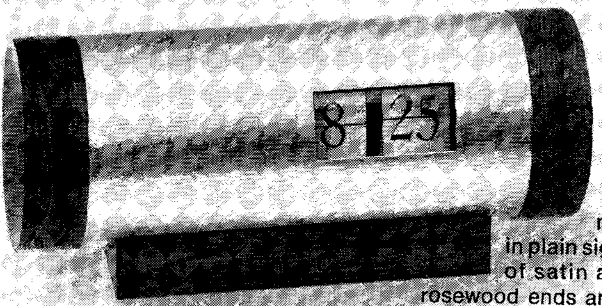
50 Gourmet Spice Racks
50 Flacons of Caribbean perfume

**All travel arrangements by Thos. Cook & Son, world's largest travel organization, operators of famous Cook's Tours.*

RULES: Submit name and address on Mister Mustard label, entry blank, or piece of paper on which you've printed product name. No purchase required. Mail entries separately to "LIVE A LITTLE", Dept. M-NY, Box 926, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201, postmarked by October 30, 1968. Grand prize winner receives a Caribbean Trip for Two, including transportation, hotel rooms and $300.00 spending money. 100 additional prizes. All residents of the U.S.A. eligible except employees (and families) of The Frank Tea & Spice Co. and agency. Void where prohibited by law. Random drawings by independent group will select winners. **Contest closes October 30, 1968.**

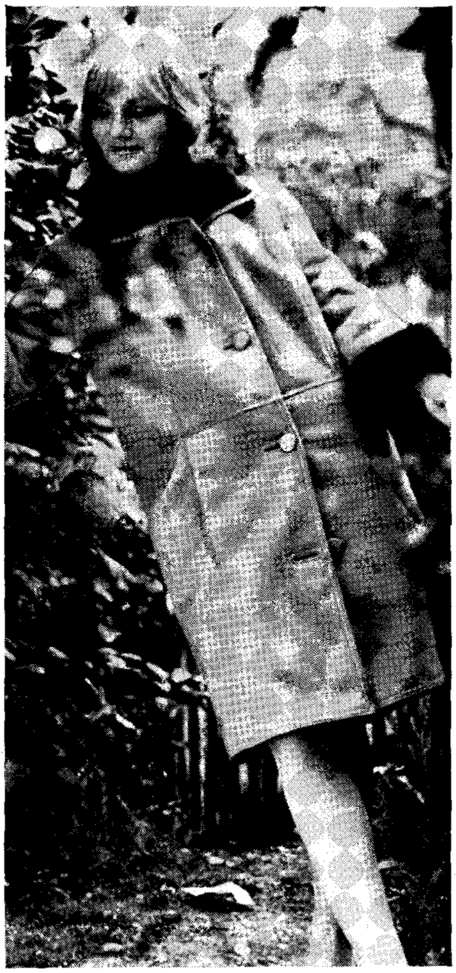
THE FRANK TEA & SPICE COMPANY • CINCINNATI, OHIO
Makers of famous Frank's Red Hot Sauce and Frank's Spices and Extracts

Up-to-the-minute



The very latest in design, this sleek, new digital clock keeps the exact hour and minute always hopping in plain sight. In cylindrical case of satin aluminum with oiled rosewood ends and base; black Arabic numerals on white, illuminated by small neon bulb. Yours for $50. All of the better stores have it.

Howard Miller Clock Company, Zeeland, Michigan 49464



Worn by Linn Macdonald

antartex
SHEEPSKIN
No. 12: $155.00

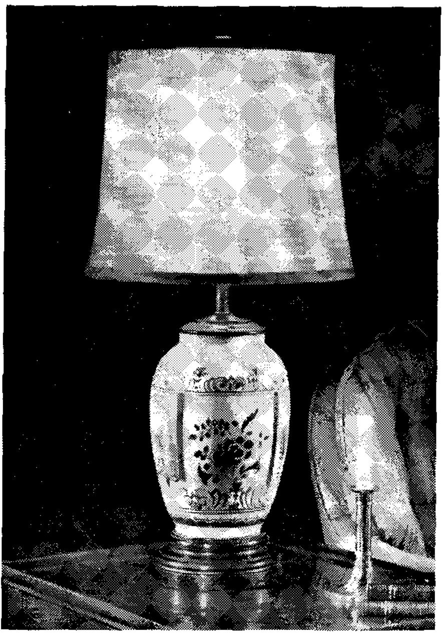
By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions. All sizes for men and women—18 styles—12 colours. Also made to measure. Catalogue and real sheepskin samples from ★**ANTARTEX SHOP AND WAREHOUSE,** 120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS:
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
★14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 868-6083
Lake Forest, Ill: Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Grand Rapids, Mich: Bill & Paul's Sporthaus
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St. (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 339-1276

★ New Shops this year

the middle of the room, and a row of scrub sinks along the left-hand wall. On the opposite wall was a resuscitator of the type described to me the day before. It consisted of a rubber face mask and a rubber Emerson bag enclosed in a cellophane casing, and it looked very neat and clean. But something made me take it down for a closer look. There was a little dribble of water in the bottom of the Emerson bag. I showed it to Dr. Gezon, and he raised his eyebrows and passed it on to the resident. The resident took a sample of the water. There were five other rooms in the delivery suite, and luckily none of them were in use. We checked the resuscitator in every room, and every one was wet. The question was: How come? The nurse explained the delivery-suite cleaning procedure. There was one central wash sink, where all delivery-room equipment was washed. Everything was washed after every use, and then sterilized by steaming in an autoclave. Including the resuscitators? No—of course not. They were made of rubber, and rubber can't stand that kind of heat. The resuscitators were washed with a detergent, rinsed with tap water, and left on the drainboard to dry. It was possible, the nurse said, that they were sometimes returned to the delivery rooms before they were completely dry. We asked to see the wash sink. We were all beginning to feel sort of elated. I know I was. And when we saw the sink, that just about finished us. The faucet was equipped with an aerator—a standard five-screen water-bug heaven.

"It *was* a water-bug heaven. The laboratory cultured Pseudomonas from the swab samples we took from the aerator. It also cultured Pseudomonas from five of the six resuscitator samples. You can imagine how the delivery-suite nurses felt when those reports came down. They were crushed. Dr. Gezon was able to reassure them, though. He didn't consider them guilty of negligence. He considered them guilty of ignorance. They assumed, like almost everybody else, that city drinking water is safe. It is and it isn't. It's perfectly safe to drink, but it isn't absolutely pure. This is something that has only recently been recognized. There are water bugs in even the best city water. The concentrations are much too low in ordinary circumstances to cause any trouble, but a dangerous concentration can occur in any situation—like that provided by an aerator—that enables the bugs to accumulate and breed. An aerator is a handy device, but you'd probably be better off



Blue Delft vase lamp. 28" high. Fashioned from a reproduction of an early 18th century vase in the Williamsburg antique collection.

A
Williamsburg®
LAMP ACCESSORY
crafted by
KNOB CREEK

For brochures of Knob Creek and Williamsburg lamp accessories send $1.00 to: KNOB CREEK, Dept. NY 105, Box 995, Morganton, N. C. 28655.

®Identifies trademark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Make a splash this weekend at the Dennis

Frolic in our glass-enclosed pool. Enjoy golf, cycling, horseback riding on the beach. Explore smart shops on the boardwalk. Ride in a rolling chair. Go dancing every night. Great activities for children, too. Spend a week-end (or stay a week) in our charming oceanfront hotel or connecting modern motel. Ask about our All-Inclusive Plans.

On the Boardwalk
at Michigan Avenue
Reservations:
phone Atlantic City
(609) 344-8111
New York Tie Line:
WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

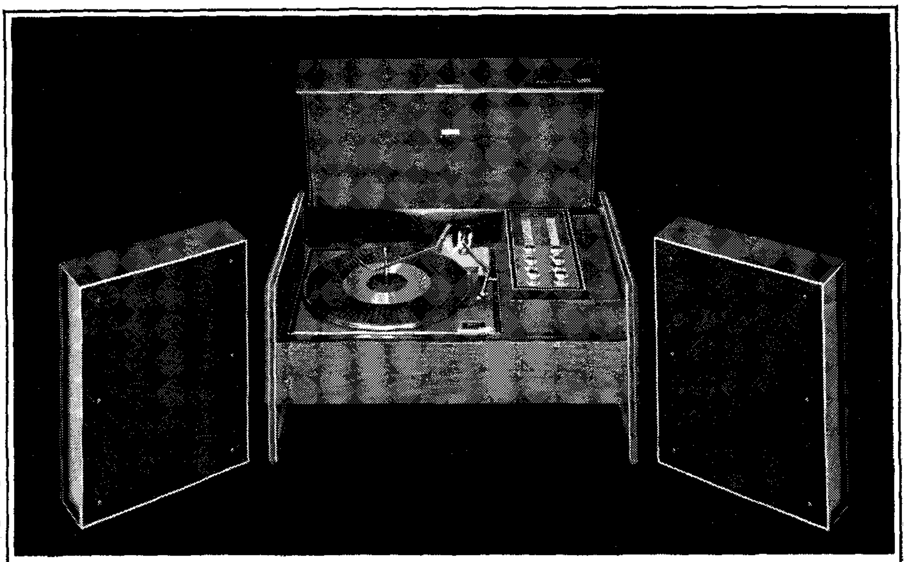
Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

letting the water splash. It's certainly a device that a hospital can do without.

"The laboratory gave us three reports in all. The third was on the mother of the new baby. They found her negative for Pseudomonas, and that was welcome news. A positive culture from her would have been an awkward complication. Because everything else was very satisfactory. The contaminated resuscitators seemed to explain the concentration of infected babies in Room 227 and Room 229. Seven of the ten infected babies—including the diarrheal baby and the two that died—had received at least some resuscitation in the delivery room, and it was reasonable to suppose that the three others had got their infection from the resuscitated babies by way of the nurses. There's plenty of evidence for that in the literature. I remember one report that showed that nurses' hands were contaminated simply by changing the bedding of an infected patient. It was Dr. Shulman, however, who finally pinned it down. His pyocine typing confirmed the circumstantial evidence at every point. Shulman did two groups of studies for us—one on the original material I sent him, and then another on the new infected baby and the delivery-suite material. The results of his studies were doubly instructive. They identified the delivery-room resuscitators as the source of the epidemic, and they eliminated the contaminated sinks and bassinets in the nursery. The different pyocine types of Pseudomonas aeruginosa are indicated by numbers. The Pseudomonas strain cultured from the delivery-suite aerator was identified as Pyocine Type 4-6-8. So were the isolates from the resuscitator bags. And so were those of all of the infected babies. Type 4-6-8 was also recovered from two pieces of equipment in the nursery, but I think we can safely assume that they had been contaminated indirectly from the same delivery-room source. They were a bassinet used by an infected baby and the sink in Room 227. The other contaminations in the nursery were a wild variety of types—6, 4-6, 6-8, 1-2-3-4-6-7-8, and 1-3-4-6-7-8. And where they came from wasn't much of a mystery. There was only one possible explanation. They came out of the water faucets, too."

THAT was the end of the formal investigation. It wasn't, however, the end of the trouble. The pockets of contamination in the sinks and elsewhere in the nursery and in the delivery suite were eliminated (and a system of ethylene-oxide sterilization set up for

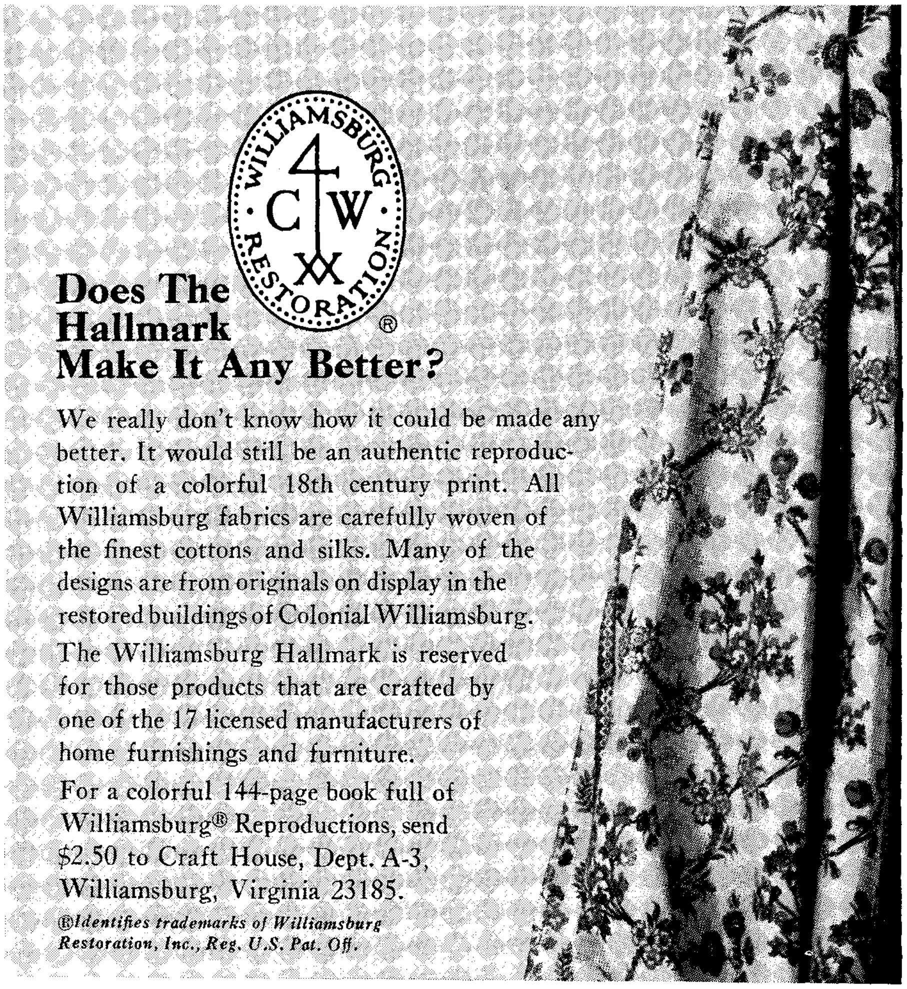


RCA's Tabletop Concert Hall

The *Berkshire.* A solid state (no tubes) portable stereo, 6-speaker FM-AM and FM stereo radio. The RCA Pause Selector lets you stop the music if you're interrupted, then pick up where you left off—without missing a beat. Take a good listen at your RCA dealer.

The advanced design stereos for 1969

RCA



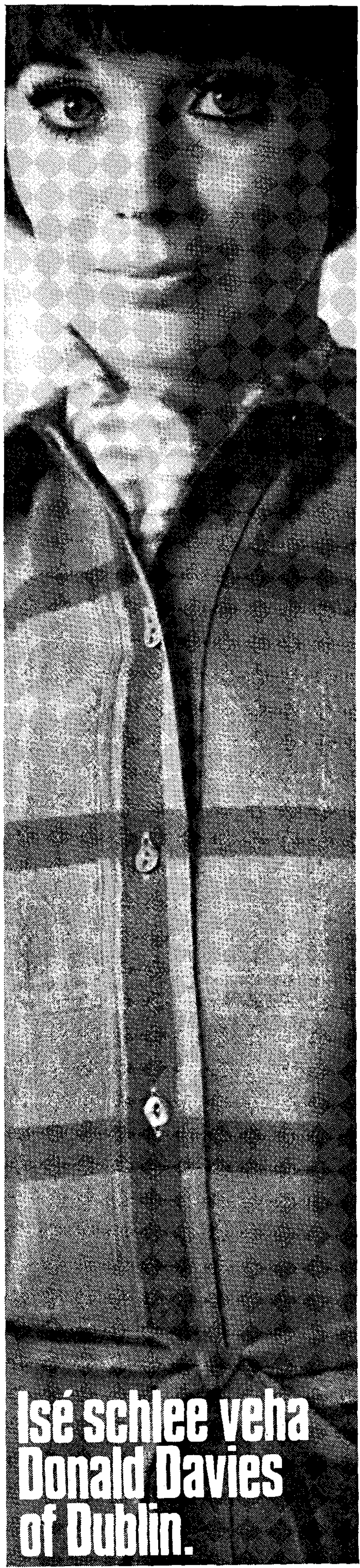
Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

We really don't know how it could be made any better. It would still be an authentic reproduction of a colorful 18th century print. All Williamsburg fabrics are carefully woven of the finest cottons and silks. Many of the designs are from originals on display in the restored buildings of Colonial Williamsburg.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-3, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

®Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.


Isé schlee veha Donald Davies of Dublin.

*Donald Davies of Dublin is a way of life.
673 color variations in *Wool o' the Wisp.*
For nearest store write 417 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

all resuscitation equipment), but the epidemic continued. In spite of the most sophisticated treatment (first with colistimethate and colistin sulphate, and then with colistin in combination with polymyxin B), the infected babies remained infected. Moreover, in the course of the next few weeks twelve new infections were discovered in the nursery. In two of the new victims, the infection developed into serious clinical illness. It was not until the middle of September, when the remaining infected babies were moved to an isolated ward in another part of the hospital, that the epidemic was finally brought under control.

Hospital infections of any kind are seldom easily cured. Pseudomonas aeruginosa is only somewhat more stubborn than such other institutional pathogens as Staphylococcus aureus and the many Salmonellae. These confined and yet all but unextinguishable conflagrations are, in fact, the despair of modern medicine. They are also, as it happens, one of its own creations. The sullen phenomenon of hospital infection is a product equally of medical progress and of medical presumption. It has its roots in the chemotherapeutic revolution that began with the development of the sulfonamides during the middle nineteen-thirties, and in the elaboration of new life-saving and life-sustaining techniques (open-heart surgery, catheterization, intravenous feeding) that the new antibacterial drugs made possible, and it came into being with the failure of these drugs (largely through the development of resistance in once susceptible germs) to realize their original millennial promise. Its continuation reflects a drug-inspired persuasion that prevention is no longer superior to cure. "In the midst of the development of modern antibacterial agents, infection has flourished with a vigor that rivals the days of Semmelweis," Dr. Sol Haberman, director (until his death last April) of the microbiology laboratories at Baylor University Medical Center, once noted. "It would appear that the long sad history of disease transmission by attendants to the sick has been forgotten again."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

EDINBURGH, Aug. 12—An electronic computer has answered a question which classic scholars have been arguing over for centuries: were the Iliad and Odyssey actually written by Homer or by several poets?

The computer says yes.—*Tokyo Asahi Evening News.*

There! It's what we've *always* said.

$3,200.00

Platinum brooch
with diamonds mounted
with 32 full cut brilliants 3.31 ct.
and 28 baguettes 3.08 ct.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN

3 West 57th Street New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

Café Pierre

Nice 'n easy...that's
Stanley's style.
Elegant music with a gentle bounce.
Come dance to Stanley Worth's band...
and listen to the romantic songs of
Ellen Harwicke at the piano.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET • 838-8000

downing square

THE AMERICAN STEAK HOUSE
WITH THE
ENGLISH ACCENT

500 LEXINGTON AVENUE (48TH STREET)
826-9730 FREE PARKING
SUNDAYS TOO

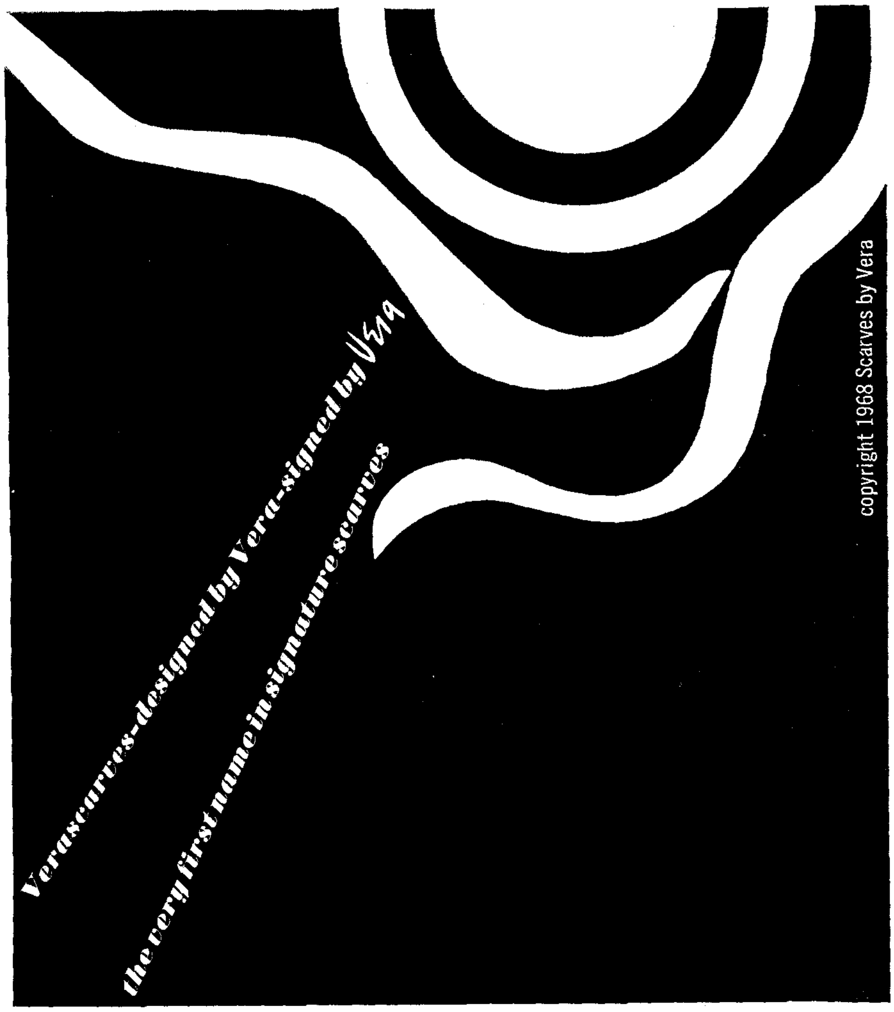
FOOTBALL

Great Guns

STADIUM PARKING

GOOD deeds do not always shine in this naughty world, and so it was that the match last Saturday in Yankee Stadium, laid on for the benefit of the educational program set up by the Urban League, brought together two teams that, for all their might and main, spent nearly three hours painting our town a minor shade of lacklustre. Grambling, of Louisiana, and Morgan State, of Maryland, are as skilled a pair of college teams as we are likely to see around here this fall, but the size and speed of their defensive squads worked mainly to diminish the size of the game. Morgan State won, 9–7, at last, only because of a safety that came immediately after a blocked punt and long after a bit of foolishness that allowed Grambling to tie matters up, 7–7, in the first half. Other foolery: You couldn't tell the players *with* a program; Grambling's numbering system didn't match the printed figures. And some of the critical maneuvers were obscured in the dust bowl of the Yankee infield. *And* there were innumerable sideline conferences between coach and quarterback, a number of which resulted in plays that lost seven or eight yards. (So much for undelegated authority.) *And* Grambling won, on a last-second touchdown—or so the upraised arms of an official informed us all, before it was discovered that the ball was a foot short of the goal. Grambling and Morgan State are original sources for our professional leagues, but on Saturday's showing few of this year's crop seem likely to graduate.

As things stand, the pros are already well fortified, and still with many of this observer's favorites. The repaired Matt Snell is back among the Jets, and Pete Gogolak, after almost two years in the Army, is back among the Giants. Earl Morrall, who was shipped away from the Giants because, the explanation goes, he is not a scrambling quarterback, pitched a fine relief game the other day for the Baltimore Colts, in lieu of Johnny Unitas, who needs more rest now than he once did. The freshman pro I like best so far is Larry Csonka, late of Syracuse and now of the in-and-out Miami Dolphins, or Miami Doldrums, as my local correspondent calls them. Csonka, who is


Verascarves–designed by Vera–signed by Vera
the very first name in signature scarves
copyright 1968 Scarves by Vera

Looking for a little waterfall climbing? Join us at the Jamaica Hilton.

We're located on the beautiful north shore in Ocho Rios, home of famous Dunn's River Falls. If you like, manager Peter Price will arrange a memorable waterfall climb for you. For the less adventurous, there's tennis, swimming from our reef-protected beach or in our huge pool, the Limbo Room night club, really fabulous food . . . and a social program that's in full swing day and night. And we've just been completely re-done by our decorators, so you'll find us with a brand-new look.

For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

JAMAICA HILTON

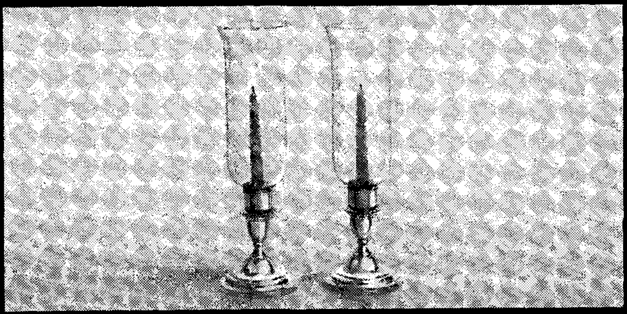
The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
310 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Great excuses for giving yourself a present:

OCT.8=GREAT CHICAGO FIRE



Our Lord Saybrook hurricane lamps are great for the country, but keep them away from the cows. Sterling, $85 the pair.

®International Sterling

Made by The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. Price subject to change.
At fine jewelers and silverware departments.

built buffalo style and runs gazelle style, gains vast amounts of yardage on screen passes, too. There isn't enough of this in the pro leagues.

THAT fine stand of hardwood up at West Point may need some intensive forestry, because Vanderbilt, winning from it, 17–13, last Saturday, simply isn't that good. It is pleasanter to remember Bill Hunter's performance against Citadel the week before. Hunter, just up from the plebe team, took a punt on the Army ten (first time he'd ever handled the ball for Army's varsity) and, quintuple-feinting his way through the seven-man block that Citadel, remembering his skill as a plebe, had set up to stop him, went ninety yards for a touchdown. No real worries about Yale, though. It blew hot and blew cold against Connecticut, but hard enough to win breezing, so to speak, 31–14, with Brian Dowling, peerless as ever, both throwing and catching the ball to great effect. Lawler, however, is out for the season, and Bouscaren may be, too. After the neatest Rutgers team in years handily beat Princeton, 20–14, Dick Colman, who coaches Princeton, said that the squad his men really want to beat most is Dartmouth; Yale and Harvard are yet to be heard from in rejoinder. As Bracken goes, so Princeton appears to go, and Bracken was not in form, and Princeton mussed up approximately every fourth play, and the Princeton picket line that for three years had been so handy at breaking up the opposition passing game has now wholly graduated; if Van Ness, pitching for Rutgers, had been more on target, the score might have run as high as 55–14. And though two and sometimes three men were detailed to nail Mitchell, Rutgers' much too small running back, little came of their efforts. Harvard needed a new quarterback this season to succeed the efficacious Zimmerman, and Lalich, whose tactics had so much to do with putting down Holy Cross (which can absorb a whole lot of putting down), 27–20, looks to be the proper successor. Cornell, still quarterbacked by the improving Robertson, beat Colgate good and proper, 17–0. Zak, not visible the three times I studied Cornell last fall, was in harness again, and at last, and looking better than ever. Alas, Columbia: Lafayette 36, Columbia 14. Is it not apparent by now that what is needed is not improvements in the coaching staff but improvements in the performing personnel? —J. W. L.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Weekend in Hell

ONLY the title of Jean-Luc Godard's new film is casual and innocent; "Weekend" is the most powerful mystical movie since "The Seventh Seal" and "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Kurosawa. We are hardly aware of the magnitude of the author-director's concept until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and becoming more nearly inescapable, like "Journey to the End of the Night." The danger for satirists (and perhaps especially for visionary satirists) is that they don't always trust their art. They don't know how brilliantly they're making their points; they become mad with impatience and disgust, and throw off their art as if it were a hindrance to direct communication, and they begin to preach. When Godard is viciously funny, he's on top of things, and he scores and scores, and illuminates as he scores. When he becomes didactic, we can see that he really doesn't know any more about what should be done than the rest of us. But then he goes beyond didacticism into areas where, though he is as confused and divided as we are, his fervor and rage are so imaginatively justified that they are truly apocalyptic. It is in the further reaches—in the appalling, ambivalent revolutionary vision—that "Weekend" is a great, original work.

"Weekend" begins with a callous disrespect for life which is just a slight stylization of civilized living now; it's as if the consumers of "The Married Woman" had become more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, and touchier. The people in "Weekend" have weapons and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into each other and start piling up on the roads. By the time the bourgeois couple (Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne) start off on their weekend trip—to get money out of her mother—we have been prepared for almost anything by the wife's description of a sex orgy that moved from bedroom to kitchen and went so far she doesn't know for sure if it really happened, and by a couple of car collisions and the violence with which people responded to having their cars injured. And then the larger orgy begins, with a traffic jam that is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the movie is superbly controlled; the barbarousness of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. But the movie goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with brilliantly surreal details that suggest a closer affinity between Godard (who is of Swiss Protestant background) and Buñuel than might have been expected, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, even though the intentions are interesting. The couple wreck their car, and as they wander the highways, lost among battered cars and bleeding dead, they have a series of picaresque adventures, encountering figures from literature and from films, until they meet a new race of hippie guerrillas—revolutionary cannibals raping and feeding on the bourgeoisie. It is both the next step and a new beginning.

The movie has extraordinary sections: the sequence of the wife's erotic confession, with only very small camera adjustments slightly changing what we see; a long virtuoso sequence that is all one tracking shot of the cars stalled on the highway and the activities of the motorists, with the car horns sounding triumphantly, like trumpets in Purcell—a masterly demonstration of how film technique can itself become the source of wit—until we get to the accident that is the start of the congestion, and the principals drive by and out of frame; a discussion seen through the windshield of a moving car when the couple are grilled by an "exterminating angel" who promises them miracles but refuses to give them anything when he finds out what they want (a big sports Mercedes, naturally blond hair, a weekend with James Bond).

But not all the big scenes work. There is respite in the story, a musicale sequence (which might be one of the cultural programs outlined in "La Chinoise") in which a pianist plays Mozart in a farmyard while a few peasants and farm laborers listen or walk by. We are so alerted to the technical feat of this sequence (another single shot, this one a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree tracking pan around the pianist, taking in the action in the area, and then returning to the pianist

DAKS
REGENCY
TUXEDO

You saw it only recently at Simpson's 'TREND BOUTIQUE', Piccadilly in London! Now British American House brings it to you in all its ebullient charm and elegance... with velvet covered collar and buttons... in regulars, shorts and longs. **165.**

Other Tuxedos & Party Suits from the world's fashion centers. **150. to 225.**

BRITISH AMERICAN HOUSE
488 Madison Avenue at 51st,
New York 10022 • PL 2-5880

$310 will buy you 60 hours of French lessons in New York.*

$357 will buy you 50 hours of French lessons in Paris, including the trip.

KLM announces the University of the Air. Two weeks of French lessons in Paris. Italian in Florence. German in Heidelberg. Or Spanish in Barcelona.

In addition to the lessons, your "tuition" includes airfare, hotel, breakfasts and a set of "Living Language"® records with a manual and dictionary.

The price? $357 for French. $377 for German. $387 for Italian. And $397 for Spanish. All based on 15-person, 14/21-day GIT economy fares from New York.

How much can you learn in two weeks? You'll be getting at least 40 hours of professional instruction in the language you choose. But every waiter, street sign and passerby is an instructor, too. You're learning something every minute.

Classes start October 5, 1968. You can enroll for any two-week session from then until the end of March.

For all the particulars, fill out the coupon. Or see one of our admissions officers. (Otherwise known as your travel agent.)

*Based on the leading language school's rates.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Dept. C
609 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Please send me your free "University of the Air" brochure.

NAME
ADDRESS PHONE
CITY STATE ZIP
MY TRAVEL AGENT IS B-7

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

and circling *again*, catching the same actions at their next stage) that the actions caught seem too mechanical. And the meaning of the sequence is too ideological and too ambiguous (like much of "Les Carabiniers"); Godard may possibly believe in that musicale—that is to say, Godard may believe that art must be taken to the peasants—but more likely he's satirizing the function and the place of art, of himself along with Mozart. This might be clearer if it were not for another, and worse, ideological sequence—a big symbolic garbage truck manned by a Negro and an Algerian, who empty the refuse of our civilization and make speeches directly at us. The more "direct" Godard is, the more fuzzy and obscure he is. Who can assimilate and evaluate this chunk of theory thrown at us in the middle of a movie? Probably most of us blank out on it. And there is the embarrassment of the thirties again because artists are not as well equipped to instruct us in political decisions as, in the intensity of their concern, they may suppose. Though the movie slackens during this agitprop, the horrors soon begin to rise again, and they get higher and higher. Some of this doesn't work, either: Godard has been showing us life going wild and depraved into nightmare, beyond totem and taboo, but his method has been comic and Brechtian. Characters become corpses and the actors reappear as new characters. We are reminded that the two principals are moving through the landscape of a movie; the fields are unrealistically green, and the blood on faces and bodies is thinly painted and patterned (like the blood on the peasant-prostitute's face in "La Chinoise"), and when the heroine kills her mother, the mother's blood splashes over a skinned rabbit like cans of paint being spilled. But then Godard shoves at our unwilling eyes the throat-cutting of a pig and the decapitation of a goose. Now, when people are killed in a movie, even when the killing is *not* stylized, it's generally O.K., because we know it's a fake, but when animals are slaughtered we are watching life being taken away. No doubt Godard intends this to shock us out of "aesthetic" responses, just as his agitprop preaching is intended to affect us directly, but I think he miscalculates. I look away from scenes like this, as I assume many others do. Is he forcing us to confront the knowledge that there are things we don't want to look at? But we knew that. Instead of drawing us into his conception, he throws us out of the movie. And, because we know how movies are made, we in-

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Storybook doll at home, in red and navy acrylic. The top, navy jersey bonded to acetate, the skirt, a bounce of plaid. In 4 to 6x sizes, $21. 8 to 14 sizes, $23. Girls' Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

Christmas Cards
PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Now available, a beautiful new 1968 color catalogue illustrating 57 greeting cards, many of which are available without greetings for use as note cards. The cards are designed from original works by many artists, including Chagall, Brueghel, Rouault, Vasarely, and Picasso. Also illustrated in the catalogue is a handsome weekly engagement calendar for 1969 containing 63 illustrations, 11 of which are in full color. Additionally pictured are four 11 x 14 inch full color reproductions of works by Hicks, Dali, Matisse, and Turner, in addition to a listing of current Museum publications.

THE MUSEUM SHOP • PO BOX 7643 • PHILA. 19101
Enclosed is 25 cents for my 1968 catalogue

Name
Address
City Zip

SUEDES CLEANED
LEATHERS RENEWED
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Made Like New Again!
MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY!
Pick-Up Service 50 Mile Radius N.Y.C.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737

stinctively recognize that his method of jolting us is fraudulent; he, the movie director, has ordered that slaughter to get a reaction from us, and so we have a right to be angry with him. Whatever our civilization is responsible for, that sow up there is his, not ours.

The excellent score, by Antoine Duhamel, is ominous and dramatic; the pulse of the music helps to carry us through some of the weaker passages (such as the witless movie jokes, and the prattling of the figures from literature, who are feeble and seem fairly arch—rather like the book people in Truffaut's "Fahrenheit 451"—though Emily Brontë has a good, flaming finish). The astonishing thing is that, with all these weaknesses, the nightmarish anger that seems to cry out for a revolution of total destruction and the visionary lyricism are so strong they hold the movie together; they transcend the perfectly achieved satire. The most hideously flawed of all Godard's movies, it has more depth than anything he's done before. Although by the end his conscious meanings and attitudes are not at all clear, the vision that rises in the course of the film is so surreally powerful that one accepts it, as one accepts a lunar landscape by Bosch or a torment by Grünewald. "Weekend" is Godard's vision of Hell, and it ranks with the visions of the greatest.

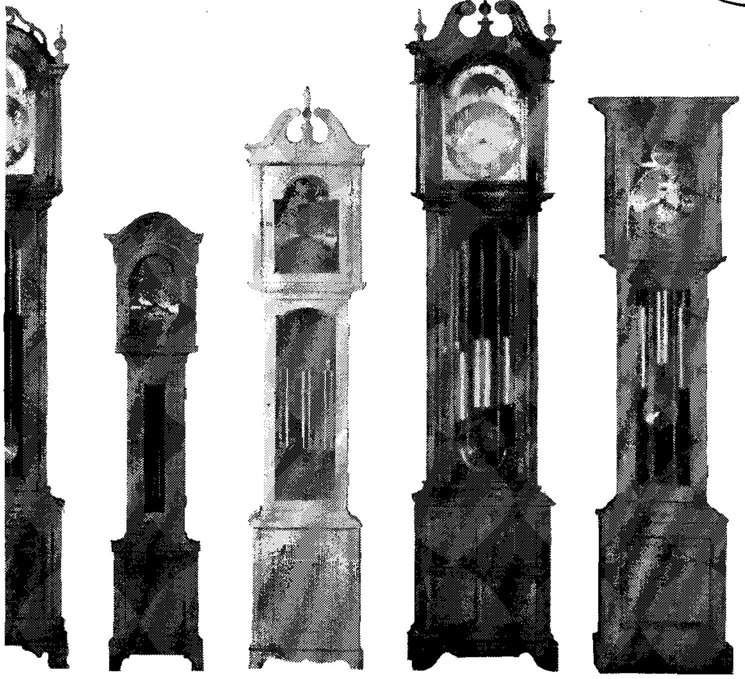
"WEEKEND" is the fifteenth of Godard's feature films, which began with "Breathless" in 1959, and he has also made sections of several omnibus films. At thirty-seven, he is in something of the position in the world of film that James Joyce was at a considerably later age in the world of literature; that is, he has paralyzed other filmmakers by shaking their confidence (as Joyce did to writers), without ever reaching a large public. He will probably never have a popular, international success; he packs film-festival halls, but there is hardly enough audience left over to fill small theatres for a few weeks. His experimentation irritates casual moviegoers, but those who are more than casual can see that what may have appeared to be experimentation for its own sake in a movie like "Contempt" is validated by the way he uses the same techniques in "Weekend." It's possible to hate half or two-thirds of what Godard does—or find it incomprehensible—and still be shattered by his brilliance.

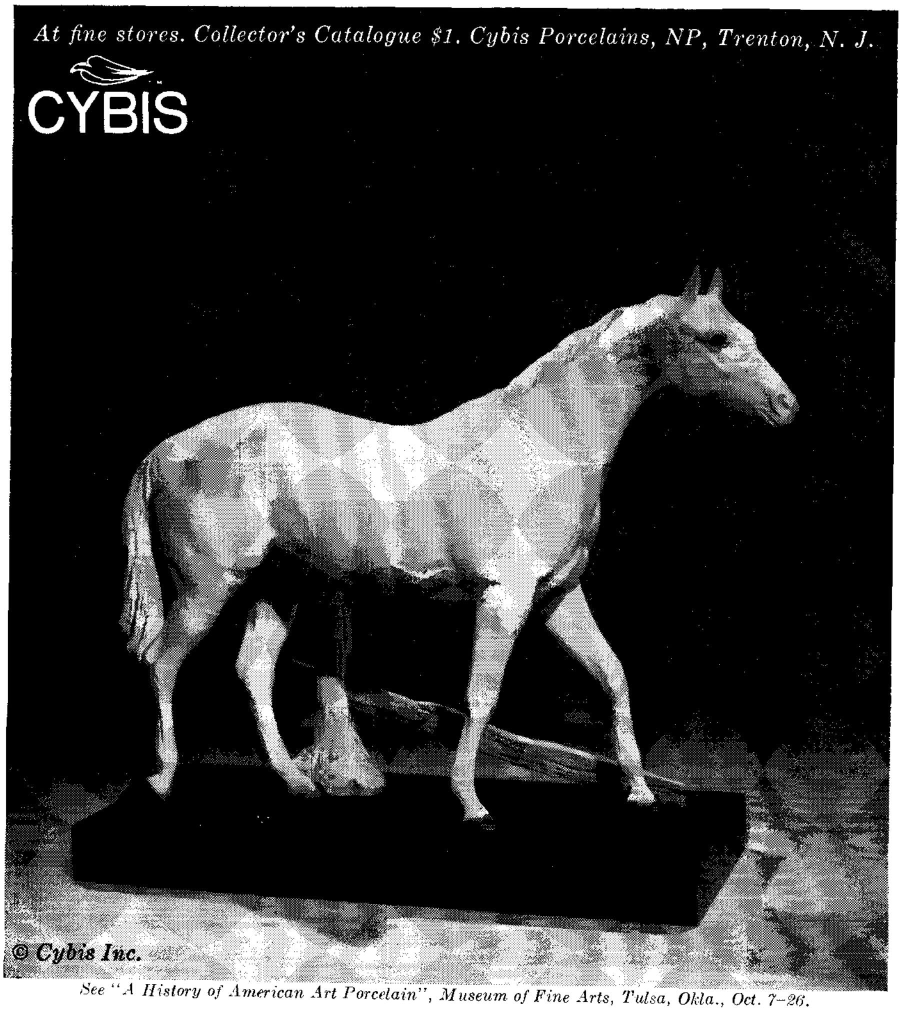
Again like Joyce, Godard seems to be a great but terminal figure. The most gifted younger directors and stu-

Our 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th ways to make time pass. Beautifully. You say you didn't know floor clocks came in sixteen classic styles? Ridgeways do. As well as in three sizes, six decorator colors and six elegant woods. And with a choice of four mellow chimes. We make Ridgeways, in fact, to enhance any decor. And to fit any size room or budget. (They begin at $195.) The sample below is but an inkling of the choices that await you at your Ridgeway dealer. Wait'll you see the other twelve.

FREE For our 4-color catalog; 20 Decorating Ideas in color; "Romance of Clocks" booklet; list of dealers, write Ridgeway Clocks Div., Gravely Furniture Co., Inc., Dept. C10, Ridgeway, Va. 24148.

Ridgeway





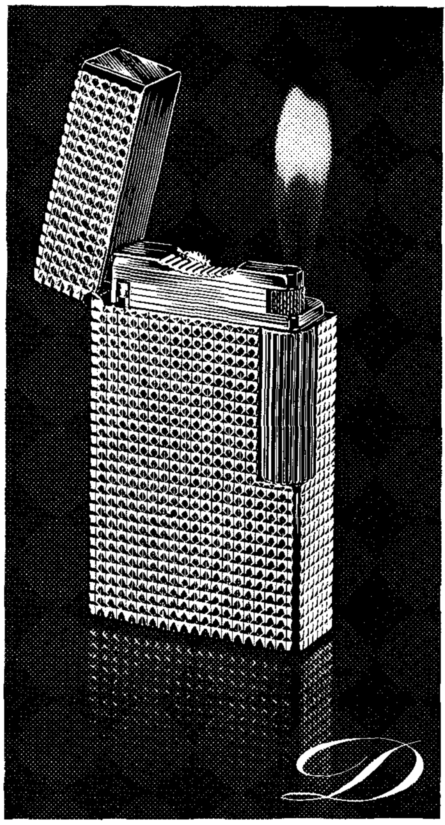
At fine stores. Collector's Catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NP, Trenton, N. J.

CYBIS

© Cybis Inc.

See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Museum of Fine Arts, Tulsa, Okla., Oct. 7–26.

THAT
IT LIGHTS
CIGARETTES
IS
ALMOST
INCIDENTAL.



LIGHTERS FROM $800 TO $45

S. T. Dupont
OF PARIS

From the S. T. Dupont of Paris collection of fine jewelry butane lighters—reflecting an almost century-old tradition of superb craftsmanship. The ultimate accessory for men and women...exemplifying an apotheosis of elegance, supreme quality, and highest precision. Heavily electroplated in 18 karat gold, or silver. Also in ancient Chinese lacquer.

Faceted design, shown above, large size, gold, $80; silver, $50. Also available in small size, gold, $70; silver, $45.

At fine tobacconists in 80 countries around the world. **New York:** Arnolds Tobacco Shop, De La Concha, Alfred Dunhill, Lane, Ltd., Member Smoke Shop, Paige One Smoke Shop, Peterson's Ltd., Pipe & Pouch, Plaza Tobacco Shop, Rex Pipe Shop, Nat Sherman, Village Smoke Shop. **Ann Arbor:** Maison Edwards. **Baltimore:** A. Fader. **Beverly Hills:** Carroll & Co., Alfred Dunhill, Letham's Beverly Pipe Shop, Schwab's Pharmacy. **Boston:** David P. Ehrlich. **Canoga Park:** The Tobacconist, Inc. (also in Topanga Plaza, Inland Center, Huntington Center, Laurel Plaza, Fashion Square, La Habra, Newport Center, Montclair Plaza). **Cherry Hill:** Tobacco Land. **Chicago:** Alfred Dunhill, Iwan Ries & Co., Jack Schwartz Co. **Cleveland:** Continental Smoke Shop. **Denver:** Bensev Pipe Shops. **East Orange:** Brick Pipe Church Shop. **El Paso:** Mills Smoke Shop. **Englewood:** Smoker World. **Hollywood:** John's Pipe Shop. **Los Angeles:** Bullock's (also La Habra, Westwood), B/G Smoke Shop, London Pipe Shop, Los Angeles Mifuku, Inc., The Tinder Box (also Century City, Las Vegas, Palm Springs, Santa Monica, Westwood). **Miami:** Briar Bowl. **New Haven:** The Pipe Center. **Orange, Calif.:** Lawrence Pipe Shoppe. **Phoenix:** Stag Tobacconists. **Plymouth Meeting:** Tobacco Land. **Portland:** Arthur Leonard Pipe Shop. **St. Louis:** John Dangler, Inc. **San Francisco:** Benaderet's Smoke Shop, Alfred Dunhill. **Seattle:** Pipeland, Ltd. **Washington, D.C.:** W. Curtis Draper, National Pipe & Tobacco, Powder & Smoke. Also at fine jewelers and department stores. For stores nearest you, write S. T. Dupont Corp., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

dent filmmakers all over the world recognize his liberation of the movies; they know that he has opened up a new kind of moviemaking, that he has brought a new sensibility into film, and that, like Joyce, he is both kinds of master—both innovator and artist. But when they try to follow him they can't beat him at his own game, and they can't (it appears) take what he has done into something else; he's so incredibly fast he always gets there first. He has obviously opened doors, but when others try to go through they're trapped. He has already made the best use of his innovations, which come out of his need for them and may be integral only to his material. It's *the strength of his own sensibility* that gives his techniques excitement. In other hands, his techniques are just mannerisms; other directors who try them resemble a schoolboy walking like his father. Godard has already imposed his way of seeing on us—we look at cities, at billboards and brand names, and at a girl's hair differently because of him. And when others pick up the artifacts of his way of seeing, we murmur "Godard" and they are sunk. At each new film festival, one can see the different things that are lifted from him; sometimes one can almost hear the directors saying to themselves, "I know I shouldn't do that, it's too much like Godard, but I've just got to try it." They can't resist, and so they do what Godard himself has already gone past, and the young filmmakers look out-of-date before they've got started; and their corpses are beginning to litter the festivals. For if Godard can't save himself how can he save them? If he is driven, like his self-destructive heroes, to go to the limits and beyond, to pursue a non-reflective art as though fearful of a pause, to take all risks and burn himself out, it's partly because his imitators are without this drive—this monomaniac's logic that carries him beyond logic to mysticism—that his liberation of film technique and content becomes mere facility when they attempt to follow him. Michelangelo is said to have observed, "He who walks behind others will never advance." Jean Renoir has been a different kind of movie influence; with his masterly simplicity and unobtrusive visual style, he has helped people to find their own way. You don't have to walk behind Renoir, because he opens an infinite number of ways to go. But when it comes to Godard you can only follow and be destroyed. Other filmmakers see the rashness and speed and flamboyance of

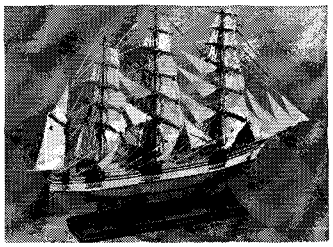
You'll feel how good it is!

Once you've enjoyed that Arizona sun while golfing on our 18-hole executive course, sunning around our dramatic torch-lit pools, playing tennis, or riding a western pony over enchanting desert trails you'll feel how good it is at Mountain Shadows.

We also have dancing and entertainment in our lounge and restaurant, Scottsdale shops nearby for browsing, food you can't believe, and all the other services that make great vacations greater.

Come see how good it feels; contact us for reservations and further information.

DEL WEBB'S
Mountain Shadows
DEPT. C • SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA 85251 • 602-945-4561
A PROPERTY OF A DEL E. WEBB CORPORATION SUBSIDIARY



Above: Clipper Ship Great Republic: 20" l. x 13½" h. Complete kit with carved wood hull, sewn sails, all fittings and mounting board. Complete $19.95 p.p.

SHIP MODELS

Putting together a ship model is an absorbing hobby — and your finished model brings charm and a breath of sea-going history to your home or office.

In our new 112 page catalog, over 30 historic Clipper and sailing ships are shown — all available in kit form and some as finished models. Fully illustrated, our catalog also shows more than 100 prints and pictures of Ships and Sea, and many unusual Nautical Gifts. Price 25¢.

Send check or M.O. to
PRESTON'S
86-C Main St. Wharf, Greenport, L. I., N. Y.
SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM

BLAZER BUTTONS
WITH YOUR SCHOOL CREST
HARVARD
18 KARAT GOLD PLATE

The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 500 schools available. $9.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:
BEN SILVER inc., 175 5th Ave., N.Y. 10010

his complexity; they're conscious of it all the time, and they love it, and, of course, they're right to love it. But they can't walk behind him. They've got to find other ways, because he's burned up the ground. —PAULINE KAEL

•

PHILOSOPHY I

That table in the forest—
the one we discussed, argued
about—I always said it was
there. "It is there!" I said,

"even if we do not see it
at the moment."

The paint was peeling
in the sunny room with
the high windows. . . . That
table in the forest—is it
set? Is there going to be a

party? Am I invited?

"There is too much 'about it
and about,' " I said, waiting
for the bell to ring, "that

table in the forest." But
the question was part
of the course.

Suppose we happen upon it
in the winter when the snow
is deep and everything is
white? We could pass right

by, come back with no more
than an after-image. "It is
still there!" I said. "That
table in the forest."

(I do not care that much for
woods in the spring.)

Methinks I see chairs,
rich and rare appointments—
all the delights of summer.

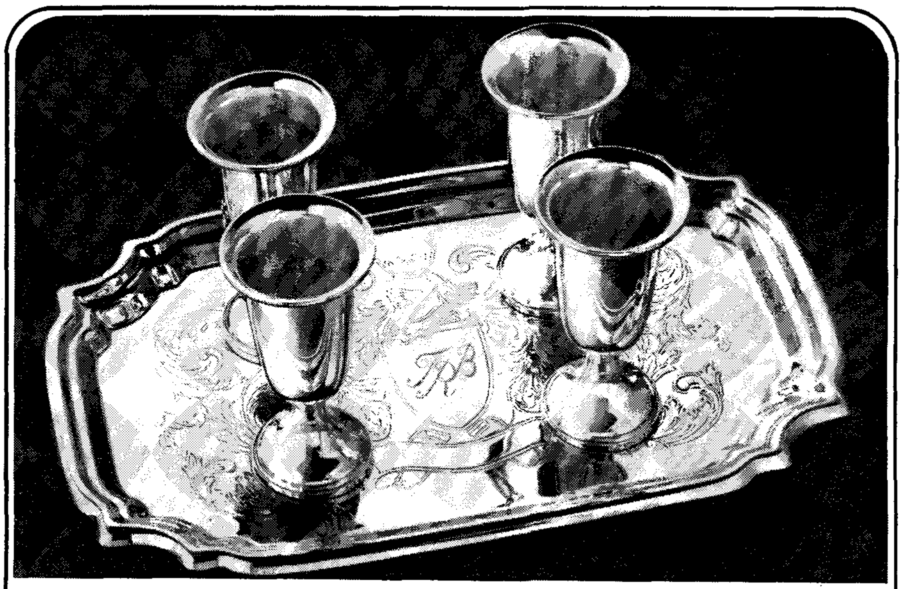
Whose name is to be honored?
Whose hunger appeased?
Whose laughter is
coming through the trees?

Sweet teacher,
you were patient with me. I
still say it is there. Some
may not agree but, one day—

in October, perhaps—when
we are sitting at our banquet
among the leaves, what will

all the philosophers have
to say about the table
in the forest?

—E. F. WEISSLITZ



One of life's little luxuries

Sure. You can live without these elegant, sterling silver cordial cups by Towle. But at such a modest price, who wants to? Only $35.00 for tray and four sterling cordial cups. The distinctively embossed, silverplated tray is 9" long, with panel for personalized engraving. Order now. For yourself. Or for someone else who's nice.

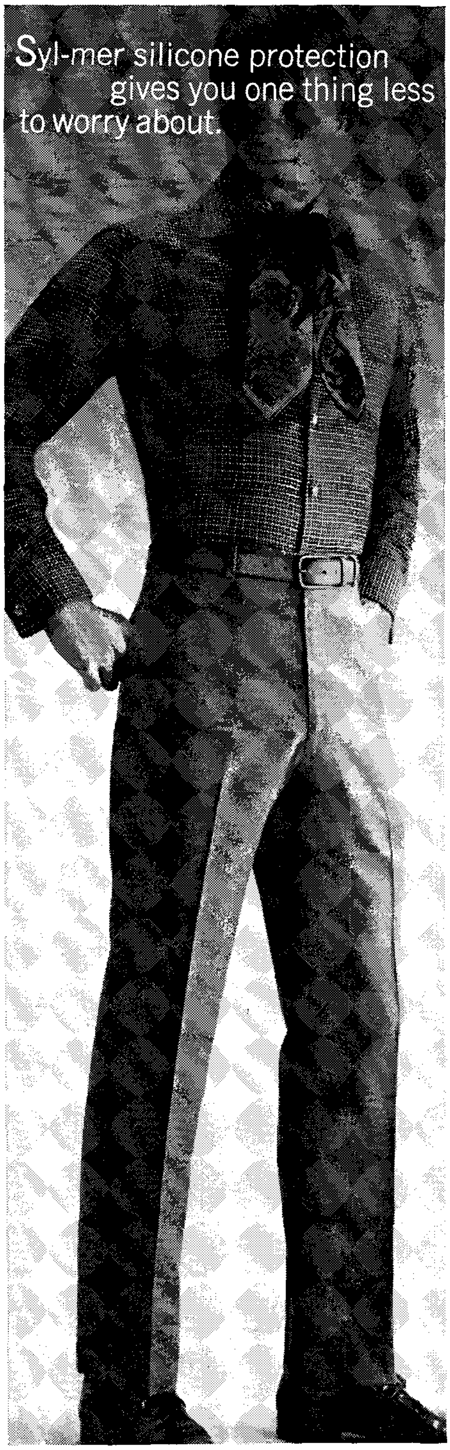
Bromberg's
123 No. 20 St. Birmingham, Ala. 35203

About the finest Canadian whisky you can find. If you can find it.

CANADIAN
Masterpiece
LORD CALVERT
CALVERT OF CANADA LTD.

What makes Canadian Masterpiece great is what makes it scarce. Time. This whisky takes so long to make, you may find it smoother than brandy. (In fact, some people drink it like brandy—straight.) If we tried to make it any faster, it wouldn't be Masterpiece. So the best we can promise is to keep trickling it in from Canada. At that same high price: around $9.00 a fifth. But don't get discouraged. Canadian Masterpiece is hard to get because it's hard to make. Look around a little and we think you'll find some.

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 80 PROOF
IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.



You don't have to worry about how these neatly tailored slacks will stay spot-free. Because the SYL-MER® brand silicones take care of that problem. They also insure wrinkle resistance and a luxurious hand. And these benefits last. So pick up a pair or two. You haven't a thing to worry about.

VIGAREAUX SLACKS BY PAXTON—styled to perfection with a Pacific Mills* beautiful worsted wool flannel. Available in all men's and young men's sizes. Shades of gray, brown, green, blue; also whiskey and black. About $24. At Kennedy's New England, all branches, and other fine stores everywhere.

fabric protected with SYL-MER® SILICONE FINISH

Dow Corning Corporation, Midland, Michigan

*T.M. Pacific Mills, Division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

THE RACE TRACK

Fallen Idol

IT'S always deplorable to see *an idol toppled from* his pedestal. Still, the Woodward Stakes, in which Mr. Right beat Damascus at Belmont Park last Saturday, was enthralling from start to finish, and Mr. Right won it absolutely fair and square. The applause as the horses came back *to the stand was almost as loud and* long as that which used to greet Kelso, but, after all, you expect cheers from the backers of a winner who paid $22.60 in the mutuels. There also was a bit of booing for Baeza, who rode Damascus. (It's considered good form to boo all beaten favorites and their riders, especially those who go off at 1–10.) Only four horses ran for the Woodward, and the chief object of interest as they paraded in the paddock was Damascus, who looked cool, calm, and, as usual, a picture of muscular fitness. Several observers remarked what big eyes Mr. Right had. (The better to see the winning post, no doubt.) Grace Born, the colt from the Argentine, was quickest away, but after a couple of furlongs Damascus took the lead. As they approached the far turn, Mr. Right joined him; from there the two went stride for stride, and as they flashed past the post Mr. Right's nose was in front. Grace Born was third, seven lengths behind. Fort Drum, the other starter, was never in the picture. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:03—the last quarter in 0:26. Selling-platers do better than that.

I daresay there are several perfectly plausible reasons for the defeat of Damascus. For one, there was the withdrawal shortly before post time of Hedevar, his stablemate, who sets a fast early pace to soften up the opposition. Frank Whiteley, their trainer, must have felt that when Advocator, who was regarded as the strongest of the opposition, was scratched, Hedevar wouldn't be needed. Then, there was the trip Damascus made to Detroit for the Michigan Mile and One-Eighth, in which he was beaten—a trip some people thought had taken too much out of him. And, anyhow, he isn't as good as he was this time last year. No regrets at the eclipse of Damascus should be allowed to minimize the performance of Mr. Right. In the Brooklyn Handicap last July, you may remember, he finished third to Damascus and Dr. Fager. That day, Damascus gave him sixteen pounds and beat him by half a dozen lengths. In the Woodward, they carried equal weights, and Mr. Right was quite a match for the 1967 Horse of the Year. Incidentally, he earned $69,420 for Mrs. Peter Duchin, who owns him.

John Nerud, who trains Dr. Fager, must regret not having started him in the Woodward. Early last week, his big *colt had a remarkable workout at* Belmont Park. Scheduled to go five furlongs on the main track, he did it in 0:58⅕ (the record is 0:57⅘), and, in spite of the efforts of his exercise boy to slow him down, he went on to six furlongs in 1:10⅖ and the mile in 1:38⅗. Nerud, who was in Florida that day, said he had no intention of running Dr. Fager in the Woodward, and several days later he declared the colt out of the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 11th, to which he'd been invited. That wasn't surprising, since the race is at a mile and a half on the grass, and Dr. Fager fancies neither the distance nor the footing. Well, my guess, for what it's worth, is that Nerud will send Dr. Fager to Chicago for the Hawthorne Gold Cup on October 19th. The race is at a mile and a quarter over a dirt track, and the Doctor, who won it last year, figures to win it more easily this time. Besides, his share of the purse would put him in the million-dollar bracket. What Nerud would really like—and he has made no secret of it—is a match race between Dr. Fager and Damascus, but I'm sure that Thomas M. Bancroft and Frank Whiteley, who direct the destinies of Damascus, want no part of that. Especially now.

WHAT promises to be the most interesting event this weekend is the Matchmaker Stakes at the Atlantic City Race Course. It's for fillies and mares, at a mile and three-sixteenths, and will bring together the runners who put up such a good show in the Beldame—and maybe will bring some surprises. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Two Buddha masks . . .
Send a pair to a superstitious friend 20″ long and 13″ wide.—*House & Garden.*

Let's see, there's that little Ella Burkholzer.

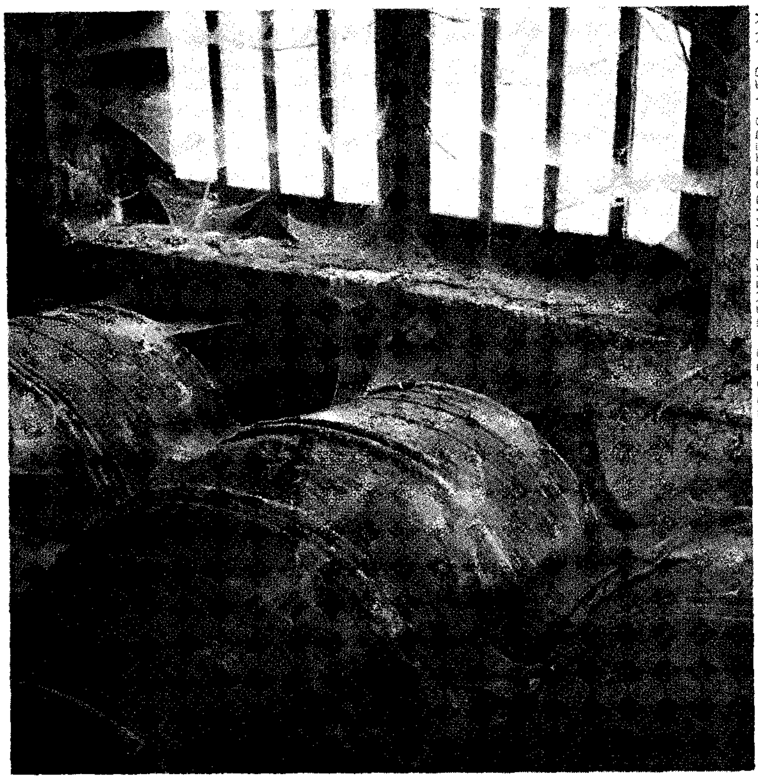
Why some people are prepared to pay more for Remy Martin V.S.O.P.

Remy Martin costs almost ten dollars a bottle. Many other Cognacs can be had for less.

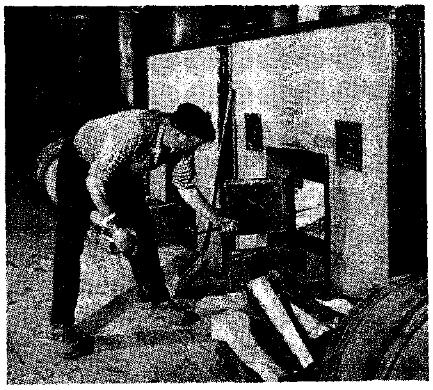
Then why are some people willing—to spend so much more for our brandy?

The answer is, *because it's worth it.* And thereby hangs a tale.

Now, as every connoisseur knows, the finest brandy comes from France. But only brandy which derives from a small, sun-drenched and rain-nourished region in the west of France—with the town of Cognac as its capital—can be known as Cognac. That is the law—and has been for years, despite cabinet crises and colonial conflicts.



80 PROOF · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



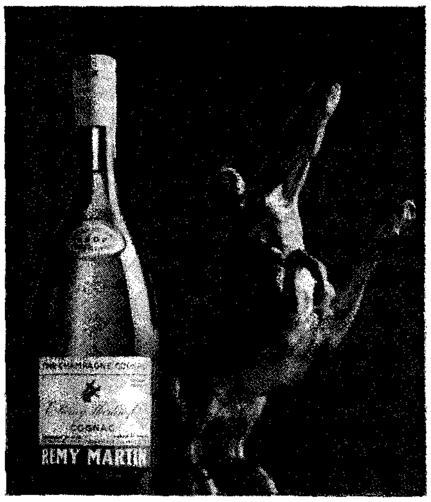
Remy Martin makes *only* Cognac: scarce in supply, costly to produce.

French law doesn't stop there, however. It decrees that only grapes grown from the two innermost sections of the Cognac region—Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne—can be used to make "Fine Champagne" Cognac. Remy Martin makes *only* "Fine Champagne" Cognac: rarer still, more costly still.

The fermented wine from these Champagne grapes is in itself light, delicate, and full of promise. None but our tasters get to savor it. As soon as mature, it is double-distilled by the oldest method known to man. The stills today, resembling medieval alchemists' retorts, are the type used by Remy Martin since 1724. No expedient "improvements" can better this painstaking process which retains all the subtle flavor and aroma of the original Champagne wine.

The aging of Remy Martin Cognac calls for the same meticulous attention. Special casks, hand-hewn from Limousin oak by Remy Martin coopers, are mellowed in the open air for three years before using. The Cognac "breathes through the wood", engendering its ardent spirit, and developing its light, clear, amber color.

How long does it age? That is for our tasters to decide. Any number of years, depending on the "evolution" of its flavor. But there comes a precise moment when the Cognac reaches peak perfection. The color, the bouquet, and above all the taste determine it. You yourself will recognize this moment of perfection when you sip it and inhale its delicate bouquet.



When Remy Martin is ready for export, the symbol of the Centaur travels with it—a mark of perfection known throughout the world. Look, too, for the proud initials: V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale. All Remy Martin Cognac is V.S.O.P., and no Cognac of lesser quality is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label.

Expensive? Beyond a doubt. Worth it? You alone can decide. We only plead that we could bring you Remy Martin Cognac in no cheaper or more expeditious way. If a few can afford to enjoy it, and appreciate it, we shall feel rewarded—as will they.

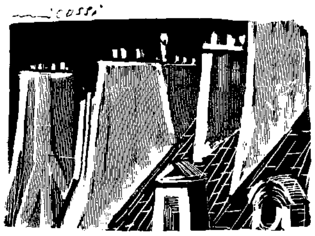
Our pirouetting Pastels dance the night away, changing colors with every step you take. [illegible] color sheerness of nylon tricot [illegible] over a two-color opaque lining. [illegible] S.M. About $18. • Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 26

IT is rare that the President of the Republic, in a reflex of disapproval, says anything even faintly humorous. Last week, when several of his hard-shell conservative ministers agreed that it would be folly to vote for Minister Edgar Faure's historic education-reform bill, de Gaulle, sharp as a knife, said, "If Minister Faure had been out of his mind, everybody would have been aware of it, and if he starts going out of it *now*, there will still be time to take steps." The last straw in Faure's reform bill for de Gaulle's pro-Establishment ministers was the inclusion of permission to discuss politics in special campus lecture rooms—politics having been, in theory, banished as dangerous ever since the educational system was reorganized by Napoleon, in 1808. The system's aim, the Emperor said frankly at the time, was to have "the means of directing public opinion and morals," with education to be used as intellectual support for the government, just as the Army was for physical support. It was these hundred and sixty years of early-nineteenth-century practices and atmosphere that brought the students out onto the streets in the May riots against what they called "educational sclerosis." Other key words in the education rebellion have turned out to be "*l'autonomie*," or the independence of France's twenty-odd provincial universities, instead of their all being under the centralizing octopus head of Paris; "*co-gestion*," or the co-management of universities by faculty and students; the right of "*contestation*," or argument; and the holding of "*le dialogue*" between students and their professors on matters of pedagogy, historical interpretation, and so on. All these are included in Faure's reform bill, if only by implication. What is brand-new is a rule that the faculty must live in the vicinity of the university, so as to provide a teacher-student relationship that has probably not been provided here since the time of the great medieval teacher Abelard. Another new ruling is that professors who stand high in official popularity—they are known as mandarins—are to be restricted from holding their university chairs practically for life. Order in each university will supposedly be maintained by the state-appointed rector. A university president (a new, American-model French functionary) will be elected by the faculty and by students who have finished their first year and passed its examinations—a real revolutionary change. The conservative cream of the official Gaullist party would, if it dared, doubtless vote en bloc against Faure's bill, which (it is known) de Gaulle himself is determined must be passed, as the only calming piece of legislation appropriate to the impending opening of the universities. Faure has already threatened to resign if his bill is not passed in the session of Parliament that opens this week, or if its salient features are watered down into compromises to obtain an assenting vote on it. His opus, if it goes through fairly intact, by French standards, will constitute a revolutionary, iconoclastic, long-overdue modernization of French university education, from which springs the French ruling class in business and government. The bill is perhaps the unique good result of the spring riots, and the only appeasement to have been offered since then that may discourage the students from rioting again this autumn. If Faure's reform becomes law, it will begin functioning this coming February.



Faure's political importance has grown enormously since his impressive, brilliant labor on and creation of his bill. He is now described as the most intelligent—almost too intelligent—minister in the Cabinet. Because of him, this has been an unusual fortnight in Paris, marked by middle- and upper-class concentration on his complex educational reforms, which have involved many parents and their student sons and daughters in bitter dissension. Discussion of the final draft of Faure's bill in the press has covered many pages and has been heavy going. It was probably the only reading matter that the two generations perused together this year.

THE single valid exciting and novel form of entertainment here during these early, mild autumn days is to motor forty kilometres southwest of Paris to look at the prides of lions roaming almost happily at liberty in the Réserve Africaine, which was set up this spring in the wooded park of the Château de Thoiry, a perfectly styled six-

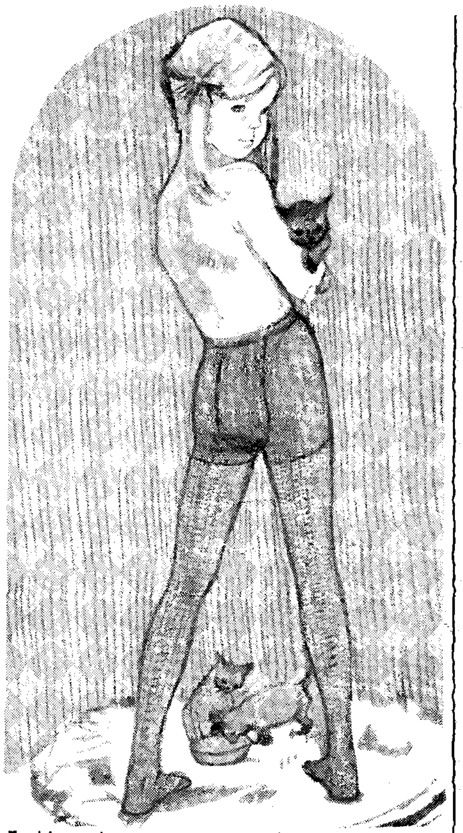
MAGNIFICENT BACKGROUND

English Floral... reminiscent of the lovely, European blockprints. will add decorative smartness to the elegant room.

•

Send 50¢ for samples of this beautiful vinyl wall covering or $1 for samples plus Decorators Idea Kit.
4000-FE CHEVY CHASE DR., LOS ANGELES 90039
AT BETTER INTERIOR DESIGNERS & DEALERS

Albert Van Luit & Co.
WALLCOVERINGS



Fashion colors come on strong in these seamless tights. Stretch nylon, in a lustrous textured bouclé. White, ivory, red, golden yellow, pink or mint. Sizes 4 to 14, $2.59. At Hudson's, Detroit and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty®

FOR A SOPHISTICATED FINALE TO ANY WEEKEND IN NEW YORK

Enjoy

SUNDAY GOURMET BRUNCH

on the Barclay TERRACE

served with the music of the LESTER LANIN DUO

The Barclay

"A Famous hotel with Great Tradition"

Just off Park Avenue at 111 east 48th street

For Reservations, call José at PLaza 5-5900

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, INC.

630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424
CAR (S) ________
Name________
Address________
City________ State____ NE-5

teenth-century château surrounded by a thousand-acre estate. The family property of the Comte de la Panouse, it is situated between the villages of Neauphle-le-Vieux and Septeuil, in the beautiful Seine Valley. According to Comte Antoine de la Panouse, head of the family, the château's rich collection of rarities—two thousand letters signed by the kings of France, together with a billet-doux or so addressed to Mme. de Pompadour, plus tortoiseshell-inlaid furniture designed by the cabinetmaker Boulle himself, a spinet painted by Huet, and portraits by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun—could make no contribution to the dwindling family income unless they were sold. The Comte and his two sons—the Vicomte Paul de la Panouse, now in his middle twenties, and the younger Raoul—realized two years ago that they would have to think of something or else sell the *domaine*. Since all were fond of wild animals, what they thought of unanimously was to set up a small zoo, which they did, with bears, leopards, and an elephant in cages. The zoo made enough profit to inspire them to take the big plunge. By borrowing money, mortgaging the land, and scraping together all the family assets (according to the Comte), they were able to establish an African game preserve in Continental Europe. The preserve opened in mid-May, after a year of preparation. As its manager, the Vicomte laid six kilometres of paved road through two hundred acres of woods, collected three hundred wild animals in first-class condition (including fifty-three lions), built sleeping quarters for them, with privacy for each carnivore, and ran two high, strong iron fences around the preserve, one within the other. Outside Africa, there are two other well-publicized lion preserves: at Longleat, England (established by the Marquis of Bath), and near Miami. The Vicomte visited Miami repeatedly, and when it came to selecting his creatures and laying out their accommodations he was guided by Hermann Ruhe, Jr., director of the German zoo at Hanover and a great authority on wild beasts. One of the Vicomte's aims was to procure animals that are running the risk of extinction in Africa, such as what he calls the black-maned lion and various types of antelope. The black-maned lions are collectively (and naturally) called the Beatles. One of them is a particular favorite with visitors, and they are popular with him, too, if their car is low enough for him to climb onto its roof from his post by the entry gate. The road is constantly patrolled by

MEXICO '68 OLYMPIC KEY CHAIN

Striking 25 peso Mexican coin, minted to commemorate the 1968 Olympic Games. Kirk craftsmen complement the Olympic Coin with a specially designed Kirk Sterling Key Chain. $14.50 Postage paid by mail. Samuel Kirk & Son, 231 Clay St., Baltimore, Md. 21201

Samuel Kirk & Son INC.

MIT

176th Consecutive Quarterly Dividend

$14.7 million, equal to 10.7 cents a share, to 211,500 shareholders.

Payable: Oct. 21, 1968
Record: Sept. 30, 1968

Massachusetts Investors Trust

Most charming inn since Stratford-on-Avon

Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive) • gourmet wining and dining • luxurious guest rooms • meeting facilities • Scottish baronial atmosphere • open year 'round • near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club • Palmetto Expressway & N.W. 154th Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33014. Dept. X

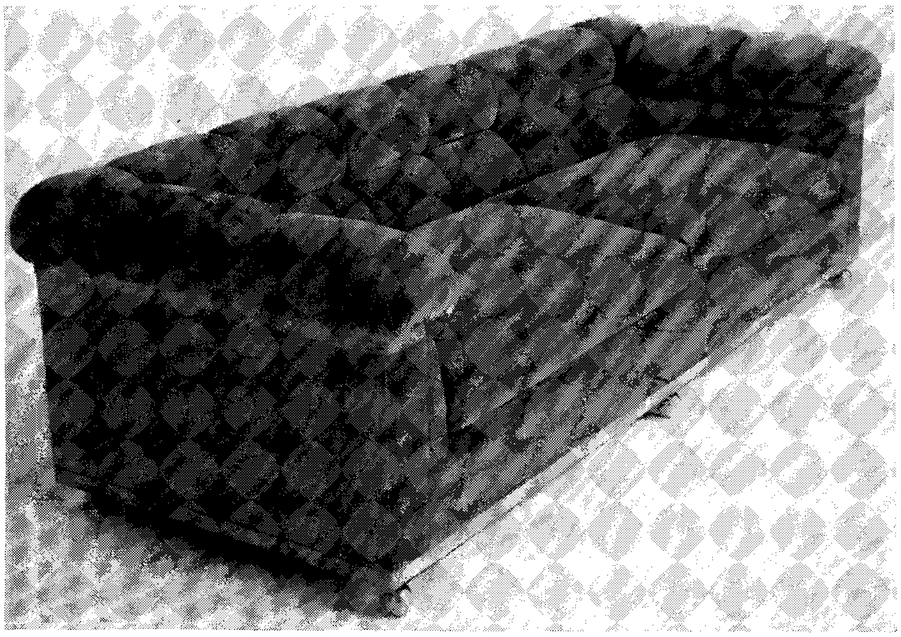
Miami Lakes Inn & COUNTRY CLUB

Land-Rovers with two-way radios, and the drivers are equipped with guns that shoot tranquillizer darts in case of trouble. In the lions' sections, car windows must, of course, be kept closed. Not long ago, one of the guards saw a visitor walking along the road and cried out to him, "Don't you know you're surrounded by lions? Where's your car?" "Oh, they won't hurt me. I've run out of gas!" the man called back.

There are four big female African elephants, who keep a kind of maternal order among herds of rare antelopes when they fight. There are also small Indian elephants, two unfriendly white rhinoceroses, a family of baboons, who dwell on an island (mostly in its trees), and a pair of young giraffes, who have learned to eat poplar leaves and have grown fat. There is a herd of zebras, whose leader, named Zozo, has a passion for bread and carrots as gifts from the visitors. The herbivores are, of course, fenced off from the carnivores. The different groups of lions are watched over by the Land-Rover guards, who keep each group in its own section by driving into the brush and nudging the lions with the car—a form of control that the animals have vaguely learned to understand, *mirabile dictu*. There was difficulty in persuading the young lions to quit their sleeping quarters until Dieter Rinkle, the supervisor of the Réserve, figured out that the ground was not the color of the ground they were used to and had it sprinkled with brown sand, onto which they then emerged, feeling it to be familiar and safe. There has been no major lion trouble, as there was at Longleat, where two dozen fine lions were reduced in one night to half their number through an uncontrollable, terrible fight. There are enormous parking grounds at Thoiry, and an excellent self-service restaurant, presided over by a former Rothschild maître d'hôtel. The price of admission into the preserve is ten francs for adults, five for children. To date, the preserve has had just over four hundred thousand visitors. It is a wonderful experience for those of us who have never been to Tanzania, and who can here see our first display of bounding antelopes, elephants marching in a natural quartet, and adolescent lions sleeping on the leafy greensward as in an Île-de-France illustration of the Garden of Eden.

LIKE a replacement for a major-classic matinée at the Comédie-Française is an extraordinary film that has

DUNBAR®



THE DEEP-DOWN SOFA
A LUXURIOUS DESIGN EXPERIENCE IN BRASS, VELVET AND MAHOGANY.

Get acquainted with Dunbar at our showrooms:
New York, Atlanta, Berne, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Seattle. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.

BACCARAT... the crystal of Kings... since 1764

BACCARAT ... for brides... for gourmets... for hostesses

BACCARAT ... for stemware... for gifts... from France

. . . and BACCARAT for the largest choice of decanters and pitchers, in the clearest full-lead crystal, and in beautifully classical lines, either plain or cut. From left to right: 40-oz. pitcher $22, 36-oz. $24, Ship's decanter, 32-oz. $20; Etrusgne, 33-oz. $20; other styles up to $95. Most decanters available also in cordial size, from $15 up.

Write Dept. Y5 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts. 25c each, and or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

The Faces of Virginia

170 Top-Rated Courses, from mountains to tidewater, await your challenge in Virginia. Come soon—join the suntanned faces of Virginia.

Send For Free 100-Page Picture Guide—learn about things to do, places to stay in Virginia. Visit, telephone or write for complete travel service.

VIRGINIA STATE TRAVEL SERVICE
11 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020
Phone 245-3080
The Commonwealth of Virginia's complete, free travel service.

THE NEXT BEST THING TO A SAFARI IS A ZEBRA FROM HUNTING WORLD

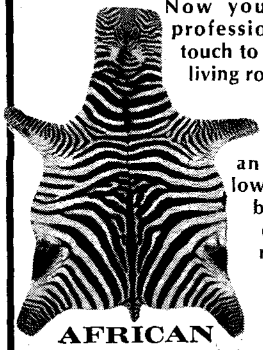
Now you can add the professional designer's touch to your foyer, den, living room or executive office with the assurance of finest quality at an *exceptionally* low price. Collected by licensed hunters under strict regulation. Comparable value over $350. Our low price is possible only because we are America's foremost distributors. Average 8′ long.

AFRICAN ZEBRA RUGS
$175 Add $3 postage
Satisfaction Guaranteed
N.Y. Residents Add Tax

EXPERT'S OPINION. Dr. James L. Clark, Director Emeritus of Preparation and Installation, American Museum of Natural History, writes: "Hunting World's zebra skins are the acme of durability, softness and lustre. Their preparation is the finest I have ever seen." HUNTING WORLD'S ELEPHANT TRADEMARK is your assurance of the ultimate in quality.

Visit our SAFARILAND™ Showrooms or Write for FREE 76-PAGE CATALOG.

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY
247 East 50th Street, New York 10022



been made here of Marie Bell in a shortened version of Racine's "Phèdre." She is not young, and appreciators with longer memories even than hers have acclaimed her as the greatest Phèdre since Bernhardt. The film has been produced by Mlle. Nicole Stéphane, who, as an occasional producer of special films, also gave us "Mourir à Madrid." This movie of "Phèdre" *is the first film ever directed* by Pierre Jourdan, brother of the French actor, and it is a masterly, individualistic cinema creation. It has been shown here in private before its presentation, early in November, at an Opéra gala, along with Nureyev dancing in the new Roland Petit ballet "Extase," to the music of Scriabin—a ballet whose recent première at La Scala was received with violent acclaim. The French seventeenth-century theatre classics, customarily given only in the flesh, at the Comédie, as the nation's inherited poetic and sensuous nourishment, have rarely been nobly transferred onto film. This "Phèdre" is the rare exception. Marie Bell's performance as registered in color on film presents her talent in complete facial and physical intimacy, seen closer by the eye of the camera than from the Comédie's first row. In the foreshortened luxurious and barbarous Cretan setting, with King Thésée driving onto the scene in his chariot drawn by white horses, the figures of *all* the players take on a certain pictorial grandeur of pose and composition, like the figures in a Poussin painting, from Racine's time. In the final, *mea-culpa* scene, with its Port-Royal Jansenism and Christianity, Marie Bell is touching and tragic to the point of arousing tears—certainly a rare accomplishment. It is as if to her years of experience in playing this role she has added, like some kind of philtre, the accumulation of grief that the tragedy of "Phèdre" has drawn from French eyes for almost three hundred years. For showings of the film in America and England, English captions from the free translation of Racine's "Phèdre" by Robert Lowell are on occasion thrown on the screen.

"The Acropolis," directed by Jerzy Grotowski and played by the actors of his post-avant-garde Polish Laboratory Theatre of Wroclaw, has opened here in a little makeshift theatre on the Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois, in the Rue Monge, a quarter that has now become a new student center. Thanks to an elaborate printed program, one knows that in this 1962 Polish reconstitution of combined myth and late-war history the Acropo-

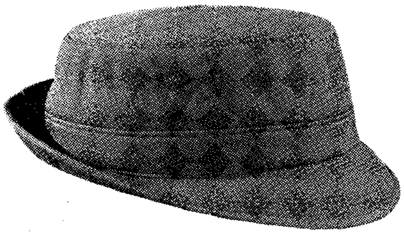
A World Famous Hotel in Washington

Washington's luxury hotel caters to an enviable list of dignitaries from the world over. Quiet, dignified, inviting atmosphere. Two blocks from The White House. Singles from $17.00 to $23.50. Doubles from $22.00 to $28.50. Two-room suites from $45. Family Plan.

For Insured Reservations call:
In New York 244-0700
Chicago 787-4585
Los Angeles 382-8408
San Francisco 392-8600
or any Sheraton Hotel

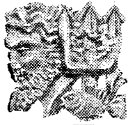
THE **Sheraton-Carlton**
16TH & K STS., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.
Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities.
A Worldwide Service of ITT

Bean's
Insulated Hunter's Hat



Shell of water repellent Dacron and cotton poplin. Fully lined with quilted thermofoam rubber. Warm and retains hat shape. Stitched brim. Lined neck-band and ear-laps fold inside hat. Colors: Hunter's Scarlet, Olive Green. Sizes 6¾ to 7¾. (Order ⅛ size larger than regular.) Price, $4.35 postpaid.

L.L. Bean, Inc.,
391 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties



Sea Fare of the Aegean
25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.

lis represents the famous Cathedral of Krakow, and the actors, six men and one woman, are to be viewed as major Biblical characters, mixed in some way with the protagonists of the Trojan War—all supposedly borrowed from the cathedral's carvings and tapestries. The main role of Jacob the harpist (who actually plays a scratchy violin) is acted by Zygmunt Molik, who possesses a voice of so many beautiful inflections that he sounds like many men in turn. The chanting and wailing of the other players, two of them representing Isaac and Esau, are used like a form of hypnosis, and the singers mix sweat with song as they carry about over the heads and feet of the audience, seated here and there on chairs or benches, some lengths of battered stovepipe, a bathtub, and a couple of wheelbarrows, all of which are used like metaphors in the construction of an absurd and tortured civilization and its tragedies in concentration camps and ruined cities. The members of the troupe are dressed in medieval-looking ragged tunics, are barelegged, and stamp about in heavy wooden-soled shoes with the deafening racket of a people on the march forever, until everybody finally disappears underground, into a huge box in the center of the theatre, for extermination. It is all confusing, elemental, oppressive, and exciting, and the spectator's imagination is forced by the *misérabilisme* of the properties constantly being lugged about to furnish all that lies beyond what his eyes see.

The Wroclaw company was supposed to go to New York next week to play, but it will remain here a month, owing to the suspension by the United States of most cultural relations with the Iron Curtain countries participating in the occupation of Czechoslovakia.

—GENÊT

•

Walking back up the hill to the house with Mr. Goode, he put his hand to his "ski-jump nose," smiling ruefully.

"Well," he said, "I've got hay fever. Now I know why I'll never be a farmer.

"Tell me," Mr. Nixon asked, "what is it that the farmers really want from Washington?"

Mr. Goode paused a moment, clearing his throat of the dust and chaff.

"Honesty," he said.

"That's the main thing?" Mr. Nixon asked.

"Yes," Mr. Goode said. "We want to be told the truth."

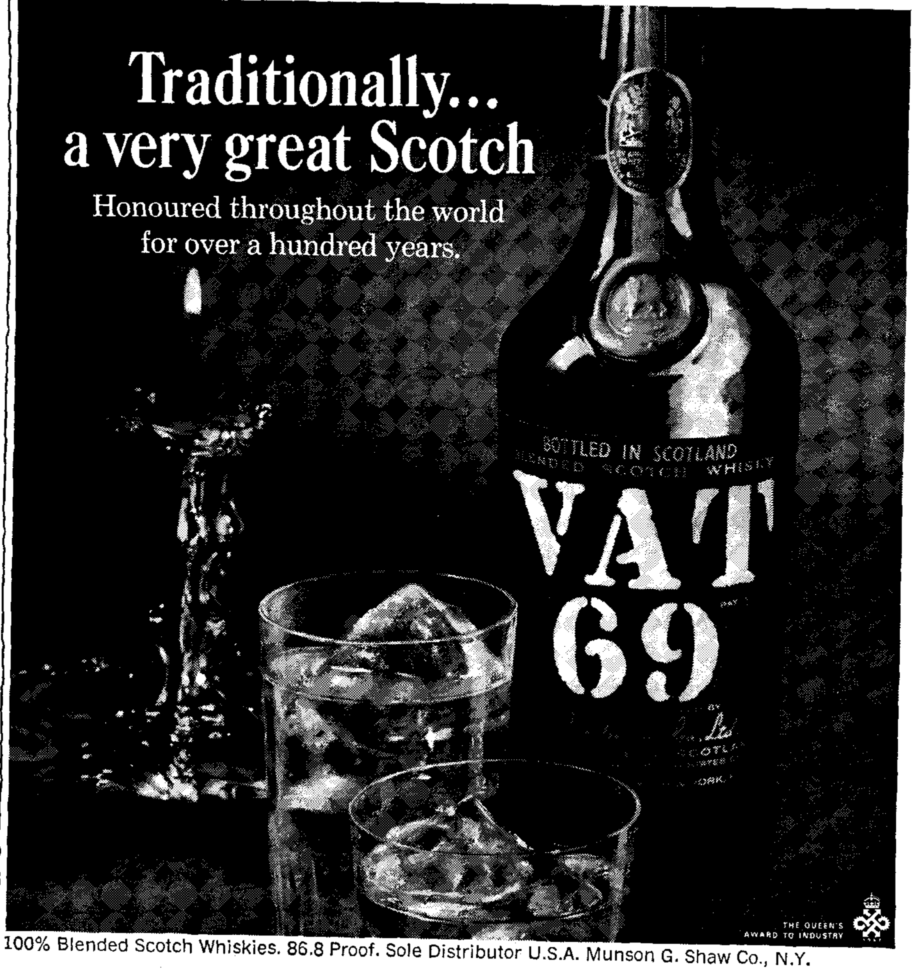
Of all the tissues as the 1968 campaign took form this seemed to be the key.—*The Times.*

Soft on Kleenex, eh?

(*Advertisement*)

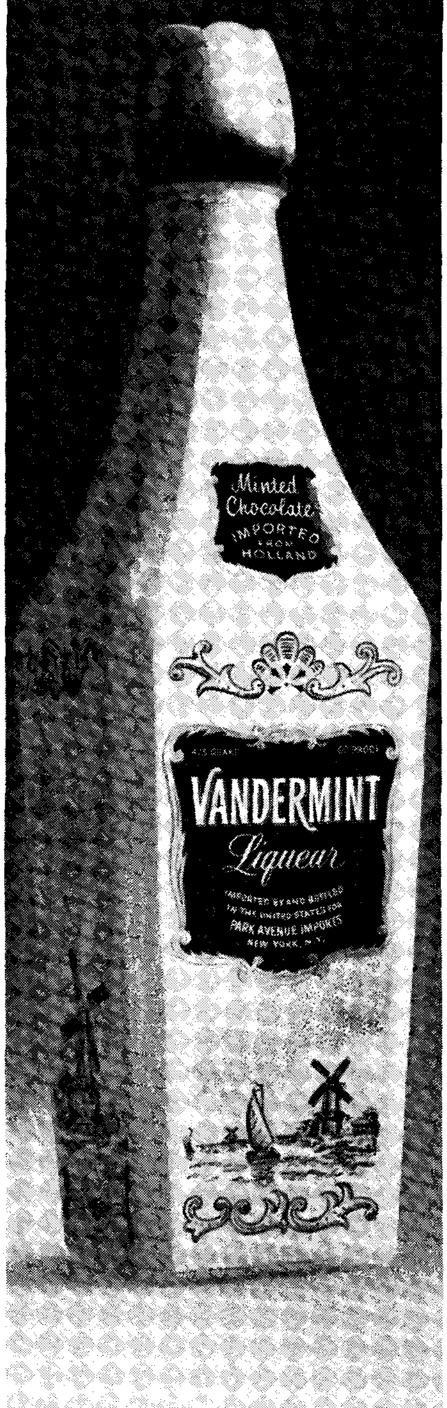
Did you order the "rush" menu?

At the Oak Bar: a new RUSH luncheon menu for imminent meetings or extra martinis. In the Oak Room, the regular indulgent menu. Both Rooms splendidly stag for lunch. In The Plaza, Fifth Avenue at 59th. Call Victor: PL 9-3000.


Traditionally...
a very great Scotch
Honoured throughout the world
for over a hundred years.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

**Vandermint.
The 60 proof
chocolate
after-dinner
mint.**



Minted Chocolate
IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND
VANDERMINT
Liqueur
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS NEW YORK, N.Y.

All the way from Holland, a very cordial new cordial: Vandermint Minted Chocolate Liqueur.

IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 60 PROOF.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Echoes

ALBERTO GINASTERA's Gothic opera "Bomarzo" turned up again at the State Theatre last Thursday evening, in the splendid production by Tito Capobianco and Ming Cho Lee. I was hearing and seeing this production of the New York City Opera for the second time, and I again found it well worth witnessing. The creepy quality that appears here and there in Ginastera's score is certainly effective, in a theatrical way, and at times—for example, in the love duet, between Julia Farnese and Maerbale, that begins the second act—the composer writes so skillfully for the voice that even though the texture of the music is generally dodecaphonic, real singing is called for. This is unusual in music of this type. I think that I have already referred to Mr. Ginastera as the Mozart of the twelve-tone system. He is one of the few really gifted composers in the medium, the others who come to mind being Berg, Dallapiccola, and Nono. Yet there is a deliberate contrivance about this score that never lets your conscious mind wander from what is being put before you. You admire the technique, but somehow you are not turned on, as the rock people put it. Under the circumstances, it is the scenery, the choreographed staging, and the declamation of the actors (I call them this rather than singers, since the twelve-tone idiom reduces most of what one hears from them to prose rather than music) that hold one's attention. Julius Rudel again conducted the work with devotion, Salvador Novoa again declaimed the role of the miserable Duke of Bomarzo to perfection, and the others in the cast did nobly.

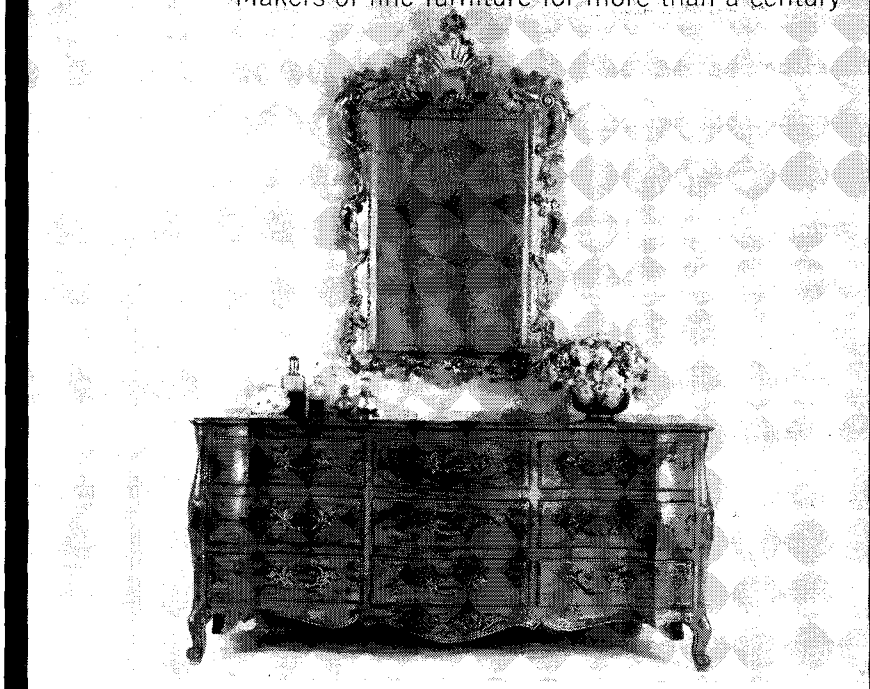
LAST Tuesday night, the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, appeared in Carnegie Hall with Bruckner's enormous Seventh Symphony and Eugene Istomin as soloist in Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto. There is a point at which nothing much that is new can be said of a masterpiece, and Bruckner's Seventh (the most popular lately of all his symphonies) has about reached this point. It would have reached it long ago if its composer had not been neglected until well after his death; it has only recently begun to reach sympathetic audiences here. I plead guilty to being a confirmed Brucknerite. To me, he is one of the four greatest composers of history (the others are Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven). Bruckner possesses a kind of grandeur that is unique. Perhaps this is because of the religious element in his work—though, Heaven knows, there are enough striking innovations in his symphonic writing to make him a tremendously significant historical figure, and one of great interest even from the purely technical standpoint. At any rate, the Seventh is as intricate and as lofty in conception as a great Baroque cathedral, which in a way it resembles. The opening theme, with its two-octave compass and twenty-measure span, and the Adagio would by themselves qualify Bruckner as a figure of formidable stature. Mr. Ormandy provided a smooth, rather than a deeply inspired, performance—one in which the Philadelphia Orchestra's refinement of tone was the major ingredient.

After the intermission, Mr. Istomin came onstage to provide a broad, powerful reading of the solo part of the Beethoven concerto. He is a pianist who can play expansively and produce a great deal of force without pounding, and his musicianship is beyond question. Unfortunately, the slow movement of the concerto had a good deal of competition from Tiny Tim's psychedelic movie "You Are What You Eat," which was being presented at the Carnegie Hall Cinema, directly underneath the hall. Judging by the thumps and squeals that ascended into the auditorium, I should say—having read the reviews—that the movie had at this point reached either the Electric Flag's "Freakout" or Hamsa el Din's erotic "Instrumental." I was a bit surprised that Mr. Ormandy, who has one of the most sensitive ears in the business, did not stop the performance and go home. Carnegie Hall needs either more soundproofing or quieter movies.

LAST Wednesday and Friday nights, I attended the performances of the Joffrey Ballet at the City Center, and I found both occasions rewarding. On Wednesday night, a new abstract ballet called "A Light Fantastic," choreographed by Gerald Arpino, was introduced. It has festive music by Benjamin Britten (taken from the score of his opera "Gloriana"), which consists of a series of Renaissance dance forms. Its spangled Elizabethan-style ballet costumes, by which I mean Elizabethan tunics and legs in tights, were by Bruce Harrow, and were a joy to the eye. Robert Blankshine darted in and out of the spectacle like a miniature Nureyev, and did a spectacular solo to the "Presto" movement. In a hilarious deadpan "Pavane," Erika Goodman and Christian Holder, the latter with his mouth open and supporting his partner in an offhand way, gave a demonstration of how ballet dancers should not comport themselves. Their number was all arms and legs, grotesquely pointing in all directions. A "Galliard," danced with an air of cold hostility by Trinette Singleton, Dermot Burke, and Henry Berg, afforded some more humor as well as a great deal of skill, and in something called "Lavolta" Mr. Holder belied his antics in the "Pavane" by dancing very elegantly indeed. Altogether, I should say that "A Light Fantastic" is one of this company's most engaging recent productions. The rest of Wednesday night's program consisted of Jerome Robbins' musicless "Moves," which I am beginning to find boring, and "The Green Table," which I have commented on before.

Friday night's program offered me an opportunity for a second look at "A Light Fantastic," which was fully as delightful as it was the first time, and then offered the Joffrey Ballet's version of "The Lesson"—a ballet, by Flemming Flindt, which had been seen here in the repertoire of the Royal Danish Ballet, and which I discussed a couple of years ago. It is a plot ballet based on something by Eugene Ionesco—about a mad ballet master who loves to strangle young female ballet dancers one at a time. In this production, the mad ballet master was danced by Paul Sutherland, the strangled pupil by Charthel Arthur, and the equally mad pianist who assists the ballet master by Diana Cartier. For some reason, I did not find this production as chilling as that of the Royal Danish Ballet, in which Mr. Flindt himself performed the mad killer in an unforgettable manner. Mr. Sutherland lacked the requisite air of pathological disturbance, though he danced brilliantly.

This evening wound up with "Astarte," the company's psychedelic mixed-media ballet, which I wrote about last season. I should like to com-



john Widdicomb
Makers of fine furniture for more than a century

The Bombé bureau, cut from solid fruitwood 4 inches thick.
Each of the 9 drawers of this bureau is shaped different from any other.
Get to know John Widdicomb furniture
See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.

NEW YORK, 205 East 58th St. • **PHILADELPHIA**, 2301 Chestnut St • **BOSTON**, 90 Berkeley St. • **GRAND RAPIDS**, Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

Naturally
you belong in
Austin Hill

Man tailored—yet faultlessly feminine in pure wool and wonderful colorings. Dirndl skirt about $20. Fine gauge mock turtle neck about $14. Cardigan about $20. Write for the store nearest you: Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

AUSTIN HILL

AT: Little White House, York, Pa. • Heery's Clothes Closet, Athens, Ga. • R.F.D. Inc., Baton Rouge, La.

MORE AND MORE
PEOPLE ARE
CHECKING
INTO

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, Heliport, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $42.50. Color from $150.

Fabian
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

ment on it again. It involves just two dancers (Trinette Singleton and Maximiliano Zomosa), some extraordinarily skillful film projections, by Gardner Compton, and a lot of very loud rock music, by an outfit known as the Crome Syrcus. The choreography is by Robert Joffrey. The atmosphere of the piece is one of highly charged eroticism, as might be gathered from its title—the name of the Phoenician fertility goddess. I thought "Astarte" even more enthralling than I had last season. Not that there was much of what we ordinarily think of as dancing in it. Miss Singleton and Mr. Zomosa were occupied most of the time with very slow motions and gestures. What interested me this time was the power (and I don't mean mere loudness, though there was that, too) of the rock score that accompanied it. Here was what I meant a couple of weeks ago when I said that I could conceive of a rock "Tristan and Isolde." True, the tragic element is missing in this ballet; it is about sex, and nothing else. But the vitality of the music made me cast a glance back to Ginastera's "Bomarzo," where, by contrast, terribly elaborate, contrived music of very little vitality had exerted a purely intellectual appeal. Rock is a relatively primitive type of musical expression, but its very simplicity is an advantage in today's over-sophisticated musical world. As it appeared the other night—raw and lusty—it sounded very much like the future toward which music may be expected to move.

"RIGOLETTO," last Monday night at the Metropolitan, had a new tenor in the role of the Duke, Giacomo Aragall. While he is not the most stylish singer in the world, he is a handsome fellow, and his voice is fresh and brassy. The remainder of the cast—including Cornell MacNeil, Roberta Peters, and John Macurdy—performed with high professional competence, and if this was not a memorable "Rigoletto," it was at least a presentable one.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Look around the top 15 agencies today. With the possible exception of Cliff Fitzgerald of Dancer, Fitzgerald, Sample, is there one chief executive at any of these agencies who exercises complete autonomy and who is answerable to no one but himself? Is there any one major agency head who operates with an "l'ete c'est moi" grandeur?—*Madison Avenue.*

Besides, fall is here already.

Cavalry Twill Trousers

Supple, smooth, hard-wearing—all attributes that stem from the cavalry heritage of this all-wool British twill. New for this season—chamois, a soft natural color that's so right for cavalry twill trousers. Also in navy, olive, tan or chocolate brown. State waist size. $36.
Please add 75¢ for postage. Shipped uncuffed.

at
Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN OUR
Victorian Suite
& VERSAILLES ROOM

An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE.
AT 76th ST.

MONTEGO BAY
at the *Royal Caribbean* HOTEL
"a bit of Jamaica that swings"

Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. Directly on the ocean — fully air conditioned. A staff of 250 — no conventions — adults only. For brochure and tariff see your Travel Agent or write owners. Box 15073, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215

LUNCHEON
DINNER
AFTER THEATRE

Phone
421-3377

FREE PARKING
AFTER 7 P.M.

"One of the most elegant and comfortable steak houses in the city."
CUE MAGAZINE

BARON
STEAK | HOUSE
15 East 48th Street, | N.Y.C.

Try this with any other new shoe.

One raw egg is worth a thousand words. It shows just how soft and supple the Freeman Free-Flex really is. And to press the point, how comfortable a pair of new shoes can be. No stiffness, no pinching. We break in shoes without using feet. Only Freeman has the Free-Flex sole. Only Freeman gives you this kind of new shoe comfort. Our competitors may try this test, and end up with egg on their face.

FREE-FLEX® BY
FREEMAN

CHOOSE YOUR FREEMAN FREE-FLEX SHOES IN YOUR KIND OF STYLES, IN LUXURIOUS NEW LEATHERS. FROM $21.00 TO $30.00. FREEMAN-TOOR CORPORATION, BELOIT, WISCONSIN 53511

¡Salud!

How to cheer on the home team at the Olympics (whether you're there or not).

PRODUCT OF
MEXICO
IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi

The Tomás Collins
1½ oz. Tequila Mariachi,
juice of ½ lemon,
teaspoon sugar,
add soda, garnish.

The Mariachi Sour
2 oz. Tequila Mariachi,
½ teaspoon sugar or
½ oz. of Triple Sec,
juice of ½ lemon.

The Sangrita
(The original Bloody Mary)
3 oz. tomato juice,
dash of Tabasco & Worcestershire,
the juice of a half lemon
and 1½ oz. of
Tequila Mariachi.
Salt and pepper to taste.

El Screwdriver del Sol
3 parts orange juice,
1 part Tequila Mariachi.

The Margarita
½ oz. Triple Sec,
1 oz. lime juice
and 2 oz. Tequila Mariachi.

Tequila Mariachi · tequila for gringos.

Those cheering in person, write for our free booklet "Guide to the Olympics," Calvert Dist. Co., 375 Park Ave., NYC · Imported Tequila · 80 Proof

BOOKS

"The Idiot": Second Century

IT is exactly one hundred years since Dostoevski wrote "The Idiot," one of the novels about which he complained in a letter to his niece that if he had been less pressed for time "I could have produced a work of which men would still be talking a hundred years from now." All of Dostoevski's novels were composed under difficulties, the greatest of which was the difficulty of getting started. "There is nothing more difficult," he declares in "A Raw Youth," "than to begin upon some sorts of work—perhaps any sort of work." For "The Idiot," his customary hardships were multiplied. "Of all the novels," states Edward Wasiolek, editor of Dostoevski's "The Notebooks for 'The Idiot'" (University of Chicago Press), "'The Idiot' came hardest for Dostoevski. It was written abroad—in Geneva, Vevey, Milan, Florence—in cold flats, poverty, sickness, personal tragedy, homesickness, despair, and in hope." In addition to these physical and emotional obstacles, there were those presented by the novel itself. To judge by "The Notebooks," "The Idiot" almost failed to be begun at all. From the middle of 1867 until near the end of that year, Dostoevski kept floundering from draft to draft of a novel the conception of which was missing. His plot, based on newspaper reports of a criminal trial of which there is scarcely a trace in the finished work, underwent a series of pointless variations. Nor did the unexpected emergence of the lineaments of Myshkin in the seventh draft ("He is a Prince," Dostoevski notes as his first indication of recognizing him) put an end to his uncertainties. The nature of the new hero as "the wholly beautiful man" confronted Dostoevski with problems never met before in fiction writing. In discovering Myshkin, he had passed from a vacuum to an enigma. His "Prince Christ" was new dramatic territory, in the exploration of which the accepted assumptions of fiction were bound to be disrupted. Some of the resulting effects are of a nature still so radical that a reader of the novel might doubt that they are actually there, and are intended, were it not for the supporting evidence of "The Notebooks."

The peculiarity of "The Idiot" is that its hero is almost a spectator. "I've really come to meet people," explains Myshkin on his arrival from Switzerland. From his first encounter with Rogozhin on the train, he has, however, stepped into a complex underground intrigue involving Nastasya Filipovna, Ganya, the Yepanchin family, the Ivolgins, Lebedev, Totsky, and, of course, Rogozhin himself. Unhesitatingly, Myshkin allows himself to be drawn into it, but without altering his onlooker's attitude. By the end of Part I, on the very day of his return to Russia, he has offered to marry Nastasya, become the "rival" of Rogozhin, aroused the interest of Aglaya and the impatience of Ganya, and received confidences from several quarters. Wrote Dostoevski in "The Notebooks," underscoring the entry, "*The chief thing is that they all need him*"—among other things, as their audience. He is the understanding listener, always available. Thus he attracts around himself all the personages of the narrative in a perpetual round of comings and goings, confessions and revelations, in pace not unlike that of bedroom farce.

Throughout the novel, Myshkin plays opposite a cast of garrulous types who amble about in episodes instigated by self-delusion, greed, ambition, conventionality, desperation, and sheer love of absurdity and trouble-making. The reader is dipped into twenty years of Russian debate on such topics as the Russian character, capital punishment, religion, materialism, individual charity, the future of the aristocracy. Beyond everything else, however, Dostoevski is a virtuoso of dramatic stagecraft, able to pull out of his hat an endless string of surprises. No sooner does a situation begin to coalesce than it is blown apart again by a new revelation, an unexpected arrival. Dostoevski's playings with Lebedev's purloined wallet and with the "case of Pavlishchev's son" are peaks of inventiveness in keeping the reader off balance; they match on the plane of comedy the buildup of tensions in the great, passionate confrontations, such as Nastasya's unexpected visit to the home of Ganya and her showdown with Aglaya.

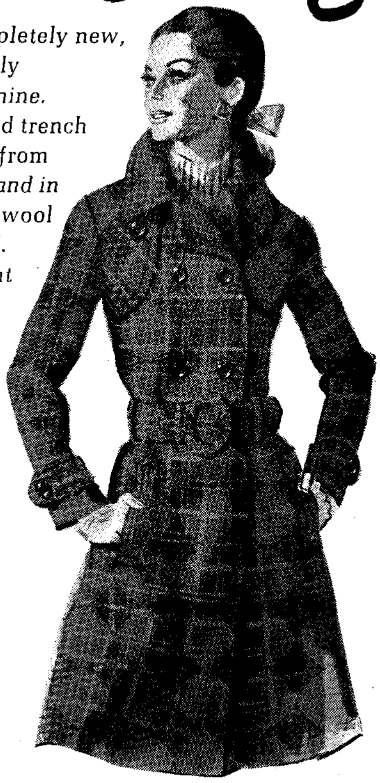
U.S. CUSTOMS
Chon Day

"You sure give up easy."

Myshkin's part in both the vaudevilles and the climaxes is that of a sympathetic bystander ready to lend a hand; even when the action is aimed at him he commiserates with those who are trying to cheat him or to use him to settle emotional accounts. Through his self-abnegation, he is an impersonal witness

Bickler OF LONDON

Completely new,
wholly
feminine.
Belted trench
coat from
England in
pure wool
plaid.
About
$95.



At **Lord & Taylor** and other fine stores,
or write to Aston Imports Limited
448 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018

IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD
BALLY SHOES CREATE INTERNATIONAL TRENDS

STEFANIA

Black Patent
Leather, Velvet
Bow. $38.

BALLY
OF SWITZERLAND
NEW YORK
Madison at 43rd & at 61st
CHICAGO
Palmer House 909 N. Michigan
SAN FRANCISCO:
255 Geary 242 Montgomery
BOSTON
Prudential Center
PHILADELPHIA:
1733 Walnut

during his most earnest participation. For all his readiness to enter into everyone's life, he is and remains an outsider, an "idiot" in the classical meaning of a private or unrelated person. "He's as much of a stranger to me as to anyone else," exclaims Aglaya, his "fiancée," after Myshkin has spoiled their betrothal party by throwing a fit. Instead of being engaged by the action of the novel, the Prince blesses it by his presence. He hovers above the fatal pursuit of Nastasya by Rogozhin like an angel wringing his hands over the Crucifixion. In the end, his embrace of the murderer by the bedside of the immolated bride transforms the killing into a ritual sacrifice.

Myshkin's detached character is, as Dostoevski observes in "The Notebooks," the *idea* of "The Idiot." In him the reader was to see "how Russia is reflected." We know that it was Myshkin's sudden coming to life in Dostoevski's imagination that enabled him to start writing the work after half a dozen drafts centered upon an "idiot" with a different (highly active) character had proved sterile. Dostoevski, too, "needed" Myshkin to bless his undertaking. Like Hamlet's, the personality of the Prince overflows the plot, a Dostoevskian recasting of the familiar romantic tragedy of a rich young man and a woman of blemished reputation. Myshkin is not shaped by the action; it is, rather, a background against which his uniqueness is revealed. For all its intensity, the love triangle, like the subsidiary intrigues spun through the narrative, is but an occasion for Myshkin to practice his irreducible talent for giving himself. "So as to make the Idiot's character more fascinating (more charming)," Dostoevski wrote, "he has to be imagined in a field of action."

The notion of a *field* of action is an interesting alternative to the traditional idea of a plot as a *structure* of actions. Instead of seeking to define its hero by the continuity of his deeds, "The Idiot" spreads outward to envelop as many aspects of his personality as possible. The "field" is made up of a mosaic of episodes that do not move toward a resolution or even bear any necessary relation to one another. Stressing multiplicity rather than coherence, Dostoevski advised himself to "prepare many incidents and stories." The affair of Rogozhin and Nastasya is but one of the situations through which the Prince's character comes to light; other sides of him are shown in his idyllic meeting with Aglaya in the park, his relations with Kolya, his re-

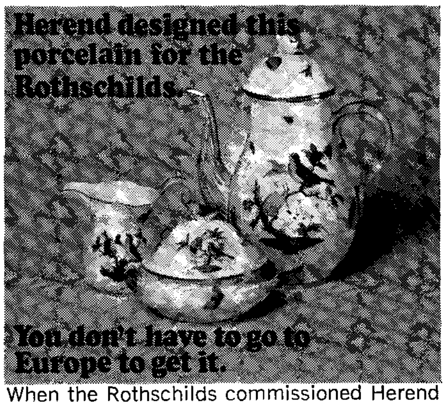
PARADISE

FOR
PASTRY
LOVERS

That's what devotees call Ferrara's. And no wonder, with all those Continental pastries. Rum-soaked Babas. Cannoli. Eclairs. To mention a few. Perfect with our special Espresso or Cappuccino or Royal Viennese coffee. Come sit at one of the sidewalk tables. Enjoy. You don't have to be a millionaire to eat like one.

TRY OUR PETIT RHUM BABAS. WE MAIL ANYWHERE. ASK FOR FREE DESSERT SUGGESTIONS.

Est. 1892
Ferrara
In the heart of little Italy.
195 Grand St., N.Y.C. • CA 6-6150


Herend designed this porcelain for the Rothschilds.
You don't have to go to Europe to get it.

When the Rothschilds commissioned Herend to design the now-famous "Birds" pattern dinner service, they expected the finest. And they got it: lustrous, durable hand-painted porcelains.
And now you can have it, too! Three piece coffee set: 8-cup pot, 3-inch-tall creamer and 5-inch-long sugar bowl: $89.95, postpaid. Send check or money order. (We can gift pack; even enclose your personal card.)
Choose from the largest selection of Herend dinnerware, giftware and figurines at Paprikas Weiss, Herend headquarters, or send 25 cents for our 64 page catalog of foods, cookware and Herend china.

PAPRIKÁS WEISS IMPORTER
1546S Second Ave. • New York, N.Y. 10028
Visit our retail shop when you're in the neighborhood: between 80 and 81 Sts.

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

sponses to the machinations of Lebedev and the Burdovsky crowd and to the "protest" of Ippolit.

At bottom, Myshkin's feelings are directed past the framework of "The Idiot" toward events in Russia and the Russian folk. "In his most *tragic,* most *personal* moments," declares "The Notebooks," "the Prince is concerned with solving general problems. . . . When *at the end of the 4th Part* N. F. again deserts the Prince and runs away with Rogozhin on her wedding day, the Prince is wholly absorbed with the club [of the children]." I know of no other instance of a novelist planning to have his hero turn his back on the novel's greatest scenes. The detachment of Myshkin contemplated by this note would make Camus's Stranger seem like a passionate lover. In the completed work, Myshkin does not, of course, attain this degree of absence. Yet it is significant that Dostoevski thought him capable of it, and it is a fact that, as Dostoevski also notes, "the Prince has had only *the slightest effect* on their [the protagonists'] lives." (All italics are Dostoevski's.)

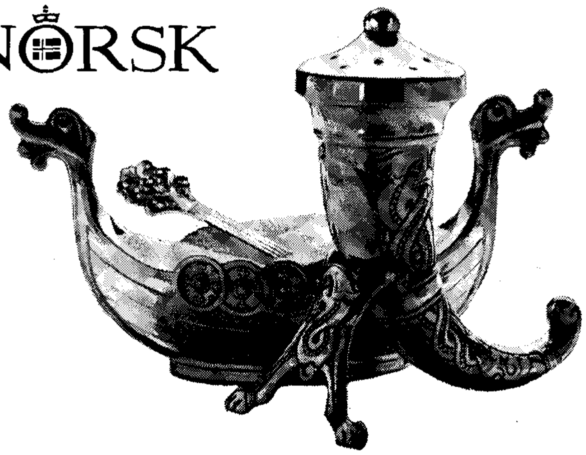
MYSHKIN's function is not to alter the course of the action but to disseminate the aura of a new state of being, let events occur as they will. "The Idiot" is Dostoevski's book of salvation, but Christ, too, saved without overcoming the implacability of destiny. As the personification of the highest potentialities of the Russian spirit, the Prince illuminates (or "reflects") the Russian predicament in lightning flashes of grace. From abroad, Dostoevski surveys the deepening chaos and depravity of Russian society, and to his unhappy country he dispatches Myshkin as the redeemer—an equivalent of his hope that "The Idiot" will redeem him from his creditors and allow him to return home. The mood of the novel is troubled; it occurs to Dostoevski that in its large cast of characters "everyone is a traitor." Still, the author's nostalgia for the motherland and for Russians, even at their worst, comes through in the vivacity and good humor of his characterizations. Russia as represented in "The Idiot" is peopled by types in which the corruptions of the European—lack of faith, vanity, boredom, fatuousness, lechery, lust for money—are heightened. Its Petersburg setting had long been for Dostoevski a dreamlike frontier where the grand wraiths of Western literature and history—the Iagos, Micawbers, Rastignacs, Richelieus, Napoleons, Marie Antoinettes, Camilles—mingled

Celebrate Leif Erikson Day (October 9) with us

viking salt ship now anchored at norsk

Clear harbor and good season-ing awaits your table with a sculptured sterling-silver Viking Salt Ship and Pepper Horn from Norway. The Ship, 3¼" long, with clear or blue glass liner ($14), is accompanied for smoother sailing by a silver Spoon ($3). The Pepper Horn proudly standing beside the ship is 2¼" high ($13). In any season, this salt and pepper Viking set will steer a clear course to any meal. And they're just part of the treasure-house of hand-crafted Norwegian gifts found at Norsk, Dept. 510N, 114 East 57th St., just off Park Ave., in New York—(212) PL 2-3111. *Add 75¢ for mailing; add sales tax where applicable.*

NORSK



Ask for our free Christmas Catalog of SILVER, JEWELRY, CRYSTAL, PORCELAIN, PEWTER, TEAK, RUGS.

SNAKE EYES of rubies, sapphires or emeralds gleam from our own gold coil rings. Baby goes on the pinky—mama and daddy on the ring finger. To pair or wear alone. Single snake, $80. Double snake, $175.

Plus tax. Please state ring sizes, gem choices. Mail and phone orders carefully filled. Add 75c beyond delivery area.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna., 19103

JAMAICA

Jamaica may be the only country in the world where you can dance under the stars to sweet music. And the strains of cockadoodledoo.

You're cheek-to-cheeking.

(Or having a steak. Or moonwatching. Or even smooching.)

And suddenly it will dawn on you. Faintly, faraway, maybe. But always ridiculously in the air.

Morning, noon, night.

Cockadoodledoooooooooooo.

Crowing is Jamaica's National Sound.

Runners-up: the beat of our music (*oomska, oomska*). And our *off*beat English (we eat *coocoombers,* wash with *Palm-a-leaf* soap, see Bette Davis *flims*).

We also have National Smells. Sugary air (anywhere cane is cut). Hot-peppered air (anywhere we cook). And our night air (so thick with warm fragrances you could lick it).

Our National Taste is rum. Up to 200 proof. (Called "Kill Daddy.") Followed by inflammatory curried goat and calming rice 'n' peas.

Our National Thing to See is probably *us*. We blend Europe, China and Africa in our faces. We mix colors like purple, cerise and chartreuse in our clothes.

Our National Touch Thing?

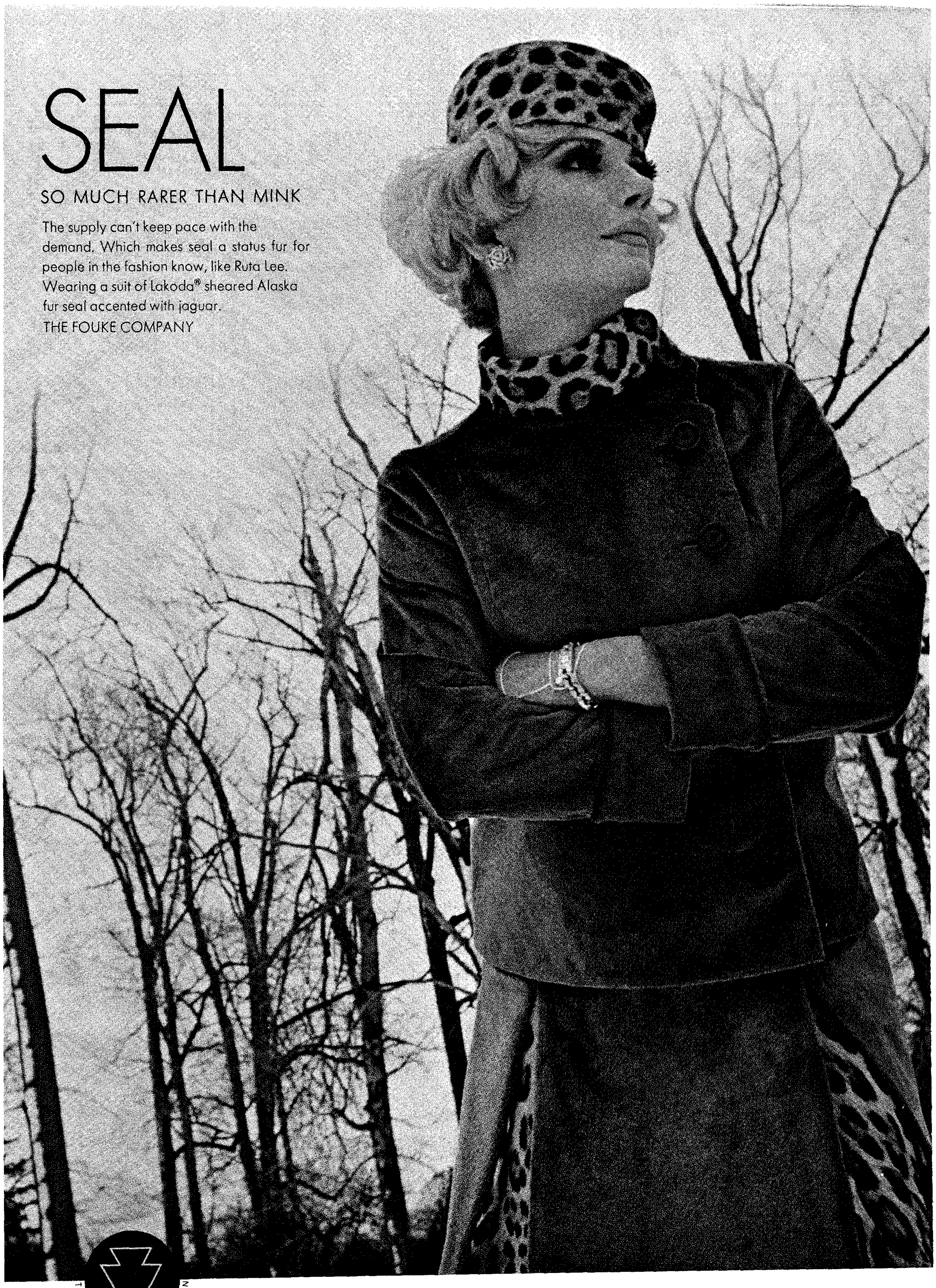
Maybe the cushion-y feel of our sea.

Or the tender flutter of a hummingbird as it lights on your finger at Miss Salmon's.

Or our Dorothy McNab silks—light, fragile, barely touching as they blow about you, gossamer, slithery, quivery. Sigh.

For more of our mouth-watering, skin-tingling, sweet-smelling, eye-catching, cockadoodling country, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Miami, Los Angeles, Toronto, Montreal.

© JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



SEAL

SO MUCH RARER THAN MINK

The supply can't keep pace with the demand. Which makes seal a status fur for people in the fashion know, like Ruta Lee. Wearing a suit of Lakoda® sheared Alaska fur seal accented with jaguar.

THE FOUKE COMPANY

THE FOUKE SEALMARK OF FASHION

with the creatures of Gogol and Pushkin. In the capital there now also appeared new types, born out of the materialistic ideologies of Europe—types out of whose midst Raskolnikov had sprung and who are represented in "The Idiot" by the group that accompanies Pavlishchev's son, characterized by Dostoevski in a letter to the writer Maikov as "some types of the modern Positivist among the highly 'extreme' young men."

These alien presences are everywhere; the behavior of Russia's aristocratic, commercial, and intellectual classes is regulated by them. What makes matters especially desperate is Russian naïveté—the native genius for belief and enthusiasm, which causes Russians to carry out in action what the West with its coldness and caution is content to confine to art or abstract thought. "If one of us becomes a Catholic," cries Myshkin in his tirade at the Yepanchin party, "he is bound to become a Jesuit, and one of the most subterranean. If one of us becomes an atheist, he is bound to demand the uprooting of faith in God by force, that is, of course, by the sword. . . . And our people do not simply become atheists, they infallibly *believe* in atheism." Rogozhin, Nastasya has told him, "drives everything to a point where it grows into a passion." He is thus a true Russian, a forerunner of Mitya Karamazov, and though Dostoevski sees his hunger for Nastasya as equivalent to his father's lust for gold pieces, he respects Rogozhin for the wholeness of his passion. Dostoevski's conviction of the susceptibility of the Russians vis à vis their European models (he himself borrowed prolifically from French and British authors) gives his fiction its political edge, while his identification with Russian extremism as both a dangerous weakness and a sacred gift is the basis of his emotional nationalism. "Everywhere and in everything," he wrote to Maikov, "I go to the ultimate limit; all my life I have crossed beyond the frontier."

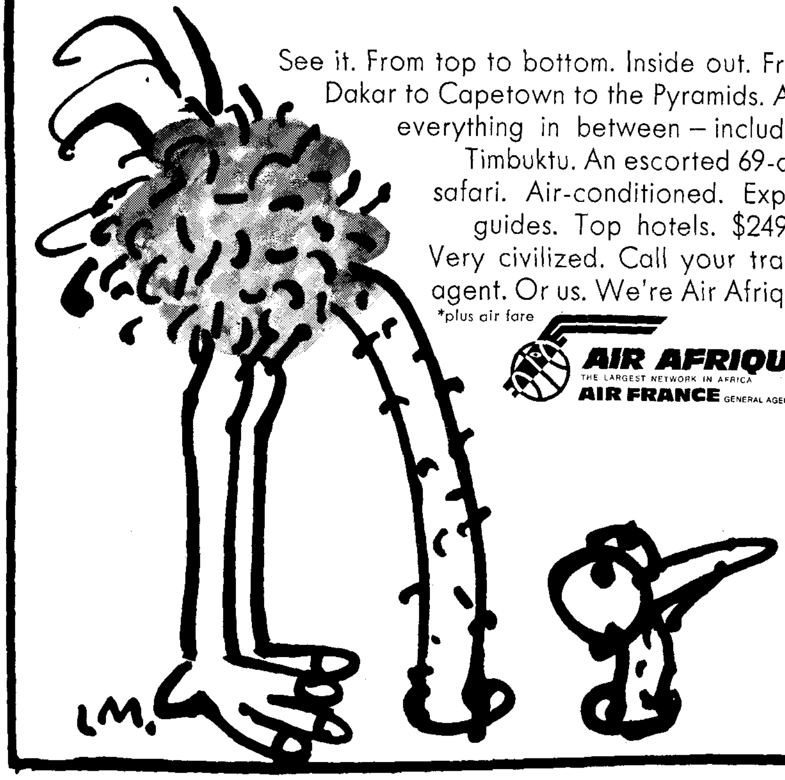
Dostoevski's hopes for Myshkin as a saving power rest on his theory of emulation, which conceives of dramatic fictions as constituting the roots of human action. In the opening pages of Part IV, which the author jokingly compares to "some critical review in a periodical," he presents the view that actual people are merely "watered-down" types out of novels and plays. Average persons are creatures of fiction reproduced in countless rough copies. Aware of their commonplaceness, "they simply refuse to be what they

Africa. It's wild.

See it. From top to bottom. Inside out. From Dakar to Capetown to the Pyramids. And everything in between – including Timbuktu. An escorted 69-day safari. Air-conditioned. Expert guides. Top hotels. $2495.* Very civilized. Call your travel agent. Or us. We're Air Afrique.

*plus air fare

AIR AFRIQUE
THE LARGEST NETWORK IN AFRICA
AIR FRANCE GENERAL AGENT



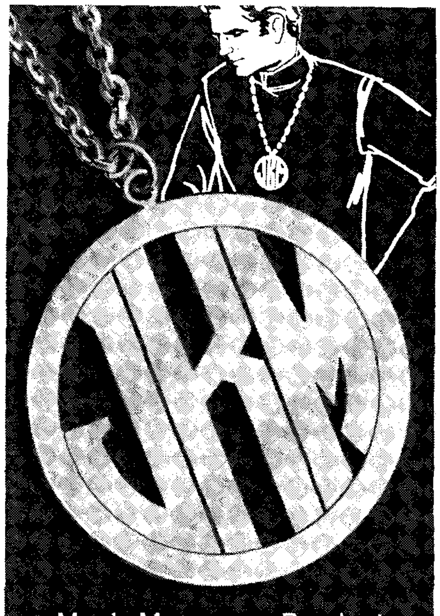
There's a little bit of Marge Flowers in this pin.

If you were born between August 23 and September 22nd, you have something in common with Marge Flowers. And with Elizabeth I, Alexander the Great, and Grandma Moses. You were all born under the sign of Virgo.
So there's a little bit of you in this pin, also. It's from the Zodiac Group of pins, charms, and rings. Set in 14 Karat gold, with turquoise and emeralds.
And represents only a small part of The Quintessa Collection, of over 300 exquisite pieces of fine jewelry. The Zodiac Group. Now you don't have to read your horoscope, you can wear it. Zodiac rings $99; pins $159; charms $48.
Available at selected fine jewelers. For information, write:
UNION CARBIDE
The Quintessa Collection, 270 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017.
The Quintessa Collection

are and do their utmost to be original and independent without possessing the qualities of independence." In sum, men prefer to imitate models rather than seek their own reality. Social life is thus dominated by inventions of the imagination, by personages who are "perhaps an exaggeration but not by any means a myth." Without fictional heroes, nothing of significance takes place; after the death of Nastasya and the elimination of Myshkin and Rogozhin all that is left to say is that "Lebedev, Keller, Ganya, Ptitsyn, and the many other characters of our story are carrying on as before, have changed little, and we have almost nothing to tell about them." Life not only copies art but derives from art its reason for being lived.

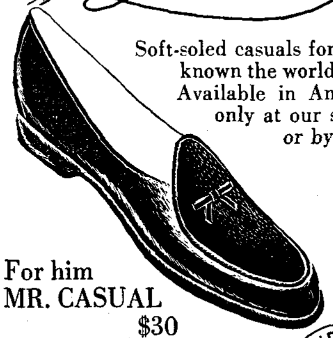
In "The Idiot," the supreme example of mediocrity is Ganya, whom Dostoevski detests for his smug and self-deceptive pretensions to distinction. Ganya enters the narrative as if he were made up for the stage, and everything about him is artifice. "He was a very good-looking young man.... Only his smile, for all its amiability, was somewhat too exquisite, revealing a row of altogether too dazzling and even teeth." Confronted by Ganya's smile, the Prince, despite his charitable attitude, suspects that "when he is alone he doesn't look like that at all and, quite possibly, he never laughs." Whatever Ganya does is destined to be counterfeit. When Nastasya throws Rogozhin's rubles into the fireplace and offers them to Ganya if he will pull them out, Ganya, "in his evening clothes, his gloves and his hat in his hand, with his arms folded," adopts a noble stance and refuses to budge. His striving for dignity is more than he can endure, and as he watches the flames leap around the wrapping of the rubles "an insane smile wandered over his chalk-white face," and he suddenly falls forward unconscious. The fainting of Ganya, brought on by his inner conflict, is an imitation of the fit that seizes Myshkin when he tries to behave with dignity at the Yepanchin party in order to please Aglaya. Ganya's heroics gain him nothing. "He didn't pull it out, he held firm!" exclaims Nastasya in momentary admiration, then adds, "Which means that his vanity is even greater than his lust for money." Whatever course Ganya chooses, mediocrity remains his typical characteristic.

But though commonplace people are incapable of originating anything, they cannot be overlooked, Dostoevski insists, "for ordinary people are nearly always the link in the chain of human



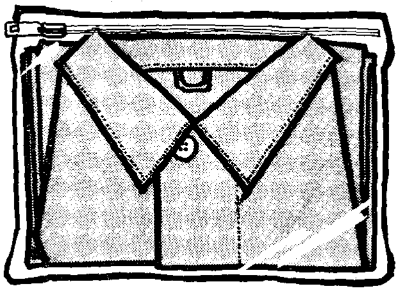
Man's Monogram Pendant
actual size
Your initials are subtly designed into this newest man's fashion accessory, complete with sturdy anchor chain. Yellow gold filled. Order with last initial in center. Allow at least two weeks for delivery. $20
Write for our catalog
Schwarzschild
BROTHERS, INC.
BROAD AT SECOND, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 23219
VIRGINIA'S LEADING JEWELERS FOR OVER 60 YEARS

MORE COMFORT THAN BAREFOOT
Belgian Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President
Soft-soled casuals for men known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.



For him
MR. CASUAL
$30
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN ·
☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather
My regular shoe size is________
Send______pairs @ $30. each
Add 75c per pair mailing charge
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name________
Address________
City______State______
BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56th St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

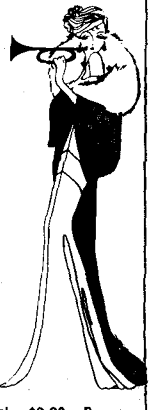
this is our raincoat



going to the game

The Globetrotter portable raincoat of waterproof 100% Dacron®
18 oz. $15.95.
Rainfair®
RAIN-TOPCOATS RAINFAIR, INC. RACINE, WISCONSIN
At Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago and other fine stores.

BROADWAY'S BEST MUSICAL!"—LIFE
JANIS PAIGE as MAME



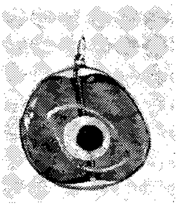
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
MON. THRU THURS. EVGS.: Orch. $9.90; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Loge $9.00; Mezz. $8.50; 7.50, 6.50, 5.50 & 4.50. FRI. & SAT. EVGS.: Orch. $11.90; Loge $10.00; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Mezz. $9.00, 8.00, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50. WED. & SAT. MATS.: Orch. $7.50; Loge $6.50; Boxes $6.50, 5.00; Mezz. $6.00, 5.00, 4.00, 3.25.
WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th St.

SEATS AVAILABLE FOR OCT. & NOV.
"YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN"

THE PEANUTS MUSICAL

THEATRE 80 SAINT MARKS, (8th St. between 1st & 2nd Ave.)
80 St. Marks Place • 254-7400

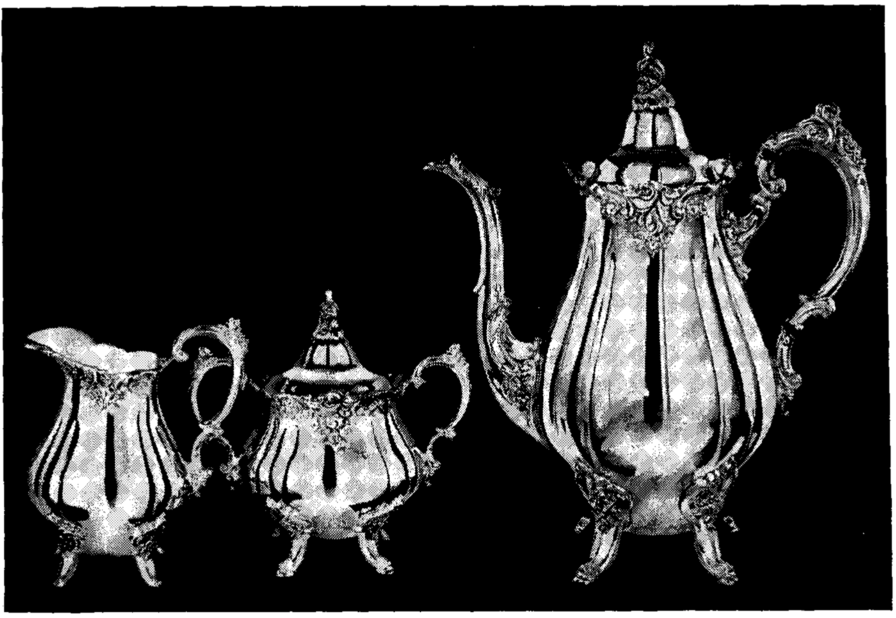
Evil-eye charm.
From Greece. Gold rim, blue glass center. 1½". $18.00 ppd. Other "eye" charms from 50¢.
Only at: Greek Island
215 E. 49 St., N.Y. 10017



affairs." History is the conflict of types, each the personification of a passion and a fixed idea that drags in its wake hordes of self-deluded imitators. "Some of our young women had only to cut their hair short, put on blue spectacles, and call themselves Nihilists, to persuade themselves at once that, having put on their spectacles, they have immediately acquired 'convictions' of their own." It is by equating the idea with the costume (the blue spectacles) that the masses of mimics become "links" between ideas and their realization. The Napoleonic idea gives rise to the image of Raskolnikov, upon the publication of whose story an actual student named Danilov promptly murders a pawnbroker out of "principle." "Crime and Punishment" is concerned with the privileges of the history-making archetypes as against the mere "links." In "The Idiot," Dostoevski undertakes to employ for his own ends the processes by which the fictional types dominate human existence.

It is his grasp of the dynamics of these quasi-fictional beings, both unique and ordinary, as they appear in the streets and drawing rooms of Petersburg that constitutes Dostoevski's "realism." Dostoevski denies that he is a "psychologist," but he claims deep insight into the states of the soul of typical characters. "I have my own idea about art," he wrote to the critic Strachov shortly after finishing "The Idiot," "and it is this: What most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality, *I* hold to be the inmost essence of truth. Arid observation of everyday trivialities I have long since ceased to regard as realism. . . . Is not my fantastic 'Idiot' the very dailiest truth? Precisely such characters *must* exist in those strata of our society which have divorced themselves from the soil—which are actually becoming fantastic."

Inhabited by dream personages—the Rogozhins, Nastasyas, Yepanchins, Princesses Belokonsky, Totskys, Lebedevs, Burdovskys, Ivolgins—Russia is plunging toward anarchy. Reason cannot avert the catastrophe, since reason itself only produces fantastic types of its own—the Positivists and Nihilists of the radical younger generation, with their "logical" assumptions and their disregard of human feelings. The only chance for salvation is the appearance of a type of a different order—the embodiment of what to Dostoevski was "the Russian idea." In conceiving Myshkin as "the wholly beautiful man," the messiah of love and brotherhood alive in the depths of Russian



Only Wallace does it this way.

An afternoon gathering becomes an elegant occasion when tea is served in the Baroque manner. Heavy silverplate 3-piece coffee set, $141.00. 4-piece tea and coffee set, $250.00. Baroque footed waiter, $93.50. At fine stores.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492
Prices subject to change without notice.

New York Airways Heliport atop the Pan Am Building.

Old world elegance and new world conveniences

A butler waiting for you at the heliport? Almost! He's waiting only a few blocks away at the Sheraton Russell ready to be of service to you. Actually, he's just part of the old world service offered at the Sheraton Russell. We also have a concierge whom we call "the-chap-who-can-get-you-anything-you-can't-find-anyone-else-to-get-you" and we serve afternoon tea in the lounge at four. We like to think of it as Mayfair in Murray Hill. Even with today's fast pace of living, we firmly believe in the old idea of relaxed elegance.

The best of both worlds at the Sheraton-Russell
37th and Park Phone 685-7676

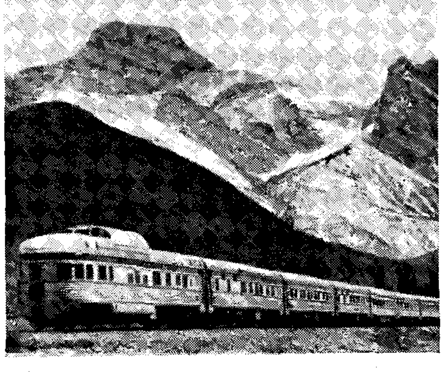
Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities. A World Wide Service of ITT

Get your tickets now for our 3000 mile Spectacular.

"The Canadian" is a luxurious three-day rail cruise on the Banff-Lake Louise Route across the Canadian landscape. And what a landscape! Rivers, the Canadian Rockies, waterfalls, starry skies and sunsets. Our Scenic-Dome gives you an up-high picture window view of the whole scene. While you relax along the way, you'll enjoy continental service, including gourmet dining, snacks, nice people, nice times. It's comfortable going all the way. Streamlined de luxe coaches feature reclining chairs with full-length leg rests. Roomettes and bedrooms, too. All accommodations reserved. For details, call your travel agent or Canadian Pacific.

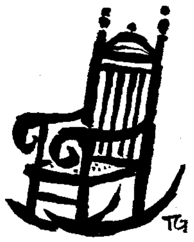
Canadian Pacific

Trains / Trucks / Ships / Planes / Hotels / Telecommunications
WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

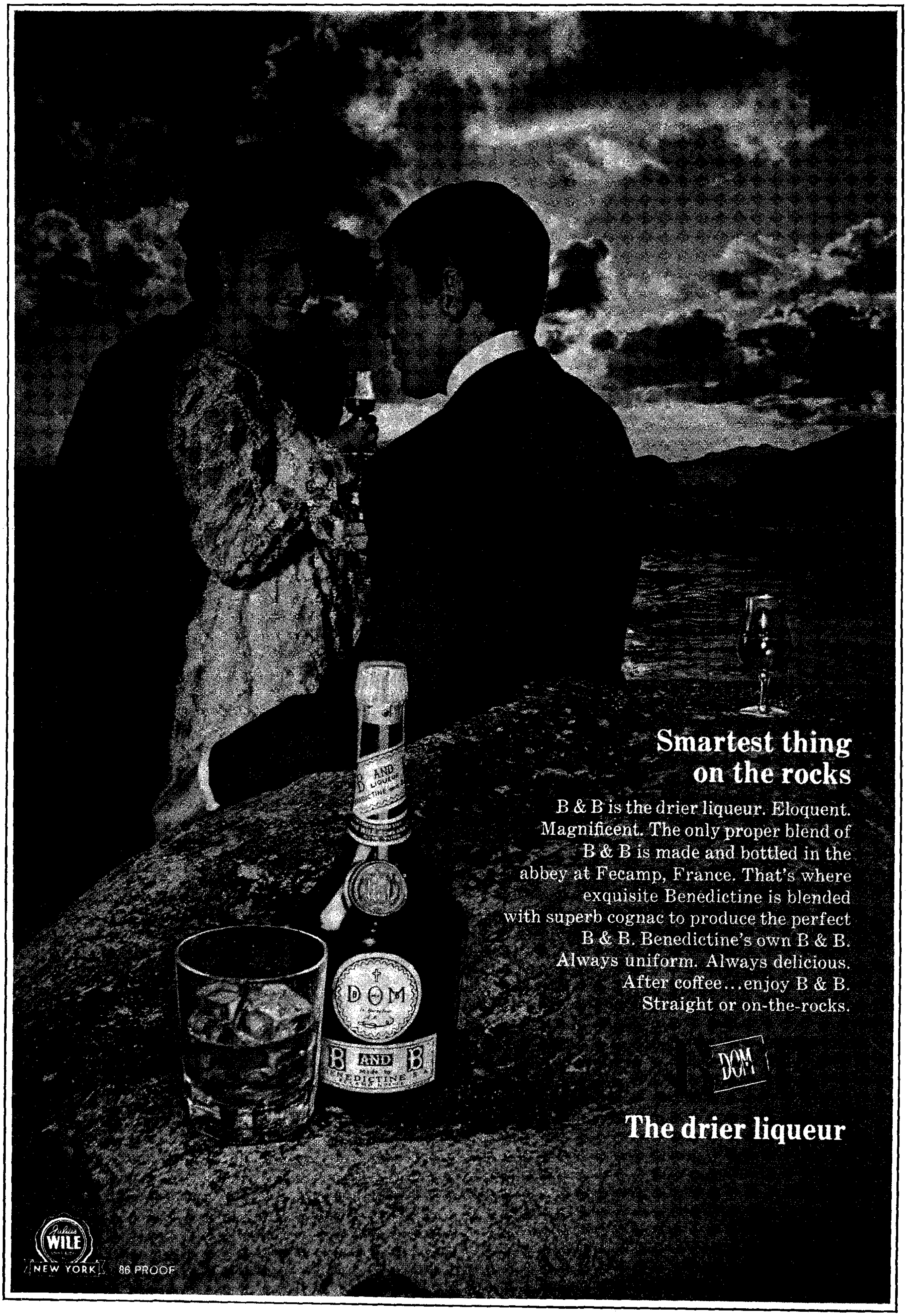


piety, and manifesting himself under the conditions of contemporary Russian life, Dostoevski sought to demonstrate that Russian literature could take control of Russian history, and through it of world history ("the renaissance of the whole of mankind and its resurrection by Russian thought"), by means of an original figure personifying the deepest national feelings undistorted by Western rationalism. The "idiocy" of "The Idiot" is a declaration of independence from alien philosophies and literary models, good or bad. The outstanding virtue of Myshkin is that he is "ours." "Any Russian who says, writes, or does something of his own, something that is his *by right* and not borrowed, inevitably becomes national, though he may not be able to speak Russian correctly. I regard this as an axiom." As the creator of a new Russian type, Dostoevski did not hesitate to regard himself as a shaper of the future.

THE messianic content of "The Idiot" is in contradiction to the dramatic form of Dostoevski's major novels. If the role of the tragic hero is to heighten the action and drive it toward its dénouement, the mission of Myshkin is the reverse—to soften passions and to arrest the dramatic conflict or to divert it. He hopes to "rehabilitate" Nastasya by convincing her of her innocence, and to awaken compassion in the obsessed Rogozhin. He endeavors to sweeten the rancor of the "son of Pavlishchev" and his rowdy crew, to soothe Aglaya's hurt *amour-propre*, to heal the break between Lebedev and General Ivolgin. Myshkin is less a dramatic figure than an edifying one. He offers an example of liberation from the centrifugal pull of self and of actions once they are under way. Nor was the continuing openness of Dostoevski's "Prince Christ" intended to affect only the characters of "The Idiot;" as I have suggested, it was to extend to the readers of the novel as well. With Myshkin, the art of fiction is redirected to serve an interest of the mind more urgent than art: the search for what man can be. This is the political substance of the novel—a politics that is inherently metaphysical. With his character reflected on many planes of experience, the Prince projects out of "The Idiot" as a personage who could manifest himself in situations of actual life. Myshkin has brought into being the "Myshkin type," as an earlier relaxation, or opening out, of the contours of drama brought into being the "Hamlet personality." Fulfilling the design of his author, Myshkin has passed from literature into social history. He is a rival of those potent fictions—the Dandy, Superman, the *Proletariat*—that the imagination of the nineteenth century provided as models for men reaching for new possibilities of conduct. He, too, is a "spectre haunting Europe." He is the original of those who seek to persuade through self-renunciation, from the lover who "understands" his mistress's infidelities to flower children of the nineteen-sixties convinced of the perfidiousness of the adult mind. Composed a hundred years ago, "The Idiot" is an advanced instance of the modernist mingling of art and life. It is a work that is itself an action aimed at producing social, cultural, and even political consequences. No doubt Dostoevski had in mind both the art of the novel and this potential force of "The Idiot" when he summed up his judgment of the work by saying that "there's much in the novel . . . that didn't come off, but something did come off. I don't stand behind my novel, but I do stand behind my idea."



Afloat between history and fiction, and only marginally related to the events of "The Idiot," Myshkin is like a divine messenger in Homer or the Old Testament, and also a figure who seems about to turn into the abstract person of a religious or political tract. Dostoevski was acutely aware that to make Myshkin credible he had to prevent him from becoming the bearer of a philosophy, and he kept reminding himself to bring forth his hero's meaning through behavior, not through words. "N.B.: The Prince is like a Sphinx," he enters in his "Notebooks." "He reveals himself without any explanations on the author's part, except perhaps in the first chapter." In this difficult effort to deliver his "idea" in the form of a living personality, Dostoevski is remarkably successful; the Prince is an outstanding demonstration that Dostoevski's "types" have a dynamic reality different from those in other fiction. On occasion, Myshkin does fall into sermonizing ("You are a philosopher and you've come to teach us," remarks Adelaida, signalling Dostoevski's awareness that his hero has slipped into lecturing), and several of his speeches, notably the one preceding his fit at the Yepanchins', are in their aggressive


D.O.M.
B AND B
BENEDICTINE
DOM
WILE
NEW YORK
86 PROOF

Smartest thing on the rocks

B & B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent. The only proper blend of B & B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B & B. Benedictine's own B & B. Always uniform. Always delicious. After coffee...enjoy B & B. Straight or on-the-rocks.

The drier liqueur

Discover the Hilton Islands of Hawaii

We're waiting to welcome you. Three fascinating Hiltons on three Hawaiian islands. Each easily accessible to the others so you can enjoy all the contrasting beauty of Hawaii.

Take the Hilton Hawaiian Village on Waikiki. Its twenty acres boast a white sand beach. Four sparkling swimming pools. A variety of restaurants. Exquisite shops. Nightclubs. And the just-completed 800 room Hilton Tower with spectacular views of everything. What more could you want?

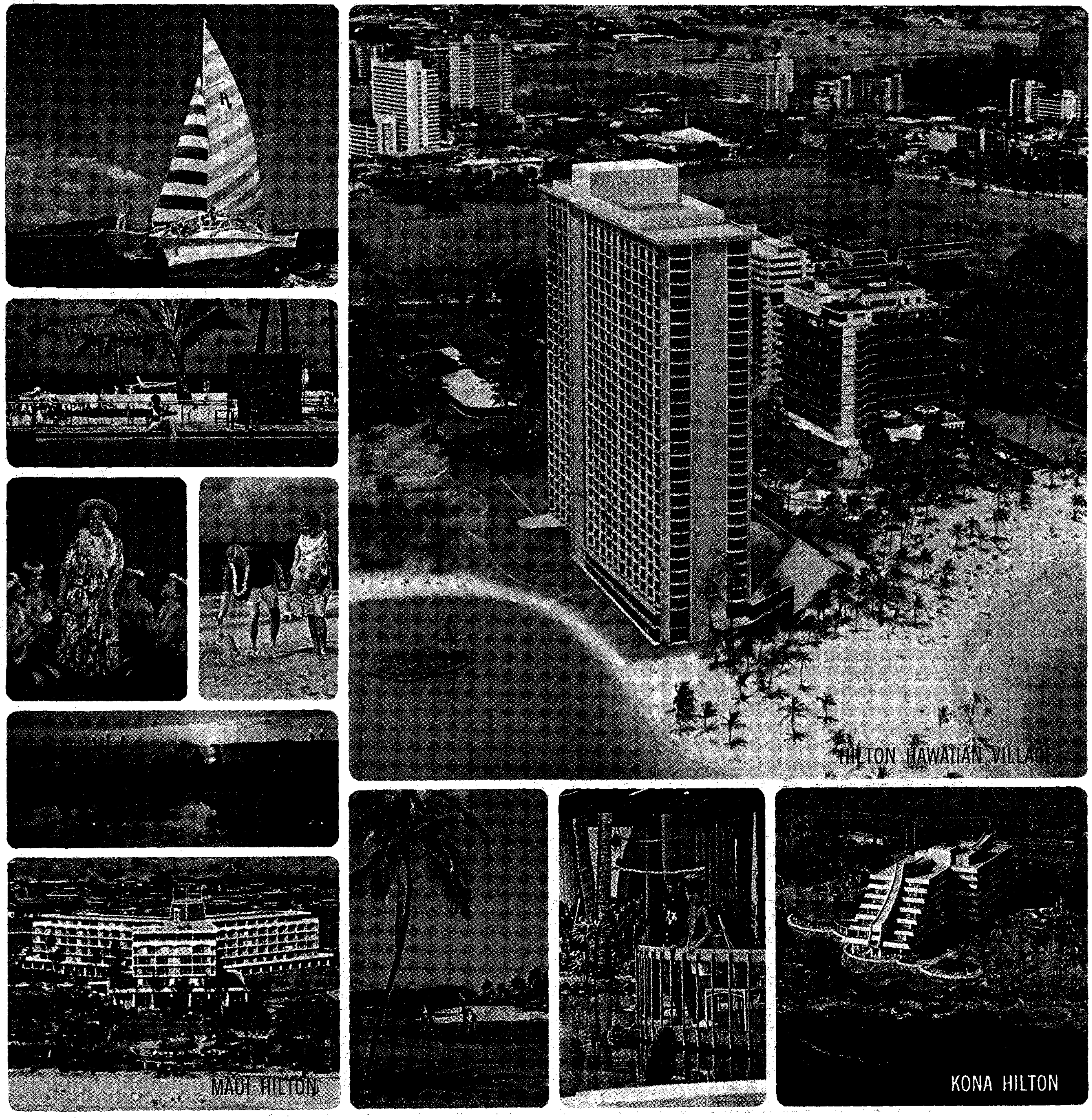
Perhaps the charm of a neighbor island. At the Maui Hilton, the quiet curve of Kaanapali beach and the warm Pacific are right at your doorstep. A championship golf course is next door.

For scenic surprises, golf and the world's finest bill-fishing, you'll want to visit the brand new Kona Hilton on Hawaii.

If you really want to see Hawaii, see it from the best there is — a Hilton.

HILTON HAWAII

☎ For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.



class-consciousness out of character and unashamedly proclaim the political philosophy of his author. Yet so firmly has Myshkin been imagined that his very lapses confirm our recognition of him as an individual.

The vividness of Myshkin thrusts the central drama of "The Idiot" into the background. The romance of Rogozhin and Nastasya, in which the Prince has intervened, is realized in three great scenes, or "acts," that possess the unity of tragedy: the grand finale of Part I, in which Nastasya rushes off with Rogozhin and is pursued by the Prince; the mysterious confrontation of Myshkin and Rogozhin and the latter's attempt to murder the Prince in the dark hallway; and the concluding scene of the novel, in which the murdered Nastasya is joined by her two "lovers." To focus the novel on these coherently related scenes tremendously heightens its poetic effect. But the poetry thus achieved belongs, for all the innovating chiaroscuro of the love intrigue, to the order of romantic drama, and it is gained at the expense of the new pathos represented by the figure of Myshkin and the state of the other principal characters.

There is a tragic drama within "The Idiot," but, like the play-within-the-play of "Hamlet," it is a set piece out of a more conventional literature. To read "The Idiot" as a tragedy or a "tragic novel" requires cutting across the vast disorder of episodes (from Myshkin's conversation with the Yepanchin butler to General Ivolgin's affair with the captain's widow) and the activities of subordinate and late-appearing characters—such as Ippolit—that constitute the real body of the novel and the "field of action" that supplies Myshkin's magnetism. The bitter affair of Rogozhin and Nastasya comes to the surface of the narrative on a few tense occasions, but it has a way of sinking out of sight the moment the Prince is withdrawn from it; there is not a single scene in which the lovers are together without him. In substance and structure, "The Idiot" is closer to grand opera or to a chronicle containing ceremonial scenes than to tragedy. The pursuit of the self-doomed beauty by her single-minded victim-destroyer is a colorful leitmotif threaded through the scheming, drinking, lechery, gossip, and matchmaking carried on as on a stage set of a village fair by a chorus of posturing society folk, matrons, marriageable daughters, eligible young men, mistresses, beggars, landladies, roughnecks, students, and clowns.

The ineffable closing scene, in which

Hickory dickory dock there's a radio in this clock.

Most clock radios are radios with clocks in them.

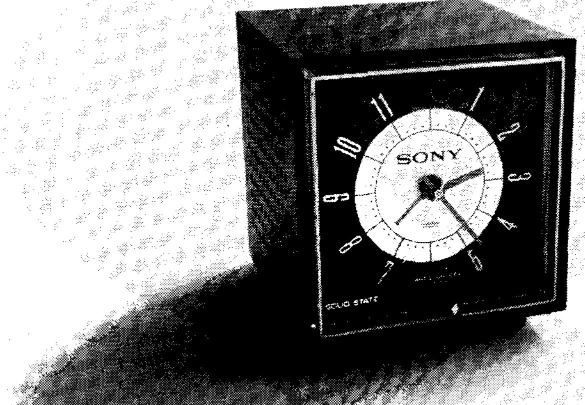
This is a clock with a radio in it.

It wakes you up to commercials just like a big clock radio. But it takes up less than 5 inches square of space.

So you get a lot more night table. And a lot more clock to look at. But you don't spend a lot more money.

In spite of its rich-looking walnut-looking finish, it costs just $19.95.*

We want it to wake you. Not break you. **SONY 6RC-23**



*Mfr's suggested retail price
© 1968 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

PUTTONYOS
BOTTLED BY HUNGARIAN STATE WINE CELLARS BUDAPEST, HUNGARY
TOKAJI ASZU
HUNGARIAN LIGHT WINE
VINTAGE WINES INC. NEW YORK

in HUNGARY it's called
TOKAJI ASZU
in AMERICA it's pronounced
tow'-kai ah-su'

The classic choice of connoisseurs throughout the world—peerless, golden, fragrant Tokay—with dessert or afterward.

Try the other delicious
IMPORTED WINES OF HUNGARY

VOROS
(vuhr'-ush) Medium-Dry Red
BALATON RIZLING
(bah-lah-tun) Dry White
"GREYFRIAR" SZURKEBARAT
(soor'-key-bah'-raht) Dry White
"BULL'S BLOOD" EGRI BIKAVER
(egg'-ree bee'-kay-verr) Dry Red
TOKAY SZAMORODNI
(tow-kai sah-moo-rod'nee) Medium-Sweet White

Imported by
VINTAGE WINES COMPANY, Division of HEUBLEIN, Inc., N.Y.C., sole agents

Rogozhin and Myshkin lie in each other's arms at the foot of the altarlike bed bearing the corpse of their slaughtered darling, is a tableau composed of effigies that could be carried on a float in a procession; the editor of "The Notebooks" describes it as a "lyrical and deathly still-life." The motionless vision becomes the emblem of Myshkin's transcendent power—a kind of inverted heavenly kingdom of love, madness, and death where the emotionally disengaged Prince attains final communion with the lovers purged of self.

That "The Idiot" is the most "musical" of Dostoevski's novels is related to the looseness of its action. Instead of pivoting on a single deed, as in "Crime and Punishment" or "The Brothers Karamazov," the narrative rises and falls in tides of feeling keyed to the illuminated state of the Prince. The poles of Myshkin's "idiocy" are the black despair and magical released moments of the conversion experience. In Switzerland, he was sunk in depression until his senses were awakened by the sudden bray of a donkey; then his feeling of being lost in a foreign place vanished and he "liked the whole of Switzerland." The Prince has looked at life through the eyes of the condemned prisoner facing his last minutes on earth. His uplifted condition is reaffirmed by his response to Adelaida when she asks him to tell about being in love. "I have not been in love," the Prince replies. "I . . . was happy in a different way."

BUT Myshkin is not the only transformed person in "The Idiot." All its leading characters have passed over into conditions that estrange them from their former selves, though on different psychic levels. Nastasya is breaking with her past with Totsky and is casting herself adrift. Rogozhin, like Myshkin a recent invalid, and still running a fever, feels released by the death of his father and has set out on his hunt for love. Ippolit, the dying youth facing his brick wall, has, like the prisoner on the scaffold described by Myshkin, heard the hymn to life in the blackness of being deprived of it. Aglaya keeps changing before Myshkin's eyes from a "child woman" to a "woman child." Even secondary figures, such as Ganya and Lebedev, seem to alter their characters—at times as if by an afterthought of the author. A book of salvation, "The Idiot" is also a book of conversions; that is, of persons whose salvation is at issue. All are engaged in trying out in action the im-

MORE COMFORT THAN BAREFOOT
Belgian Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
Soft-soled casuals known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
For her MIDINETTE Calf $25
☐ Red/trim black ☐ Blue/trim green
☐ Blue/trim red ☐ Brown/trim black
☐ Beige/trim white ☐ Yellow/trim white
☐ All White ☐ All Black ☐ All Navy
For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is______
Send______pairs @ $25. each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name______
Address______
City______State______
BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56th St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

In the twelfth century, Copenhagen was named Havn. (Haven to you.) Fashion-setting women who want pace-setting fashions in furs come to Birger Christensen. In Copenhagen. (Heaven to them.)
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark
By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

New Shorty Wraparong®
Our famous terry Wraparong in new mid-thigh length. This fitted towel wraps comfortably about you, stays put perfectly with two strategic buttons. In your choice of a multicolor Hawaiian print bound in white . . . or solid-white bound in blue. Sm (8–10), Med (12–14), Lg (16–18). $4.50
Add 50¢ each for shipping.
Send for our new 64-page color catalog.
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful Year-around Garden or Continental Dining Rooms. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

Giambelli 50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

We keep San Francisco Beautiful
Hubert Braun Manfred Pohl
les coiffures internationales
445 sutter st., san francisco

plications of a new position. Everyone is at the edge of an end and a beginning, whether through inheriting a fortune, getting married, or committing suicide. We find in "The Notebooks," "The Prince and his activity: Aglaya *convertie*. Rogozhin cuts N. F.'s throat."

The characters are in a state of "enthusiasm" and gifted with clairvoyance. After scrutinizing the photograph of Nastasya, the Prince declares that he can "read faces," and throughout the novel he arouses surprise by identifying the feeling hidden behind the social performance. He is a kind of investigating agent, a divine counterpart of the investigating magistrate Porfiry in "Crime and Punishment." "Kolya and the Prince as spies," says an odd item in "The Notebooks." Other characters, too, see into each other and reveal what they see with an absence of inhibition that often breaks out into scandal. Aglaya understands Ganya's calculations, and Nastasya is aware of every nuance of his motives. Rogozhin, too, is transparent to Nastasya, though she is incapable of making use of this knowledge. A wounding candor is achieved, which Myshkin is inclined to salute as the shock of newly attained innocence. His own charm consists primarily in acknowledging things to be as they are, undistorted by vanity or self-seeking. Everyone deceives him, but in encountering recognition of their tentative identities, instead of resistance, all are compelled to confront themselves. It is this that causes Ippolit to hate Myshkin and Nastasya to run away from him.

Surrounded by indeterminate persons, semi-fictions striving to locate themselves in existence, Myshkin, the hero of light and quiet who was "happy in a different way," yearns during recurring intervals of pressure to retreat from the world of adults to his peaceful kingdom of children and donkeys. In the perspective established by his presence, the action, though musical and full of color, is the sound and fury of people driven beyond themselves into abstract roles. "I'll go on the streets," Nastasya keeps proclaiming. "Or I'll be a washerwoman." In "The Idiot," the validity of action is questioned not philosophically, as in "Hamlet," but in terms of its psychological reality. Herein lie the modernity of the novel and its continuing relevance. The styles of action prevailing in Russia and the West are subjected to scrutiny and prove to contain a core of mental aberration. "It's a psychological case, not an action," ob-

THE RESORT THAT IS!

Pier 66 is 22 tropical acres, bordered by blue water and white-hulled yachts. It is green par-three fairways, turquoise swimming pools, bikinied bathers and relaxing sunjourners. It is three superb restaurants (nightly entertainment). It is spectacular views, from the revolving Pier Top Lounge, from your balconied tower room, or from sun-patioed motel rooms. It is every service expected in a great resort. Just ask your travel agent or write direct.

LANDMARK FOR FUN
IN FORT LAUDERDALE

PIER 66
DEPARTMENT NY-22
17th ST. CAUSEWAY • FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33316

Maker's
S IV
Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash

it tastes expensive

...and is.

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

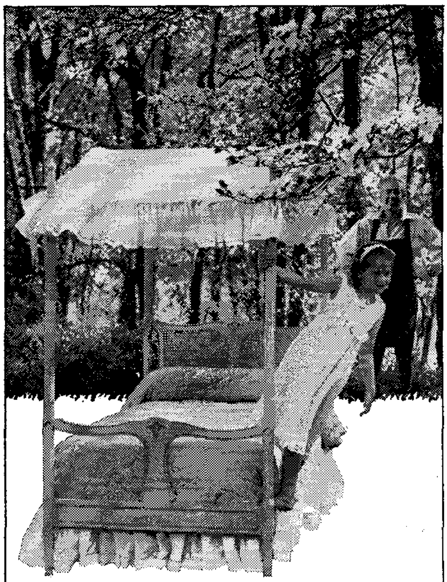
Also available in Limited Edition 101 proof

90 Proof • Star Hill Distilling Co. • Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Lyle & Scott
HAWICK SCOTLAND

Classic cardigan from Scotland.
In finest cashmere, about $28;
in Super Lambswool, about
$14. Match with
coordinated skirts!

At fine stores, or write
Aston Imports Limited
448 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10018



The Davis Cabinetmaker knows Adelaide will outgrow swinging on the bedpost, but her solid wood tester bed will never grow too old to swing on. DAVIS CABINET COMPANY

For "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture" send $1.00 to Dept. A-101, Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tenn. 37206
"CRAFTSMEN OF FINE SOLID WOOD FURNITURE"

serves Totsky, after Ferdyshenko has recounted the "worst action" of his life. A similar judgment haunts every action of the novel. Between the actor and his act falls the shadow of pathology. Is not Rogozhin's tracking down of Nastasya also a "case" and not an action? Telling Myshkin of the beginning of his love affair, Rogozhin implies that his passion is an obsession originating in his desire to destroy himself in order to escape his father's wrath. "And actually, before I went there [to Nastasya's] I never thought of coming back alive anyway." Nastasya's "scenes" constantly raise the issue of her sanity. When Rogozhin bursts into her party with his hundred thousand rubles, General Yepanchin anxiously asks Totsky, who knows her best, whether "she hasn't gone off her head. . . . I don't mean it metaphorically but in a strictly medical sense." Myshkin is convinced that she is demented and confesses to Radomsky, near the end of the novel, that he has been frightened of her from first sight. The narrator himself, reviewing the persons of his tale, refers to Rogozhin and Nastasya as a madman and a madwoman. The sickness of Myshkin is writ large in the title of the novel. He describes himself as an invalid who cannot marry, and his refusal to condemn violence and falsehood is as consistent with the attitude of a mental patient toward fellow-inmates as with Christian forgiveness. In "The Notebooks," Myshkin's blending of saintliness and diagnostic concern is made explicit. "The Prince says of sinful persons: All sick people have to be taken care of."

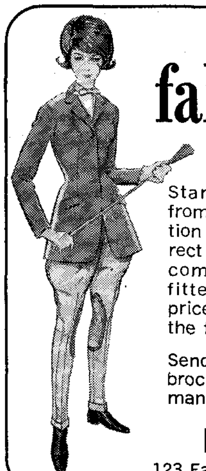
Thus, though "The Idiot," with its constant dramatic explosions, is one of the most animated novels in literature, action in it is vitiated by the ambiguous condition of the actors, expressed in fantasizing on different levels—from Ippolit's nightmares to General Ivolgin's "memories." The motives of the characters tend to realize themselves in reverse. Rogozhin exchanges crosses with Myshkin, asks his mother to bless Myshkin, then tries to cut his throat. Nastasya, in love with Myshkin and frantic to escape Rogozhin, tries to induce Aglaya to marry Myshkin and promises to marry Rogozhin when this has been accomplished. The Dostoevskian character cannot trust his feelings or decisions; some aberrant impulse may cause him to act contrary to them. At their height, the conflicts of the characters reach an intensity beyond rhetorical formulation and hurtle into the physiological, as when Myshkin re-

La Conchadventure
Rooms that overlook the ocean.
A staff that overlooks nothing.

Hotel La Concha. With white-peaked waves making music on the shore. And Caribbean breezes brushing unspoiled beaches where Conquistadores once walked. A world of Chateaubriand, caviar, and cha cha cha. As lively as a Latin New Year's Eve. Or as soft as Spanish guitars. La Concha. There's nothing quite like it in San Juan. Or anywhere. Get in touch with your travel agent.

La Concha
Hotel, Beach &
Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico

an Associated Federal Hotel; Cecil Mills, President



fall riding

Starts with riding clothes from Miller's. Our large selection of ready to wear is correct to the last detail, cut for comfort in the saddle and fitted by experts. Sensibly priced for every member of the family.

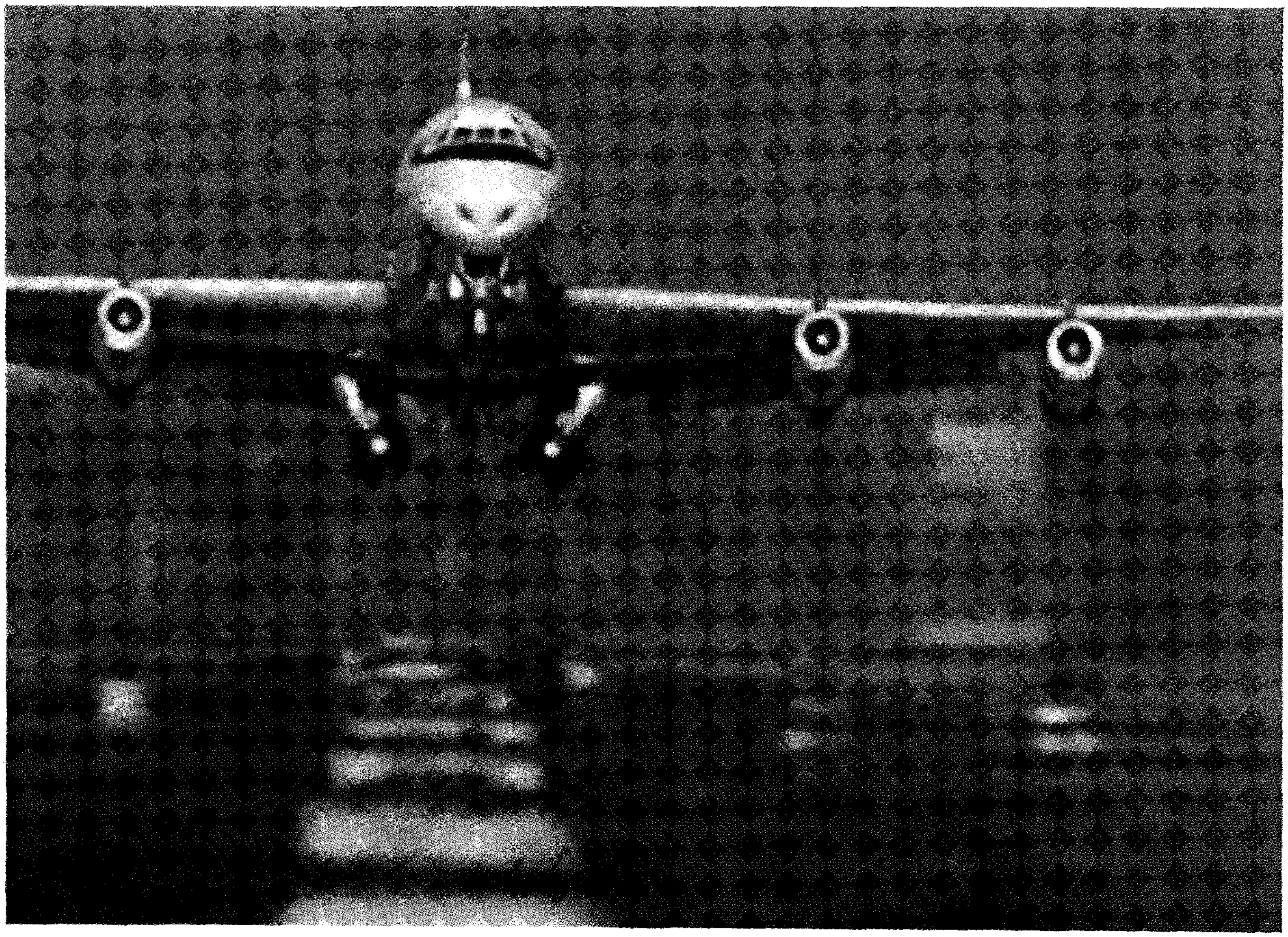
Send for our free Christmas brochure "gifts for the horseman"

MILLER'S
123 East 24 St, New York 10010

Le Restaurant
Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N. Y. C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH . N. Y. C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6 5950



Trail blazer.

DC-8.

Setting out to rediscover the New World, or to revisit the Old? Here's a travel tip: fly McDonnell Douglas Super DC-8s for an extra dash of pioneering spirit.

Take our Super 62. It lets you claim that you've flown the world's first and only jetliner that can fly nearly 6,000 miles non-stop.

Or how's this for adventure: flying a Super 63 DC-8 puts you aboard the largest commercial jetliner flying today. (Be sure to bring back its picture, because it's like nothing you've ever seen before.)

Have your travel agent plan your continent-hopping on a Super DC-8, with short side-trips on our DC-9 twinjets. Wherever you go, you'll be flying a world-beater.

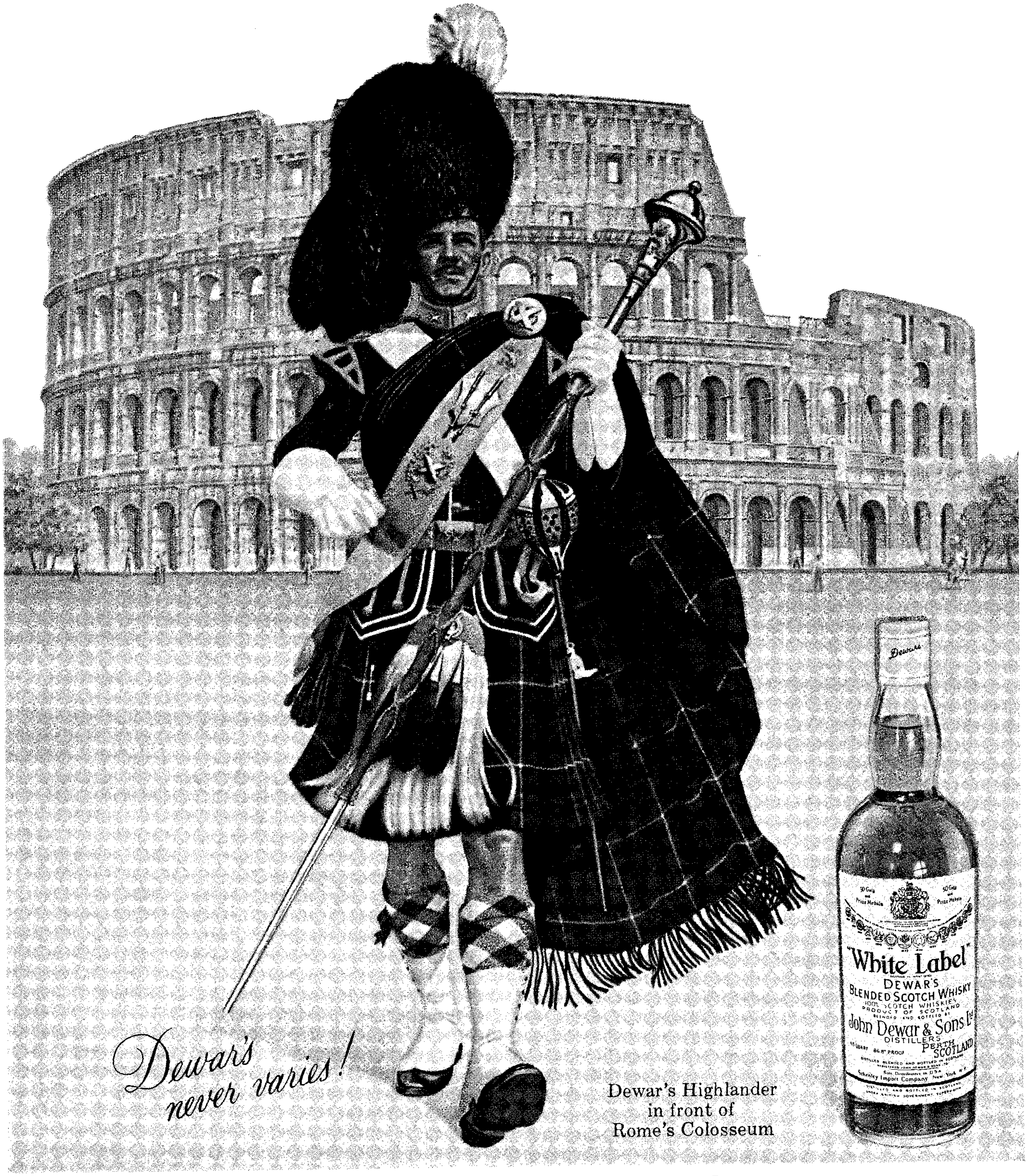
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

JOIN THE TEAM THAT'S BUILDING AN EXCITING FUTURE. 39 LOCATIONS NATIONWIDE. WRITE: BOX 14526, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63178. AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER.

Welcome Scotch The World Over!

DEWAR'S

"White Label"


Dewar's never varies!
Dewars
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND

Dewar's Highlander
in front of
Rome's Colosseum

86.8 PROOF · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

About $\$7^{25}$ FIFTH (PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.)

sponds to Rogozhin's lifted knife by falling in a fit, or in the instance of Ganya's faint. The inability of the actors to sustain their identities in the face of the action dissipates their tragic pathos, as if Othello were struck down by a heart attack after smothering Desdemona. Instead of pity and fear, the slaying of Nastasya inspires musical reverberations throughout the consciousness; the reader experiences not a resolution of the events but the feeling of being on the verge of a revelation.

IN "The Idiot," a new kind of pathos appears; it arises not from the terribleness of the action, as in tragedy, but from the characters' desperate longing to act. This longing is dramatized by the consumptive Ippolit when, with but a few weeks to live, he decides to end his life by a public gesture, in order, he declares, "to take advantage of the last possibility of *action*" (Dostoevski's italics). The sole reason for Ippolit's presence in the novel is to bring up this issue of action in the face of its cancellation by sickness; to achieve authenticity, Ippolit's act must eliminate the actor—that is, himself. Planning the part of Ippolit, Dostoevski designates him in "The Notebooks" as "the main axis of the whole novel" and instructs himself to "center the whole plot on him." Like many other notions in "The Notebooks," this scheme for Ippolit is not carried out in the finished work. He is not the "axis" of the story; after his moment in the spotlight, the plot passes him by and he all but drops out of sight. In respect to the action he is not a major figure but, rather, a leftover from the "Idiot" of the early drafts—one of the "insulted and injured," who villainously avenges himself upon life, a male adolescent Nastasya. If Dostoevski is able to think of him as an alternative hero to Myshkin, it is not because of his part in the novel but because Ippolit does come close to what he and the others yearn for; viz., a genuine act. This in itself gives him what Wasiolek calls a "finished character."

Ippolit's suicide does not come off. As it happens with the other characters, the longing to act is frustrated, and he is left with his fever and his loneliness. Yet his attempt is not a "case," since his challenge to the world was a fit response to his hopeless situation and was conceived when he was in full possession of himself. His public declaration, followed by pulling the trigger, would complete his life and define it in its wretched injustice. True, directed against himself, his act would change

BOSTON MUSEUM
Greeting Cards for Christmas & other Seasons

The new 1968 catalogue of unusual cards, each an exquisite reproduction from the Boston Museum's own renowned collections. These distinctive cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 10¢ to 30¢ each. Also listed in the catalogue are new Museum tiles, embroidery transfers, jewelry and sculpture reproductions, calendars and other unusual gift suggestions.

Museum of Fine Arts CHRISTMAS DESK
BOSTON, MASS. 02115

Please send me the Museum's 1968 Christmas catalogue. 25¢ enclosed.

Name ....

Address ....

Octagonal geodesic cocktail table, bronzed steel and glass.

Possibly the most elegant assemblage of contemporary furniture in all the world

Directional

New York: 979 Third Av., Decoration & Design B'ldg. • Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart
• Boston: Rapids Furniture Company
Public invited • Purchases through your decorator, architect or dealer • Write for brochure

BELMONT PARK
THOROUGHBRED RACING AT ITS BEST
FIRST RACE 1:30
SEPT. 16—OCT. 26

CALL 641-4700 EXT. 306 FOR INFORMATION

GIFTS—for Horse Lovers

ASHTRAY SET
Genuine Royal Worcester English Bone China
Impressively Boxed $5.50 ppd. tax included
Send 25¢ for Horseman's Guide and Gift Catalog
Kauffman's
(212) MU 4-6060
FREE PARKING
Dept. N Y, 141 East 24 St.
N. Y. 10010

ENJOYING STEAK AND LOBSTER IS THE GREAT INDOOR SPORT AT...

AL SCHACHT'S
10 E. 52ND ST., N.Y.C. PL 9-8570
7 DAYS A WEEK TILL 1 AYEM

nothing except the quantity of time allotted him to live, and this emptiness of effect exposes him to the charge of showing off thrown at him by the reluctant witnesses of his performance. But if Ippolit's gesture is not quite an act, it is at least a demonstration, with something in it of finality—in short, as Ippolit himself calls it, a "protest." Even this, however, Dostoevski will not grant him; he prefers to drown Ippolit's intensity in a comical accident—his forgetting to insert the firing cap in his revolver—and in the end Ippolit, too, unable to bear the strain of his emotional conflict, falls unconscious and is cheated of his pathos. One might say that Dostoevski punishes Ippolit for his self-love in wishing to perform the act that will define him.

It is their awareness of the uncertain ground of their actions that causes the characters of "The Idiot" to hurl themselves toward a decisive event—a marriage, a crime—in the hope that the external situation thus produced will deprive them of choice and impose upon their personalities the unity of fiction. Dostoevski introduces reality, with its irresolution, into his novels so that his characters can fight against it. Myshkin, prepared to marry Aglaya or Nastasya, would, once the leap has been taken, be compelled to renounce either love or pity, but his nature is to cling hopelessly to both. To elope with Rogozhin and his gang is for Nastasya a final guarantee of degradation, intended to lead unequivocally to what she calls her "proper place" as a streetwalker. But in Dostoevski's universe, *any* proper place, even at the bottom, is unattainable. Like Ippolit's, Nastasya's final step turns out not to be final; soon she is living with Myshkin in Moscow, and she appears in Pavlovsk among the fast set of the resort as she might have done had she still been Totsky's mistress. To the extent that it was intended to stamp her once and for all, Nastasya's act of self-destruction was not an action at all but a "psychological case," a piece of histrionics, felt yet put on for effect—and she has to perform her decisive act again at her wedding with Myshkin. Action is not accessible to Nastasya; she can do no more than invite Rogozhin's knife. By undermining the deeds of his characters, Dostoevski forces us without arguing to assent to Myshkin's belief that "all sinners are sick people."

But though the personae of "The Idiot" are "cases," they are not mad in the ordinary sense—at least, not *only* mad in that sense. Descended from archetypal fictions, their pathology goes

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL
A Renaissance of Graciousness
A luxury hotel in the great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.
THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
in New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402 or see your travel agent.
Marshall B. Coyne, President

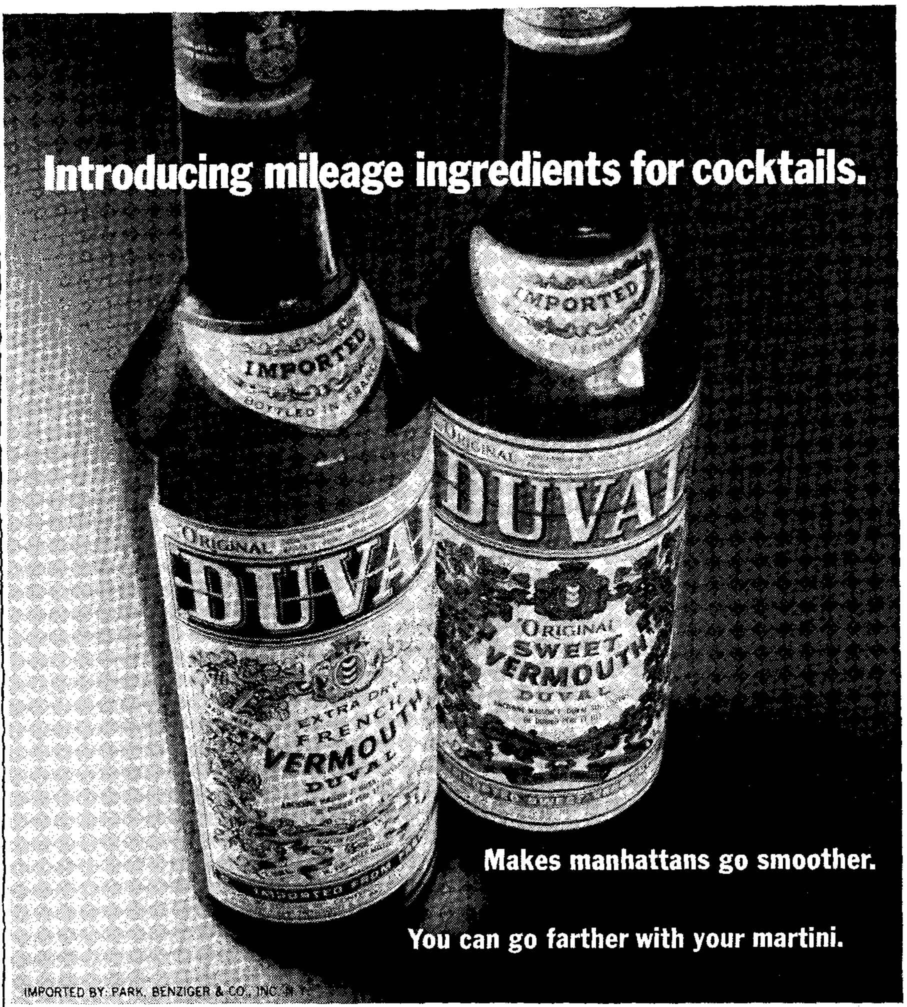
WE'VE MOVED
ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
Los Chavales de España
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

STRAPARAMA®
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION SAN FRANCISCO
& FOLK ART SHOP

deeper than the mere aberrations of individuals. Their maladies are representative; the behavior of a Rogozhin or a Nastasya is an "exaggeration but not by any means a myth." Nastasya is hysterical and self-tormenting, but her dartings to the brink partake of a celebrated style, an aesthetic. Her moods are imposed upon her by the role of the femme fatale, the unpredictable lady in black whom men pursue, that she re-creates. Nastasya originated in stories of the innocent virgin fallen under the power of a world-weary sensualist and corrupted by him—a situation psychologically injurious, to be sure, but one glorified also by romantic literature. If Nastasya is mentally ill, it is as a creature of world fiction that she suffers, of poetry, as a universal being remade and recostumed by Russian sensibility. "Whether she was a woman who had read too much poetry, as Radomsky had suggested, or simply mad, as the Prince was convinced," was a matter that could not be settled. But her poetic substance makes her irresistible as one already known and desired before being met, and lifts her madness and that of her lovers into realms of exaltation. Says Totsky, reflectively, as Nastasya departs in Rogozhin's "sledges with bells": "Who would not sometimes be captivated by a woman like that to the point of losing his reason and . . . all the rest?"

The substructure of Dostoevski's novels and stories is an extension of the Continental stratum of romantic fiction, with its solitary dreamers, idealistic maidens, self-centered wives, drunken ex-officers, servant girls falsely accused of theft, unexpected legacies. In "The Idiot," Dostoevski develops the insight—already introduced in "Notes from the Underground" and to be harped on later in "The Diary of a Writer"—that this world of introversion and half-serious playacting can no longer sustain great actions, not even the actions of great criminals, but is a breeding ground for hyper-distended egos. The malady of Russia, he finds, lies in the "segregation" of the romantic personality, in the passion of every Russian, the moment he becomes conscious of himself, to possess his own, unique "idea." In opposition to this individualism, imported into nineteenth-century Russia in a decayed condition, "The Idiot" seeks the traces of a new collective substructure of feeling and imagination. Myshkin is the foe of segregation, the apostle of togetherness. During his sojourn in Petersburg and Pavlovsk, people are brought to-



Introducing mileage ingredients for cocktails.
Makes manhattans go smoother.
You can go farther with your martini.
IMPORTED BY: PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. N.Y.

ON 45th STREET EVERYTHING IS STILL

LOBSTERRIFIC!

Been around Times Square lately? The mid-40's look like a dinosaur's play pen. In the area of the once Hotel Astor, the demolition experts had a field day. But if most of it looks strange, some of it remains the same.... Take us, for example.... In nearly 50 years at the same location, it's been very difficult to improve on our seafood, steaks and chops. That's why we're not tampering with a good thing. We're still at the same address, surrounded by all your favorite theatres. Come visit us. You'll be glad that not everything is changing!

The Lobster (SINCE 1919) 145 W. 45th St. • JU 2-0400

JIGSAW PUZZLES

African Mahogany

Colorful hand-painted elephants, zebras, hippos, clowns, Yale bulldogs, Princeton tigers, California bears, etc., for children and their parents. You name it, we draw it, we cut it. All interlocking pieces. No two alike. Priced from $7.00 depending on number of pieces . . . (4-5 year olds—8-12 large pieces). When ordering, state age of puzzle-doer and choice of subject . . . (the elephants are really great!) We advise cost before mailing.

MAHOGPUZ, 12 YORKE ROAD, CONVENT, N.J.
201-JE 8-4741

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

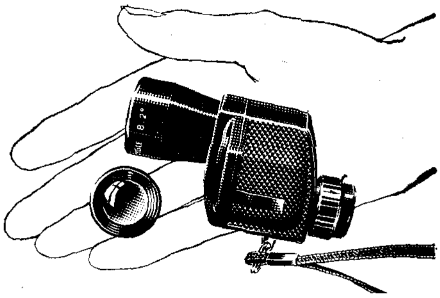
HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel

PICK A DOUBLE-KNIT WOOL
. . . bodice slanted with stripes, skirt on the straight and narrow. Very handsome, indeed. . . . lime or black. 8-16. From Import Corner. $36

Add 85¢ postage beyond our delivery area

Raleighs
1310 F St., Washington, D.C. 20004

Hold The World In Your Palm..with



M. V. MINISCOPE SYSTEM $16.95

So startlingly different are the design and performance of the M.V. MINISCOPE SYSTEM that you won't really believe it until you see it and use it yourself. ■ With its standard objective the M.V. is an 8x, wide-angle (8.2°), 24mm monocular telescope—more powerful than most field glasses and binoculars. For an even larger field, just quick-change objectives and you have a 6x, super-wide-angle (11°), 18mm telescope. ■ The prismatic, fully coated optics are of the same uncompromising quality that you expect from the finest Japanese cameras—crispness, brilliance and complete planarity. ■ As an added bonus, the objectives may be used as 3x and 5x wide-field magnifier/loupes, of unexcelled definition and clarity. ■ Weight 3¾ ozs., length only 3½". Comes with handstrap and soft, flat, zippered case that fits snugly in gentleman's pocket or lady's purse.

☐ *Send the* MIYAUCHI M.V. MINISCOPE SYSTEM w/case & exchange objectives. Satisfaction, or refund guaranteed. Check for $16.95 plus $1 for post. & ins. encl. (Calif. resid. add 5% tax.)

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____________________ Zip ________

NY1005
584 Washington St.,
San Francisco, 94111
(415) 981-5688
haverhill's

gether and confront one another on a deeper plane of understanding, as in the instance of the "astonished footman" to whom Myshkin explains himself upon his initial visit to the Yepanchins, or of Mme. Yepanchin lecturing the menacing adolescents seeking justice for Pavlishchev's son. In the Myshkin perspective of social communion, the clairvoyance and uninhibited self-revelation symptomatic of the characters' mental disturbance are transformed into a social promise, as if what is sickness within present human relations will someday be the norm of healthy conduct. You are all "absurd," says Myshkin in a burst of prophetic inspiration before his epileptic collapse, therefore you are "promising material."

Myshkin is, of course, also a lone individual—moreover, one who has come from abroad. "You're overexcited because of your . . . solitary life, perhaps," says the old man at the engagement party, trying to calm him. Myshkin recognizes his isolation but claims, as he is about to be cast down, that he has made a start toward love and happiness. Before the new communion has been achieved, all are sick, including the savior himself. Dostoevski can envision no cure for man in his present social condition, only possession by a spirit, or Idea, higher than the forces that now move him—a divine sickness as the alternative to the sickness stemming from the lust for sex or money.

But is there a "high" and a "low" in the domain of the abnormal? Confronted by the question of a hierarchy of metaphysical realms, Dostoevski demonstrates the toughness of his realism. For all his will to believe, he refuses to deny nature and take the religious way out. The good and evil effects of extreme experiences cannot always be separated. Meditating on his moments of illumination, Myshkin "often said to himself that all those gleams and flashes of the highest awareness and, hence, also of 'the highest mode of existence,' were nothing but a disease, a departure from the normal condition, and, if so, it was not at all the highest mode of existence but, on the contrary, must be considered to be the lowest." Like Freud and William Blake, Dostoevski is prepared to dissolve the distinction between highest and lowest. Myshkin *is* sick, as Rogozhin, Nastasya, and Ippolit are sick, and all cures are for the future. The measure of their sickness is their "departure from the normal condition;" that is, from the measure of medicine and of society. The last word in "The

THE RICE HOTEL

You'll like Houston's traditional host

We're in the most interesting section of downtown Houston. From The Rice, you can walk (a block or two) to the burgeoning new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. And just down Main Street from us is the shopping and financial district. Check us out. Then we'll check you in . . . and show you why our location alone didn't make us Houston's traditional host.

Main at Texas, Houston · (713) CA 7-2111

Peanuts! in French!

Aimez-vous Peanuts? Nous avons importe les trois paperbacks pour vous. Bonjour Peanuts, Hardi Peanuts, and Peanuts a Vendre. And what a wonderful way to practice French! ——— Set of three books **$4.00**
Mail orders shipped promptly.
Send for catalog.

Holiday House
199 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.
Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043
(201) 744-4949

HOLIDAY FUNLAND

Play Two Great Robert Trent Jones Golf Courses
The place to be for Thanksgiving ,Christmas or New Year's. Perfect for family Vacations. Write for holiday program & brochure today! Reade Whitwell, Mgr. (602) 935-3811

THE WIGWAM
ARIZONA'S COUNTRY CLUB RESORT
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
FAWCETT/WARNER PEPRESENTED

"Speak not to me of trivial things; Of cloth of gold, of diamond rings. Speak to me of things that matter; Of fried Maine shrimp and fisherman's platter."

the Silent woman
WATERVILLE, MAINE

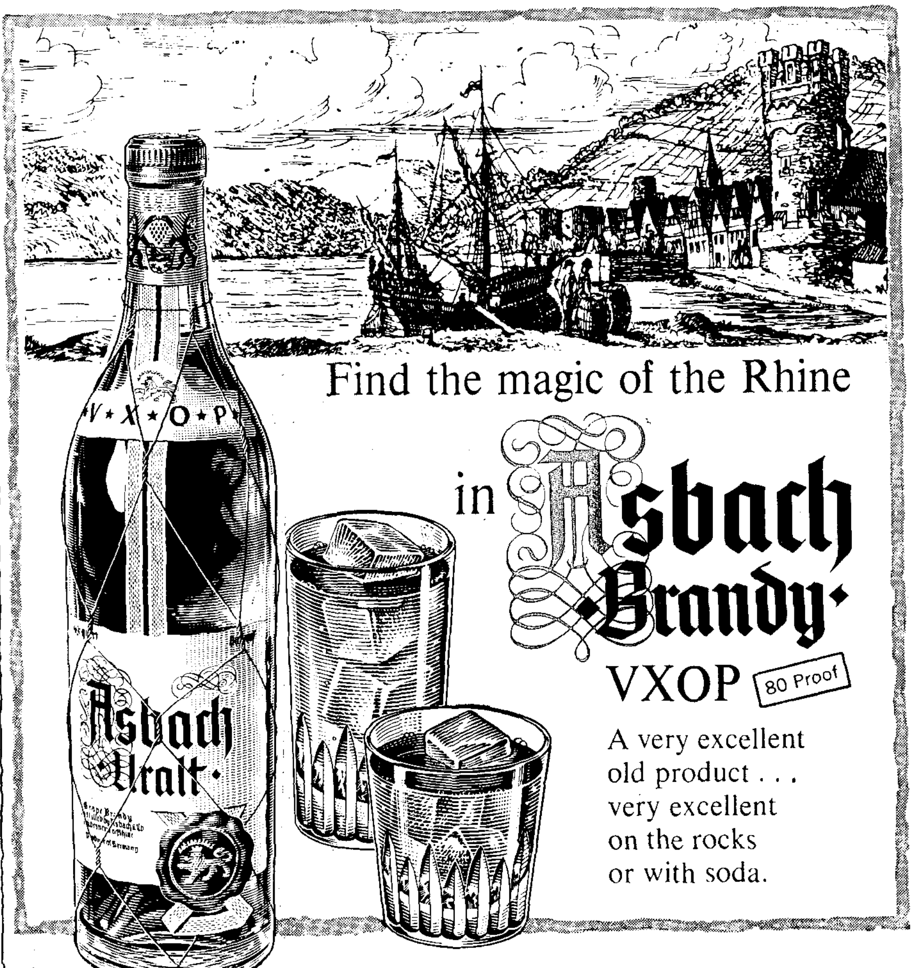
Idiot" is spoken by Mme. Yepanchin as she turns from Myshkin, now too far gone to recognize her. "We have had enough of being carried away by our enthusiasms," she asserts, like a Chorus of Sophocles. "It's high time we grew sensible."

Yet, for Dostoevski, Myshkin's higher experiences are justified by a value beyond society or its norms, including the norm of health. " 'What if it is a disease?' he [Myshkin] decided at last. 'What does it matter that it is an abnormal tension, if the result, if the moment of sensation, remembered and analyzed in a state of health, turns out to be harmony and beauty brought to their highest point of perfection, and gives a feeling, undivined and undreamt of till then, of completeness, proportion, reconciliation, and an ecstatic and prayerful fusion in the highest synthesis of life?' " In the end, Dostoevski's judgment is aesthetic; it is the "Beauty Will Save the World" theme that Aglaya warned Myshkin to avoid at the party. Myshkin's soliloquy on his vision of wholeness is a prose equivalent of Baudelaire's "*ordre et beauté, luxe, calme, et volupté.*" The highest attainment of life is not action but a condition of being in which the semi-fictional creatures that govern history give way before a harmony in which time has ceased and in which the instant expands itself indefinitely, as in the inspired state of the artist or in the eternal moment of the victim on the scaffold—that split second in which the epileptic Mohammed had "plenty of time to contemplate all the dwellings of Allah." —HAROLD ROSENBERG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PARADOX PLAYERS, by Maureen Duffy (Simon & Schuster). A dilapidated houseboat, the Mimosa, moored in the Thames above London, becomes the home of a restless, unhappy writer named Sym. Sym, in his thirties, is divorced, yet it is not the separation from his wife and their baby daughter that causes his sadness but his desperation about proving himself as a serious writer. He settles into his beguiling but uncomfortable boat for the winter, and makes friends with his river neighbors. The most important are Walden and Sassie. Walden is a noisy, overbearing man, a freethinker of the perpetually outmoded type that turns up in every generation. Walden's young wife, Joyce, is rigid with misery most of the time, and



Find the magic of the Rhine

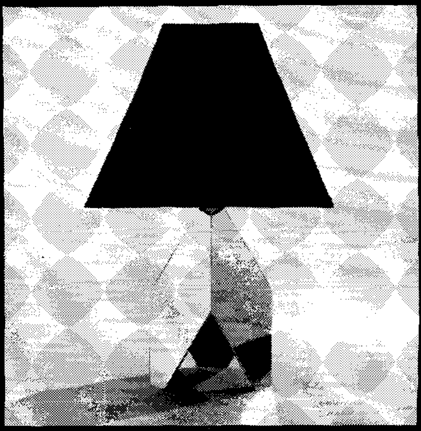
in Asbach Brandy VXOP 80 Proof

A very excellent
old product . . .
very excellent
on the rocks
or with soda.

GERMAN DISTILLERIES LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

LIONEL TRAIN TUNNEL $49.50

It's a funny looking train tunnel. That's because it's a lamp. A 25″ polished chrome sculptured metal lamp. With a black triangular shade. With the capability of taking a 3-way 50-200-250 watt bulb. And with a place for a Lionel* train to go through. Once you buy the lamp from us we don't care what you use it for. (If you promise to use it as a lamp just once in a while.)



SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-95, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N.Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, open Thurs. till 8.

* "Registered Trademark of The Lionel Corporation, Hillside, New Jersey 07205"

Apart from the lethargy
this is the best time of year
to improve a lawn.
SCOTTS, the grass people

GREEK ART
FROM 3000 B.C. TO 1100 A.D.
CARLEBACH
1040 MADISON AVENUE

AMARETTO:
DI SARONNO
hauntingly delicious

Discover the indescribable delight of this rare almond of apricot liqueur—imported from Italy.

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 56 proof.

The future President of his country is open to suggestions.

Your $6.00 contribution to Freedom House/Books USA places a packet of ten books into the hands — and mind — of a young leader-to-be in one of the developing nations. He chooses the books himself, from a list of 120 major American works in history, science, biography, and literature. And he knows and appreciates that they're a person-to-person gift from an individual American.

Help us inspire young leaders to develop their nations in freedom. Make a $6.00 investment in peace.

Make checks payable to FREEDOM HOUSE/BOOKS USA, 20 W. 40th St., New York 10018. Contributions are tax deductible.

Freedom House Books USA

they have two constrained little daughters and an obedient little dog. Their houseboat is even bleaker than Sym's. The description of their Christmas Day party is enough to make a reader take to drink. Then there is Sassie, forty years old or so, a shady but choosy lady who lives alone on her houseboat and is well supplied with money from somewhere or someone in her past. Sym and Sassie embark on an easy, speechless love affair, and what with visits among the houseboats and to the local pub and contending with the long, wet river winter, the time passes. With the coming of spring, the little community breaks up in a grimly muted chorus of final farewells. No one character in Miss Duffy's book is outstanding, although each human being and each animal is impeccably drawn and treated with thorough understanding. As a study in gray, animated and given sad meaning by the slow movement of gray figures, gray weather, and fateful gray light, her book is a work of art.

NOTE: McGraw-Hill has published "Ship Island and Other Stories," by Elizabeth Spencer. Many of the stories originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: THE SHEPHERD KNIGHT, by Roger Howell (Little, Brown). A fine new biography of a figure known to us mainly in sentimental clichés. Mr. Howell typifies Sidney as Spenser's Shepherd Knight, the antithesis of that other Elizabethan archetype, the Machiavel. The author is a rare combination of historian and literary critic, and is equally adept at straightening out such questions as Sidney's relations with Queen Elizabeth (she never trusted him) and at explaining why "Arcadia" has few charms for the modern reader ("eternal ramblings"). Few recent works of scholarship have been so readable and entertaining.

THE UNITED NATIONS: SACRED DRAMA, by Conor Cruise O'Brien and Feliks Topolski (Simon & Schuster). In this book, Mr. O'Brien's fluent wit and impish spirit are nearly self-defeating. He has a number of serious, original, and controversial things to say about the United Nations, but his message is almost obscured by the brilliance of his innumerable metaphors, the encyclopedic range of his quotations, his

Uncrowded

. . . yet you are only 100 miles from the city

A leisurely round of golf on our uncrowded 27-hole course is just part of the fun at Buck Hill. High in the picturesque Poconos, The Inn is only a pleasant drive from New York or Philadelphia. Horseback riding, tennis, lawn bowling and other activities in season.

Reservation Offices: New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. (212) 245-5620, In Philadelphia: (215) 922-2180.
Special Golf Package Plans

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
BUCK HILL FALLS • PA.
TELEPHONE (717) 595-7441

The search for a missing heiress in Burma leads a retired British investigator into exotic international intrigue.

SUMATRA SEVEN ZERO
Oswald Wynd

$4.50 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

HOTEL Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $12.50. Doubles from $18.50. Suites from $20.00. *Air Conditioned* 212-247-7440

NANCY.
Portraits in your home.
Send for brochure.
Nancy Fleisher
30 Cornelia Street
New York 10014
or call 989-6632

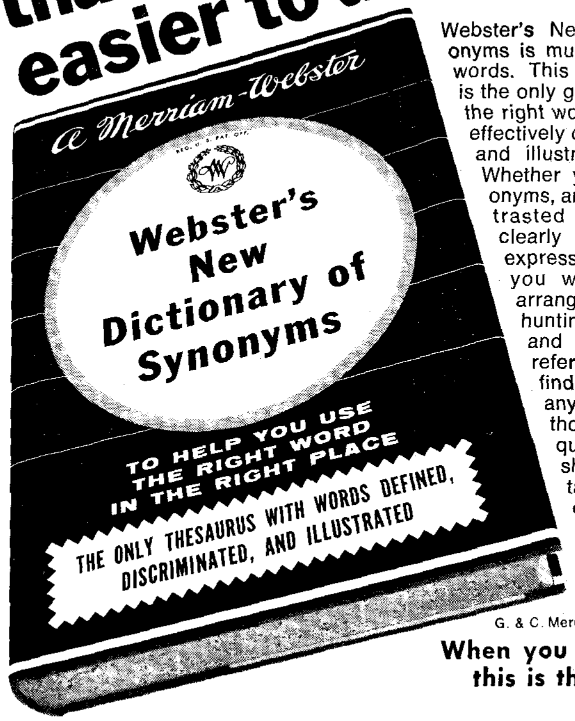
irrelevant private quarrels, and his odd blend of cynicism and idealism. This literary failure is a pity, for his ideas—because they are so surprising—require a clearer, less jokey exposition. Mr. Topolski's nervous, delicate line drawings complement the wayward writing.

THIS TIMELESS MOMENT, by Laura Archera Huxley (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A memoir of Aldous Huxley's last years in California, by the Italian-born concert violinist and amateur therapist whom he married after the death of his first wife. The author describes, among other things, the canyon fire that wiped out the Huxleys' Hollywood home, along with the books, memorabilia, and notebooks of a literary lifetime; she also tells about Huxley's experiments with the consciousness-expanding drugs, about the intimate moments of their life together, and, rather protractedly, about his death from cancer. We feel quite close, at times, to Huxley in these pages—to a more mystical, warmhearted, sentimental, and even gullible Huxley than the man we came to know through the astringent fiction and essays. And, for once, we cannot be grateful for the proximity. It is too intimate. Photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MY FOE OUTSTRETCH'D BENEATH THE TREE, by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley (Morrow). The setting is England, and the atmosphere is the irresistible kind that makes us feel that other people enjoy themselves more than we do, and that it isn't fair. In the first scene, seventy-year-old Dr. Davie, a Cambridge don who is also a gourmet, an opera lover, and a sharp-eyed sleuth of human nature, arrives at St. Martha's College for women to address the girls on irony in poetry. Miss Eggar, principal of the school and herself irony personified, shows Dr. Davie to her dignified but comfortable guest bedroom and then receives him in her drawing room, where they share tea and buttered toast before a blazing fire while four amiable cats sprawl trustfully on the hearthrug. Also present is pretty Miss Cragg, head of the English Department. Clues to the murder we are hoping for are already being strewn, although the doomed person, many miles away, suspects nothing, and is not even nervous, poor fool. Dr. Davie pro-

Now... a new word guide that's quicker to use, easier to understand


A Merriam-Webster
Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms
TO HELP YOU USE THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE
THE ONLY THESAURUS WITH WORDS DEFINED, DISCRIMINATED, AND ILLUSTRATED

Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms is much more than a list of words. This new Merriam-Webster is the only guide that helps you use the right word in the right place by effectively defining, discriminating, and illustrating word meanings. Whether you're looking for antonyms, analogous words, or contrasted words, it shows you clearly which word to use to express precisely the meaning you want. Its alphabetical arrangement saves you from hunting through an index, and its easy-to-use cross-reference system helps you find related words. Unlike any thesaurus, it contains thousands of illustrative quotations which make shades of meaning crystal clear. Get a copy today for quicker, easier word selection. Just $7.95 at book, department, and stationery stores.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101

When you need a thesaurus, this is the book to ask for.

The bestselling book in its field — over ¼ million copies in use — now updated and expanded for today's eating needs.

COOKING FOR TWO

by Janet McKenzie Hill and Sally Larkin.
New 6th edition,
$5.95 at bookstores.
LITTLE, BROWN

A New Rinehart Suspense Novel

By PATRICIA MOYES
Death and the Dutch Uncle

Murder takes Inspector Henry Tibbett on a dangerous journey to Holland in "one of his most clever cases . . . packed with action and suspense."
— *Publishers' Weekly*

By the author of *Murder Fantastical*

$3.95 from your bookseller

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

In her new mystery,
"JOAN FLEMING
is in fine form"*

KILL OR CURE

An abortion scandal, a blackmail plot, and an overzealous amateur detective are among Dr. Jeremy Fisher's bugbears in this "witty and unpredictable mystery... entertaining all the way."
—**Publishers' Weekly*

$3.95 at your bookstore

An IVES WASHBURN Book • McKay

"Devilish dull sport today, Thomas."

"I brought some fish to liven it up."

"What fish?"

"Pepperidge Farm® Goldfish Crackers."

"Ah! Those crisp little cocktail crackers!"

"The same."

"They certainly livened up the party last night."

...guaranteed gourmet results!
La Cotta
revolutionary new roasting method from Italy

Promises the most delicious beef, chicken or fish you ever tasted...or money back!

$9.98

From Italy, land of fantastic cookery comes this exciting development in ceramics! Traditional roasting in metal builds up torrid temperatures that toughen meat, destroy flavor, seal in fat and bitterness.

LaÇotta is a covered roaster (*10½" diameter, 5-lb. capacity*) made of unglazed earthenware so unique world-patents pending.

To make Roast Duckling a la Cotta, other fabulous meals, order today. New low price because we've bought entire factory output! Free: gourmet recipes, *easy instructions, generous supply of parchment cooking paper.* Money back if not thrilled!

TESTS PROVE FOOD ACIDITY REDUCED!

New York Testing Laboratories, Inc. report "the foods cooked in LaCotta show a substantial reduction in *acidity as compared to conventional utensils."* Bitterness, fats are drawn out, natural juices preserved. You add no fat, no water, no spices, no tenderizers. Basting, tenderizing is done for you naturally. There is no shrinkage. Oven stays clean, kitchen cool.

Add 75c for postage and handling. *Prompt Shipment. Send check or money order—no C.O.D.'s. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send for FREE Gourmet Catalog.*

MAISON ⁂ MICHEL, ltd.

Dept. NY-108, Michel Bldg., New Hyde Park, N. Y. 11040

GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-68.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087

ceeds from St. Martha's to London, where he is planning to stop at his club and attend an opera or two. His club is the Chesterfield, "housed in a still beautiful house erected for his delight in 1760 by Lord Bullivant." What a life—Dr. Davie's room, the one he always requests and always gets, has toile-de-Jouy wallpaper and a view of the formal gardens. Other members show up around lunchtime—handsome, quite young members—and they behave as we expect them to, more or less, for while Dr. Davie was lecturing, V. C. Clinton-Baddeley has not been idle, and we readers are already tied up in the main threads of the drama that is now unwinding at a quite fast rate. In the final scene, Dr. Davie is back at St. Martha's, having lunch with Miss Eggar and telling her All About It. What a satisfactory tale of murder Mr. Clinton-Baddeley has given us, and with no effort, apparently.

A CASE OF NEED, by Jeffrey Hudson (World). An unusual and an unusually interesting thriller. The narrator is a pathologist (as would also seem to be the pseudonymous Jeffrey Hudson) at a Boston teaching hospital that sounds like a composite of Massachusetts General and Peter Bent Brigham. He finds himself involved by conscience and curiosity in a peculiar abortion fatality—an involvement that takes him from the morbid serenity of his laboratory to a Smith College dormitory to the stately South Shore home of a dynastic surgeon to a Beacon Hill rock joint—and he has much to say along the way in pertinent explanation or general observation about the nature of medicine and its present state and practice in America.

•

Francis A. Zello, above, an employe of the Army adjutant general's office, has received a $1425 award for a suggestion that will save the Government about $1 million annually. Zello suggested that ordinary military mail, formerly moved overseas by air, be sent instead by surface transportation unless the sender requests air mail delivery. Zello lives at 10123 Crestwood rd., Kensington.—*Picture caption in the Washington Post.*

But his thoughts range widely.

•

TODAY'S CHUCKLE

You can tour the world without typing, but you won't have a very good time.
—*Milford (Mass.) Daily News.*

Now we've got the giggles, damn it!

Have a good RUM for your money...have

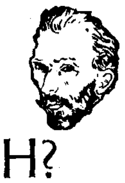
LEMON HART

JAMAICA RUM	DEMERARA RUM
dark or golden, both 8 years old. Ideal for Planters Punch, 86 Proof.	smooth, not pungent. Great for Polynesian drinks. 86 and 151 Proof.

IMPORTED
LEMON HART
IMPORTED
Lemon Hart & Sons
LEMON HART
DEMERARA RUM

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York

WHO WAS VAN GOGH?



SKIRA
THE ULTIMATE IN ART BOOKS

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER

159 illustrations, 34 in full color $10

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Karsh

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE BLACK BASS INN.
© DEANSGATE, [illegible]

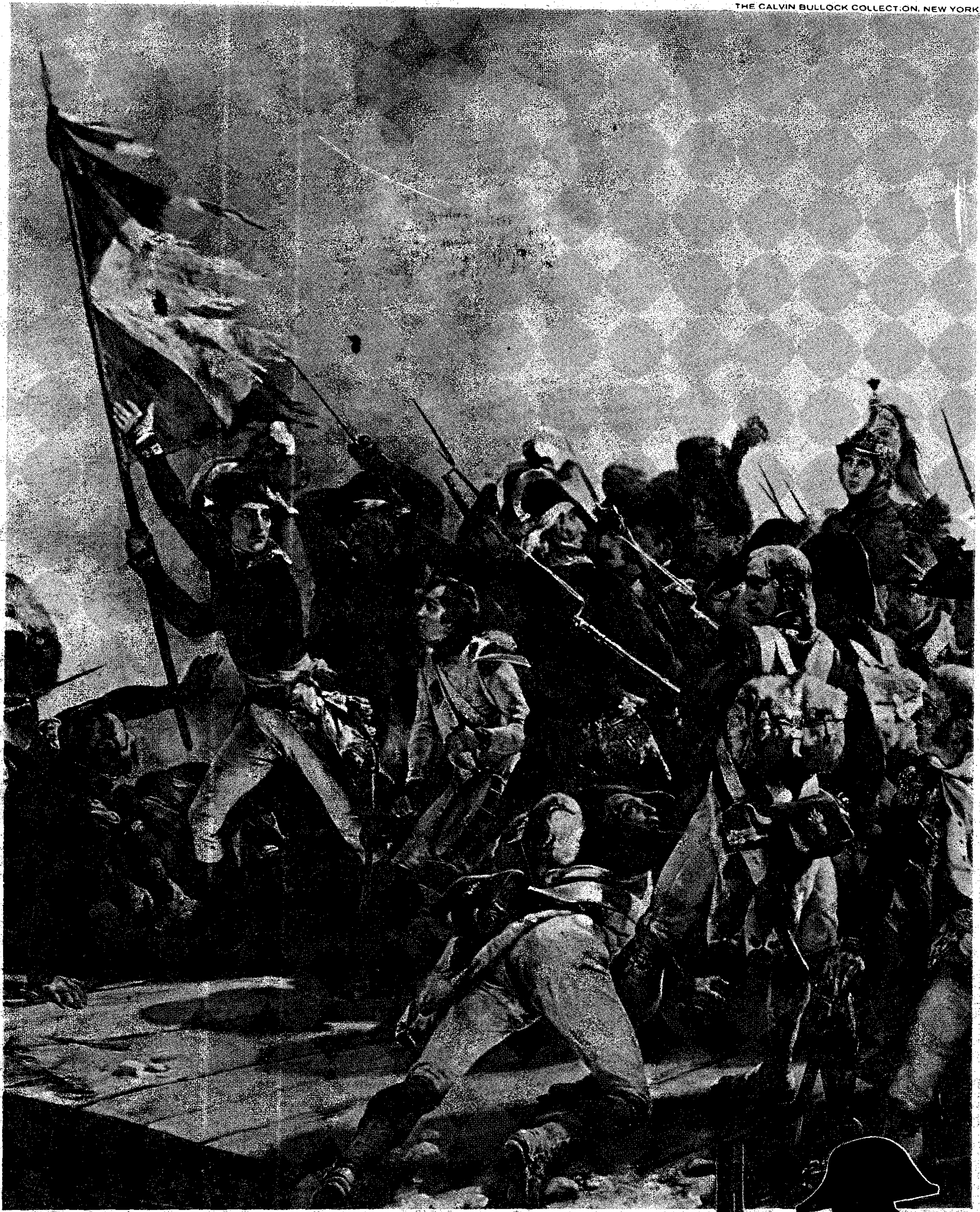
Scottish Happening 1968 A.D.

A bold, new breed of plaids. Clanless, very much with it. And isn't it about time the Scots wove a bit of "fresh poetry" into their plaids? Now look down yonder, see what Deansgate flawless soft *shoulder tailoring does to this* Scottish plaid happening. Doesn't it make a broth of a jacket? The price? It's Scottish, too. About $65 at stores that cater to men who are fastidious about fabric, fit and cut. The tartan kilt from *Scotland? About $40.*

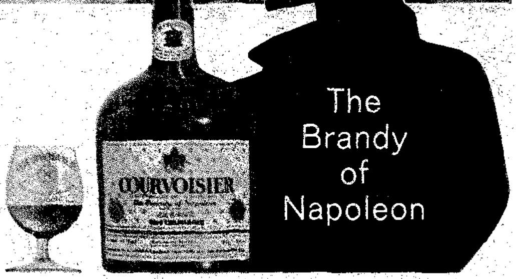
For education/information on natural shoulder clothing, send for Deansgate's free Focal Point booklet. Deansgate, Inc., 950 Poeyfarre Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70150

Deansgate®

THE CALVIN BULLOCK COLLECTION, NEW YORK



Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.



COURVOISIER

COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.